



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 07

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by

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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,
I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking
back,
but for her I will...
become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 601: Healing

The room was not a big one. The table, bed, and all the other furniture was covered in a layer of dust. Clearly, no one had been staying in this room for a long time. Once Su Ming cleaned it up, he sat down on the bed and looked at the dark sky outside the window. His eyes began to sparkle.

Gradually, a hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

'The power of the world here is indeed thick!' Su Ming had noticed this when he was going up the mountain. As he sat on the bed, the feeling he gained from the presence all around him became even clearer.

'As expected of the place where a sect is located...'

There were three reasons why Su Ming came to Evil Spirit Sect. One of them was to resolve the crisis for Ugly Little Thing's family, the second was to help her find the cause for her brother's death, and the third was so that Su Ming could recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible.

The thick presence here was incredibly helpful towards helping him recover, but...

'The grudge is too deep...'

Su Ming frowned. The power of the world here might be thick, but the grudge contained within it was similarly thick. If he stayed here for a long period of time, his personality would definitely be affected.

He remained in pensive silence for a time, then his gaze fell on the gourd, and he saw that the ghost face formed from the black smoke was also looking at him, smiling ferociously. It thought that Su Ming could not see it. After all, he was merely a mortal in its eyes.

Su Ming did not bother himself with that ghost face. He opened

the gourd, and an even thicker wave of grudge instantly came crashing into his face. It instantaneously filled the entire room, causing shrill screams to sound in Su Ming's ears.

After a moment, his face turned dark and sinister. He poured out a medicinal core from the gourd, which was purplish black. The thick grudge within it was terrifying.

Yet strangely, when he placed the medicinal core to his nose to sniff it, a medicinal fragrance wafted into his nostrils, and it turned into a refreshing feeling.

Su Ming shook the gourd slightly, and found that there were about a hundred something medicinal cores inside it.

He closed his eyes and only opened them again after a long moment. A pensive look appeared in his eyes.

'This is a very good supplement. If a mortal takes it, they will be able to strengthen their bodies... They will be filled with blood... Just what is this Zhao Chong thinking about?' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he swallowed the core.

He was familiar with medicinal herbs since he was young, and had ample experience when it came to creating medicinal pills. With just one sniff, he could tell the general effects of this medicinal core. Since he could not tell what was going on with that Zhao Chong, he decided to just swallow one of the cores.

The medicine turned into a wave of warmth that flowed through Su Ming's entire body. After a moment, a brilliant glow shone in his eyes. He brought out a few more pills and swallowed them one by one. His cultivation base recovered a bit more after he swallowed those medicinal cores.

When it turned dark outside, Su Ming lay on his bed, circulating his cultivation base within his body as he pretended to sleep. When midnight arrived and everything was silent outside, the cold air in his room suddenly turned thicker. A black shadow floated out from

the wall by his side.

The ghost-like figure floated to Su Ming's bed, as if he was observing him. Soon after, ghosts like these floated out from all the walls in the room. Before long, there were about a dozens of them in Su Ming's room. They floated around while going in and out of the room, but they did not make a single sound.

With his eyes narrowed, Su Ming lay on his bed and watched this scene. If he was really a child, then he would definitely be so terrified that he would be shivering when he saw this sight.

However, he was Su Ming. He only narrowed his eyes and looked at them coldly. These were indeed ghosts, but judging by their looks, they had been here for a long time. They continued wandering about the room, and no one could say what they were doing.

This scene lasted for several hours. When the sky started becoming brighter, all the drifting and wandering ghosts suddenly stopped moving and looked towards Su Ming simultaneously.

A murderous look appeared in their eyes. When they looked at him, their gazes seemed to have gained corporeal form. Almost at the instant they looked at Su Ming, they abruptly moved and charged towards him.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He chose not to move and simply allowed the ghosts to surround him. Once they did so, he saw all of them sucking in a breath in his direction.

With it, Su Ming could clearly feel a hint of his life force being absorbed. A freezing glare flashed in his eyes. The ghosts slowly retreated once they absorbed a hint of his life force. They returned to the walls around him and disappeared.

The sky turned bright at that moment.

'This room is very interesting...'

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the walls around him with

slightly cold eyes. He averted his gaze and picked up the gourd on the ground, then continued to swallow the medicinal cores.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, ten days went by. During them, Su Ming did not get out of the house, neither did Zhao Chong send any word to him. Everything remained silent.

However, when night came, the ghosts would appear. Every single day before morning, they would absorb his life force and leave.

Thankfully, they would only absorb a small wisp, and it was not much of a problem to Su Ming. Besides, when he ate the medicinal cores, he could replenish his life force. Su Ming spent most of his time in absorbing the power of the world in this place and used it to recover his injuries.

On this day, he finished eating all the medicinal cores. He cast a glance at the gourd and picked it up once he stood up. When he stepped out of his room, he pushed open the door to his house for the first time and walked into the courtyard.

It was dusk. The sky was filled with a layer of crimson. The remaining rays of light from the sun scattered on the ground, and it looked incredibly beautiful. With the gourd in hand, Su Ming went to Zhao Chong's house and wrapped his fist in his palm with a respectful expression on his face.

"Greetings, Master, I've already finished all the medicinal cores." To Su Ming, these medicinal cores were still marginally useful. They could make him recover faster.

It might not be much, but if he could get free medicinal cores, he would naturally not let it pass.

Deathly silence filled Zhao Chong's house. The hoarse voice only appeared slowly after a moment.

"You finished them? There were a hundred Soul Nurturing Cores, and you finished all of them in ten days? Didn't I tell you to

only take one per day?!" For the first time, a hint of emotion could be heard within that voice.

"My body felt warm and really comfortable once I ate those medicinal cores, so I didn't manage to control myself and ate more," Su Ming said.

He did not know what Zhao Chong was thinking at that moment. After a period of silence, another wave of fog flew out from the house and turned into a dried up arm before Su Ming. It swiftly grabbed his right hand.

Su Ming smiled coldly in his heart, but his face was pale. He allowed his right hand to be held by that arm and sensed a wave of cold air rushing into his body, swimming through his body once before leaving.

"There are three hundred here. You... don't you dare eat them too quickly!" Once the cold air went away, the black fog also retreated, and three gourds flew out from the house before falling by Su Ming's feet.

"Thank you, Master." Su Ming picked up the three gourds on the ground and went back to his house, no longer bothering himself with that Zhao Chong.

'This person definitely has ulterior motives. If that's the case, I'll just get what I can from him.'

Once Su Ming returned to his house, he sat down in his room and brought out one of the medicinal cores to inspect it after he opened the gourd. Then he swallowed it.

Time gradually trickled by, and twenty days went by...

Su Ming had been in Evil Spirit Sect for a whole month now. During this time, the rate of his recovery far surpassed what he had managed outside. His cultivation base had recovered by about fifteen percent as he took in those medicinal cores and absorbed the power of the world in secret.

On this day, he finished the medicinal cores once again. Su Ming gave a lazy stretch and stood up, then grabbed the three gourds before going to Zhao Chong's gate once again.

"Master, I finished the medicinal cores again."

This time, Zhao Chong's house remained silent for a much longer period of time compared to the last time. When he eventually spoke, there was a hint of disbelief within the hoarse voice.

"There were three hundred in there!"

"That's right. I ate them all." Su Ming nodded.

"How many do you eat per day?" Zhao Chong's voice became much darker than before.

"Sometimes I don't take any. Sometimes I take about a dozen per day. My record was a hundred per day," Su Ming reported honestly.

Zhao Chong's house fell silent once again. After a long time, a cold harrumph traveled out.

"Since you like these medicinal cores, no matter how much you want, I will let you have them!" When those words were spoken, a huge gourd about half a man's height abruptly flew out from the opened door to the house and fell with a bang before Su Ming.

"There are two thousand cores here. If you can, finish them within a month!"

Su Ming grinned, then dragged the gourd back to his room and closed the door. Once he inspected it, he started going through his life of recovering his cultivation base again.

But he was smiling coldly in his heart. Zhao Chong was really good at holding it in regarding this. On one hand, it was because he had not noticed the waves of power from his cultivation base, and on the other hand, it also let Su Ming see that whatever it was that he was plotting for, it was something of incredible scale.

'Alright, let's see just where this person's limits lie.'

Time passed as usual, and in the blink of an eye... another month was over.

"Master, I finished the medicinal cores." Su Ming stood at the same spot in the courtyard before Zhao Chong's house. Before him was the empty giant gourd. He even tapped it, and an empty sound rang from within.

Zhao Chong's house remained silent. When the time taken for almost half of an incense stick to burn went by, three huge gourds flew out from inside the house, and each of them contained about two thousand pills. They landed before Su Ming.

This time, this Zhao Chong did not even seem to want to speak.

Another month later...

"Master, I finished them again."

Another month later...

"Master, do you have anymore?"

This lasted up to half a year. During it, Su Ming would take a large amount of medicinal cores from Zhao Chong every month. The number of pills he took already numbered to tens of thousands, and Su Ming was taking more and more in each go. His speed of recovery combined with the power of the world in this place had allowed him to recover almost four-tenths of his cultivation base during these past six months!

This sort of recovery had made Su Ming see hope, but the effects of the medicinal core were practically insignificant by then.

On this day, Su Ming came to Zhao Chong's house once again and said these words, "Master, could you give me another type of medicinal core?"

Chapter 602: Fang

Time passed swiftly. Su Ming had already stayed in Evil Spirit Sect for eight months. With the large amount of medicinal cores and the power of the world in this place, his cultivation base had finally recovered to half of what it was before!

Yet the more he recovered, the slower his pace of recovery grew. He had already changed the medicinal cores from Zhao Chong thrice, and he would take in large amounts of those each time. When he went to take more medicine three days ago, Zhao Chong had told him, with a hint of resignation in his voice, that he had temporarily ran out of medicinal cores.

Su Ming still looked like he was only about twelve or thirteen years old. He might have grown a little, but there were wasn't much change in him. In fact, Su Ming even had a feeling that his body had reverted to the past and he could no longer return to how he used to look. This meant that he could only slowly grow up as Destiny.

To others, no power from any sort of cultivation base could be detected in him. Only those who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would be able to discover anything off about him.

However, there was only one person who was at the equivalent to the great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm defending Evil Spirit Sect, and most of the time he was in isolation. He would completely ignore what was going on, that was why no one could tell just what was Su Ming's level of cultivation.

Zhao Chong was naturally the same, but he had begun to grow suspicious. The medicinal cores he had spent on Su Ming during these past eight months had almost spent all his money, making his heart clench in so much pain that he had wanted to kill Su Ming several times out of rage.

All the disciples he met in the past were never as strange as this one. He had checked multiple times to be certain that Su Ming had indeed eaten those pills and had even made sure that he was just a mortal. He had even used an Enchanted Treasure to make sure that the child was not hiding any sort of cultivation base.

Yet in the end, the answer he obtained revealed absolutely nothing about Su Ming possessing any sort of cultivation base. No matter what, he was just a teenager... that had a slightly bigger appetite.

Or else it would be incredibly difficult for him to continue giving all those pills to him, when it made his heart ache so badly.

Several days ago, he was finally running out of the medicinal cores he could give away, those he had left were ones he could not bear to use on Su Ming. That was why he could only tell the child with a resigned tone that he was temporarily out of medicinal cores.

But he was not completely mortified by this. He had been frequently observing Su Ming during the past eight months, and while his heart ached at his losses, he also had high expectations based on just how much the child took in.

As for Su Ming, the recovery of his cultivation base over the past eight months had caused his divine sense to be much sharper than when he just arrived. He might not have left the courtyard, but he had scanned everything within the Outer Sect in Evil Spirit Sect in secret, and he was very familiar with it.

Su Ming would also not let Zhao Chong slide. However, he could only see a thick layer of fog within the man's room. There was a bloodiness to that fog, and he could vaguely see a person sitting still in it.

Zhao Chong's level of cultivation was also rather strange to Su Ming. He seemed to only be at the equivalent of the Awakening Realm, but when he took a closer look, he found a trace of the

waves of power belonging to Berserker Soul Realm.

Besides that, he had found nothing strange about him during these eight months. Zhao Chong just repeatedly gave him large amounts of medicinal cores. If Su Ming had been without them, he would have taken a much longer time to recover the power he had when all his bones had turned into Berserker Bones.

That was why he chose not to attack when it came to Zhao Chong. He wanted to see what the other would do once Su Ming finished all his medicinal cores and reached the man's breaking point.

Eight and a half months since Su Ming arrived in Evil Spirit Sect, winter came and snow fell from the sky without stop, making the land seem as if it was wrapped in a silvery white robe. Even the moonlight looked as if it was shining with a silver light.

The entire mountain was dressed in a white winter coat, and even the black halls were the same. The perfect combination between the black and white shades could cause people to have the feeling that they were looking at an ink wash painting when they looked at this scene.

The black smoke that rose up into the sky looked as if it was an eternal existence that would never change in this ink wash painting.

On this day during midnight, Su Ming looked at the snow outside his window. He remembered being with Ugly Little Thing's family during winter last year...

"Big brother, can we make a snowman together?"

"Big brother, you bully! You ruined the snowman!"

"Big brother, why is there snow? I asked pa and ma before, they don't know about it."

A smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. There were an innumerable amount of ghosts floating about in his room, causing

that smile on his face to be completely out of place with his surroundings.

Su Ming was already used to the ghosts' presence. In fact, he had even noticed that all the ghosts that came were never the same two nights in a row, as they moved in and out of the room. When most of Su Ming's divine sense recovered, he even saw that the ghosts did not just exist in his room. The entire Outer Sect, besides a few spots, was visited by these ghosts.

As Su Ming looked at the snow outside, a freezing glare suddenly shone in his eyes. He let out a cold harrumph in his heart and closed his eyes, falling back on his bed, but even though his eyes were shut, he could still sense everything around him with his divine sense.

He saw the door to his house opening without a sound. When a gust of cold wind blew in the courtyard, a person walked in. He was surrounded by black fog and his face could not be seen clearly, but as he walked in, the ghosts in the room froze for a moment before they slowly scattered and left.

The person went to Su Ming's bed and looked at him, who looked as if he was sleeping, since he had his eyes closed. The eyes in the black fog shone with a dark light.

"You little brat, it's time for you to repay me for eating so many of my medicinal cores!"

Naturally, that person was Zhao Chong. With a swing of his arm, a layer of black fog instantly swept up Su Ming and left with him back to Zhao Chong's house.

A freezing glare was hidden behind Su Ming's closed eyes. The man had been unable to discover his divine sense, and Su Ming watched himself being taken into the person's room before Zhao Chong brought him to a Rune that was hidden in the black fog in the room.

As the Rune shone, Su Ming and Zhao Chong appeared within a black mountain cave. From the waves of force from the Relocation, Su Ming could tell that they had not Relocated too far away. They should still be within Evil Spirit Sect's territory.

It might be dark all around, but when Zhao Chong flicked his wrist, dark light immediately illuminated the cave. This was a karst cave, and there were hundreds of dried up corpses around them. All of their mouths wide open, their eyes lifeless. They only had their skin and bones left, none of them retaining any traces of their flesh or life.

All of the corpses looked different, but their poses were the same. They were all sitting down cross-legged.

"You little brat, you're about to meet your older brother now!"

Zhao Chong was clearly resentful over the fact that Su Ming had taken great amounts of medicinal cores over the past eight months. Once he cursed him, he no longer bothered himself with the child and instead sat down cross-legged on the ground. When he formed a seal with his hands, all the fog around his body immediately tumbled back inside him, which made him reveal his face for the first time.

He was a middle-aged man with a face so pale it gave him an incredibly feeble look. Once Su Ming saw his appearance with his divine sense, his heart lurched.

That face was incredibly similar to that of Ugly Little Thing's father! If their ages were not the same, they would have looked like father and son!

Chapter 603: Senior, Please Spare Me!

'Chen Da Xi!'

At the moment Su Ming saw Zhao Chong's appearance with his divine sense, the first thing that popped up into his head was this person's identity! The man might look like Ugly Little Thing's big brother, but Su Ming was certain that Zhao Chong was currently occupying it!

'I see, it's Possession!'

The freezing glare in Su Ming's eyes was hidden away because they were closed. He had formulated his guesses earlier, but had overlooked Possession, because there was something in this matter that did not make sense.

Zhao Chong was a Nascent Soul cultivator among the Immortals, and that meant he was equivalent to those in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. This sort of person would only choose Possession when they were gravely injured.

Moreover, if they chose to Possess a Mortal, then their power would be greatly affected, and these people would usually choose not to Possess others because of that.

But this Zhao Chong was apparently not the case...

Su Ming swept his divine sense through the karst cave, and the dried up corpses with the same expression and actions all around him instantly made a thought appear in his head.

'Could it be that it's related to his cultivation method?'

The corpses around were clearly Zhao Chong's disciples. Su Ming could already imagine these people consuming the medicinal cores Zhao Chong gave them every single day when they were brought to be his disciples. Once they had taken a certain amount, they would be killed, and then... all of them would eventually end up here as a dried up corpse.

Ugly Little Thing's older brother was the last person Zhao Chong had Possessed.

Su Ming was the person who was about to take his place.

'Zhao Chong had mentioned a time limit of a year before, so he must have wanted me to take one of those medicinal cores every single day for a year... but now, it has only been eight months and he chose to take action. By how aggravated he is, it would seem like he harbors a deep grudge against me...'

Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart. Naturally, he knew exactly what made Zhao Chong act this way. After all, Su Ming had practically emptied out the man's stock, and had even almost made Zhao Chong's heart shatter in pain over his loss.

It would also seem like Zhao Chong could not find it in himself to give up on this, which made it seem that he was caught in a bind. This then turned into a situation where as long as Su Ming stretched out his hand, the medicinal cores would arrive on his palm, right until Zhao Chong's pockets were completely emptied. Then, in his rage, he decided to act earlier.

Su Ming could already imagine the grievance Zhao Chong harbored and the gloom he felt...

Su Ming was not in a hurry to attack. He started sizing up Zhao Chong with his divine sense, and once he scanned this middle-aged man's body, he noticed something strange.

If this person's body truly came from Chen Da Xi, then he should look like he was in his twenties, but his body... now looked like that of a middle-aged man.

'It should be a diabolical cultivation method. Once he Possesses a body, he will start absorbing its flesh and essence...' Su Ming sent his divine sense sweeping through all the dried up corpses in the area.

'He will also absorb the Possessed's life force and his soul. Once

he finishes absorbing everything, the body will turn into a dried up corpse... This isn't Possession, this is... cannibalism!'

Su Ming focused his divine sense on Zhao Chong.

At that moment, the body Possessed by Zhao Chong suddenly started trembling, and once he opened his mouth, a layer of green fog swiftly flew out.

An indistinct figure, made entirely of fog, gradually floated towards Su Ming. As it tumbled about, Su Ming could vaguely tell that this was a Nascent Soul!

The Nascent Soul's eyes shone with a fierce glare when it looked at Su Ming.

"You little brat, I'd rather devour you first than absorb Chen Da Xi's flesh and essence! How dare you eat so many of my medicinal cores?! Damn you! I went through a lot to get those medicinal cores, they came from my blood, sweat, and tears!

"You sure ate them happily enough, huh?! Today I'll make you pay back several fold for how much you ate!"

Zhao Chong's anger had been accumulating for the past eight months, and the grudge he harbored towards Su Ming was incredibly great. As he roared, his Nascent Soul rushed forward and closed in on Su Ming.

When he approached him, a ferocious smile appeared on the Nascent Soul's lips. He was practically seeing himself taking over Su Ming's body once he lunged at him. Then, he would absorb his flesh and essence and devour his soul. He could already see himself absorbing all the nourishment that been provided to this body by the medicinal cores the child had eaten during the past eight months.

Ever since Zhao Chong became a Sect Elder in Evil Spirit Sect, he had taken in countless disciples, and all of them could not escape from his palm, but similarly, none of them had eaten as much as

Su Ming while making him so utterly mortified by the amount he took.

In fact, he could still occasionally hear those words that had nearly made him cough up blood every single month over the past eight months.

"Master, I ran out of medicine."

"Master, I finished them..."

"Master, I finished them again. Could you give me more this time?"

"Master, could you give me another type of medicinal core? The one I was taking no longer gives me any kind of feeling."

"Master, can't you change it?"

Zhao Chong shook his head to clear his mind, then turned into a dark ray of light that charged towards the center of Su Ming's brows. He grinned ferociously, feeling extremely invigorated. This was a joy from being on the verge of breaking free from the torture he had to endure for the past eight months. During them, and especially in the last few months, he had even wondered whether he had owed this person something in his previous life, because how could he have received such a bizarre person as his disciple...

"Let's see you eating more, you jerk!" Zhao Chong growled.

At the instant his Nascent Soul touched the center of Su Ming's brows, he rushed into his body. His ferocious laughter reverberated in the host's soul, and Su Ming opened his eyes. There was a cold glare within them, but his expression was calm.

In this world, there was nothing else that was less terrifying than Possession to Su Ming!

Unless the person who was Possessing him had a will that was stronger than his, which had been refined into an imperishable will after going through endless cycles of reincarnations in the

Undying and Imperishable World, then all people attempting Possession on him were just inviting disaster to themselves!

Clearly, it was impossible for this Zhao Chong to possess that sort of will!

At the instant his Nascent Soul rushed into Su Ming's body, Su Ming lifted his right hand and tapped a few spots on his body in succession. Every single time his finger fell, it would look as if he had placed a seal on his own body.

After several taps, his body turned into an inescapable cage for Zhao Chong, but the man was completely unaware of it at that moment. He was still immersed in his own joy as he rushed straight towards Su Ming's Dantian Region after he entered his body.

This was his habit. Every single time he Possessed his disciple, he would not devour their souls straight away. He would instead choose to suppress them, then absorb their flesh and blood, and take over their Dantian Region so that he could control them as if he was controlling his own body. Then, he would slowly enjoy his meal.

Usually, he would need to take a full year to devour a person, and while the process was slow, it was something he enjoyed immensely.

At that moment, he was merely acting according to habit by charging towards Su Ming's Dantian Region.

"This little brat has indeed been eating a lot of my stuff over the past eight months. Even the color of his bones has already changed, and his flesh as well as his blood also feel slightly different. Ha, it's your fault for eating so much, now it's all mine!"

It was unfortunate for Zhao Chong that he he had not reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm before he was made to change his body by those in Evil Spirit Sect and was forced to practice the Evil

cultivation methods. He might have formed his Nascent Soul, but his knowledge regarding Berserker Bones was incomplete.

Besides, Su Ming had all his bones turned into Berserker Bones. If his spine had been the only thing turned, then Zhao Chong would naturally have immediately noticed it.

In his glee, Zhao Chong did not even notice that Su Ming had sealed all the exits in his body. He was still acting on habit and charging towards Su Ming's Dantian Region, and he was getting closer, and closer still...

He could already imagine it—that Dantian Region would be filled with sweetness, and after going through the nourishment provided by the medicinal cores, a large amount of essence would definitely have gathered there. That Dantian Region would also be empty, just waiting for him, the only spiritual entity around, to go and devour it.

In the past... every single one of his encounters were the same.

However, this time...

Zhao Chong charged forward with anticipation brimming in him, but when he arrived before Su Ming's Dantian Region, he was left stunned. He found himself completely dumbfounded, and his jaw went slack in shock.

Unlike what he imagined, Su Ming's Dantian Region was not filled to the brim with essence that had accumulated over the past eight months, there was only a gigantic Nascent Soul sitting cross-legged there, and he was much larger than Zhao Chong's own Nascent Soul!

Perhaps it could no longer be called a Nascent Soul. This was Su Ming's Nascent Divinity!

At that moment, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity had his eyes opened and was looking at Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul calmly. After recovering from his shock, Zhao Chong suddenly let out a piercing

shriek.

He shuddered, and as he screamed, he quickly retreated, almost disintegrating in fright. Whatever he thought, he had never expected that the disciple he originally thought was prey... would actually be a monster!

It was especially so when he saw the divine flow of power within that Nascent Soul. This was clearly a Nascent Divinity!

'Nascent Divinity! He's at least at Nascent Divinity! Damn it, how could this happen?! No wonder he took so many medicinal cores! How could this happen?! He's definitely not Chen Da Xi's little brother!'

At that moment, Zhao Chong's mind was a mess. Terror filled his entire Nascent Soul. His mind went blank, and the only thought he had at that moment was to rush out of Su Ming's body. He even had a feeling that he had just jumped straight into a trap. When he remembered just how pleased he had been and what he had done, he felt like crying.

It was like the creature he originally thought was just a harmless little sheep waiting to be devoured had suddenly turned into an ancient, ferocious beast the instant he opened his mouth to devour it while feeling all smug about it.

'Damn it, this monster must be practicing a cultivation method that is similar to mine! He wants to devour me!!'

The more Zhao Chong thought about it, the more he trembled in fear. Right at the instant he wanted to rush out of Su Ming's body, a bang went off in his head, and he was bounced off. Then, to his shock, he discovered that Su Ming's body had turned into a cage... and he could not leave!

He heard a cold harrumph reverberating in his head.

"Is my body a place where you can come and go as you please?" Su Ming's voice was cold. At the same time it reached Zhao Chong's

mind, it made the man shiver even more, and his fear grew. As he shivered, he knelt down and started kowtowing repeatedly.

"Senior, please spare me. Please, spare me. I know my mistakes now. I didn't manage to recognize you earlier. It was entirely my mistake. As long as you don't kill me, then I'm willing to serve you. Senior, please spare me..."

Chapter 604: Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao

At the instant Zhao Chong knelt down and begged for mercy, fire suddenly erupted from his body. The power from the flames instantly filled the entire area, and at that moment, he swiftly scattered away. This was not self-destruction. He was simply using the chance he created while begging for mercy to make the other person hesitate, and during that instant, he executed the strongest Evil Art he had at his disposal, which was used specifically for devouring people.

He wanted to forcefully take over this person's mind and destroy his soul. He knew that this person's level of cultivation was higher than his, and he also knew that it would be difficult for him to be released unconditionally in light of what he had done, but he still had some marginal confidence that he could succeed!

Almost at the instant his Nascent Soul dissipated, nearly a hundred souls appeared in Su Ming's body, and all of them were letting out shrill roars. They... were all souls of disciples who Zhao Chong had devoured in the past.

Their souls had already fused together with his Nascent Soul, and as they scattered outwards, it meant that Zhao Chong was no longer the only one trying to occupy Su Ming's mind. There were nearly a hundred souls trying to do so at the same time.

This was his so called 'chance'!

Su Ming was waiting precisely for this moment. He had already correctly guessed this person's divine ability and its uses earlier, especially when he saw the dried up corpses sitting all around the karst cave. They were definitely there not just for decoration.

A clue was hidden here, and after a brief analysis, Su Ming was certain that Zhao Chong's cultivation method did not just allow him to absorb his disciple's flesh, essence, and their souls. There was another use to it, and that was the ability to use their souls to

control their physical bodies, turning them into puppet-like existences.

These puppets might not be powerful, but since Zhao Chong did it, then he definitely had a way to transform their bodies.

By the looks of it, Chen Da Xi's soul was definitely still within, and perhaps... Su Ming had a chance to save him!

If that was not the case, Su Ming would have killed Zhao Chong a long time ago and would not have bothered with such theatrics. At that moment, Zhao Chong was forced into a corner and had scattered all his souls to charge at Su Ming's mind. At that moment, Su Ming's cold chuckles reverberated within all of the souls in his body.

Almost at the moment Zhao Chong and the others rushed into his mind, prepared to forcefully assimilate him, a powerful will abruptly descended on them.

The strength of that will was like the might of the world itself, like a limitless, raging sea. As for Zhao Chong and his souls, they were ants in that world, lonely boats in that raging sea.

Under Su Ming's will, the souls that had spread out from Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul started dissipating one by one. They had been extracted from their bodies for many years, and their lives were now connected to Zhao Chong's.

However, there was one soul that was surrounded by a gentle ray of light and disappeared from the list of those that would have to die. What was happening in Su Ming's mind did not cause much of a ruckus, but if souls died in his mind, they would also die in the world outside him.

Su Ming's will was the strongest force in his body. Under his suppression, all forms of resistance crumbled, including Zhao Chong's. As he screamed in a shrill voice, his Nascent Soul shattered, and he disappeared completely.

The instant that happened, trails of incredibly pure power that belonged to a Nascent Soul appeared in Su Ming's mind. The purity of this power was what Zhao Chong had obtained after devouring countless souls for many years, and it was what he had stored in his Nascent Soul to prepare himself to break into the next Realm.

Yet at that moment, when he died, the power spread into Su Ming's mind and was absorbed by his Nascent Divinity, causing it to begin recovering rapidly.

Five-tenths of his cultivation base had recovered previously, and that was inclusive of his Nascent Divinity, who was halfway to complete recovery. At that moment, once he absorbed the power of Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul, that pure power and the aura from the world caused the Nascent Divinity to recover a little more. Even Su Ming's Berserker Bones had showed signs of slight recovery after absorbing Zhao Chong's life force.

It caused the recovered cultivation base to rise from five-tenths to six-tenths!

Time passed slowly without Su Ming's notice, as he remained in the karst cave. In the blink of an eye, several days had already gone by. Su Ming sat in the cave and quietly meditated. When another evening went by, he opened his eyes.

A brilliant flash appeared in his eyes, and he breathed out a puff of putrid air. His face was calm, and once he cast a glance at his surroundings, his gaze fell on Chen Da Xi's body, who was sitting not too far away from him.

The physical body was still complete, though on the thinner side, but had very little life force left. It was also an empty shell that was void of a soul.

If Su Ming's arrival had not caused Zhao Chong to feel extremely pained at the loss of his medicinal cores, which led to him growing extremely resentful, to the point that he hastened his plan to devour Su Ming, then a few months later, Chen Da Xi would have

become the same as all his senior brothers.

However, Su Ming's arrival had caused Zhao Chong's plans to change. He could no longer care about absorbing Chen Da Xi first, which was the reason why the youth had a chance to be revived.

As Su Ming looked at Chen Da Xi, Ugly Little Thing's adorable smile appeared in his mind. He swiftly lifted his right hand, and a gentle ray of light gradually started spreading out from his palm. A dazed soul could be seen within it.

That soul looked just like Chen Da Xi!

This was the young man's soul. Before Su Ming destroyed Zhao Chong, he had found Chen Da Xi among the numerous souls and used his Nascent Divinity to envelop it, preventing his death when Zhao Chong was destroyed.

As Su Ming looked at this soul, he sighed quietly in his heart. There was not much life force left within the soul, and it was the same for his physical body. Even if he fused Chen Da Xi's soul with his body and the youth managed to wake up, he would not be able to live past ten years.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed forward. Immediately, that gentle light pushed Chen Da Xi's faded soul back into his body. Right at the instant before it fused, the youth no longer remained dazed, but snapped awake. He turned around, as if he wanted to cast a glance at Su Ming, but before he managed to see him clearly, he had already fused with his body.

"You were originally dead... The only thing I can do is to help you gain ten years of your life. Use these ten years... to accompany your parents and your little sister..."

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the karst cave, falling into Chen Da Xi's mind. However, the youth was unconscious at that moment. His soul was slowly fusing back into his body.

Su Ming stood up and looked at the dried up corpses beside him.

Then, in silence, he waved his arm at them.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust... You died in Zhao Chong's hands, but your bodies are still trapped here... I'm not a kind person, but I'll help you."

As Su Ming whispered softly, a gust of wind stirred up in the cave and blew gently outwards. Wherever that wind went by, all the corpses would turn into ashes before fusing with the wind and traveling into the deeper parts of the karst cave.

Su Ming did not know whether it was just a figment of his imagination, but when the corpses turned into ashes, perhaps it was because of their bodies being transformed, but the empty expressions on their faces seemed to have showed release before they disintegrated.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then took a step forward and walked towards the deeper parts of the karst cave, where the ashes traveled. The karst cave was built in the shape of a gourd. When Su Ming reached the other end, he saw an old man in black sitting cross-legged over there. His body was dried up and thin, and there was not a hint of life within him.

He was dead.

The ashes from the corpses had already floated to this place and were falling on that old man's corpse layer by layer, as if they wanted to bury the old man underneath. Perhaps these corpses that had existed for years contained some corrosive power, but as they fell on it, layer by layer, they also caused the old man's body to slowly show signs of decay.

A deep wave of hatred spread out from the falling ashes. Su Ming watched silently. He could already guess that this old man was Zhao Chong's original body, and the disciples he killed might no longer have any souls, but the grudge they felt before they died had made them determined to kill and destroy their Master before they disappeared!

As Su Ming looked the corpse gradually rotting away before it eventually disappeared from his sight, a sentimental feeling rose in his heart. He turned around and left the place.

Once he returned to where he was, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the unconscious Chen Da Xi. Immediately, his body flew towards him, and once he held him under his arm, he walked forward, heading towards one of the Runes not too far away. Su Ming lowered his head and cast a few looks at it. When he stepped on it, the light of Relocation shone from the Rune, and in the next instant, it disappeared, along with Su Ming and Chen Da Xi.

Dusk was over, but the sky was not completely dark above the mountain of Evil Spirit Sect just yet. Indistinct figures could still be seen on the ground. A dim light shone from the middle house among the three houses in Zhao Chong's courtyard, and Su Ming walked out from it with Chen Da Xin under his arm.

Once he stepped off the Relocation Rune, he turned his head around and cast a glance at his surroundings. He fell silent for a moment, then took off the storage bag and some of the other miscellaneous items from Chen Da Xi's body. Once that was done, he had his body gradually turn into a layer of black fog. As it surrounded him, it caused his body to become obscure.

With this, Su Ming looked no different from how Zhao Chong looked previously.

At the instant Su Ming absorbed the man's Nascent Soul, he also saw quite a bit of the his memories. From them, he learned that Zhao Chong was practicing an Art called Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao. This Art was incredibly sinister, but once someone mastered it, its might was nothing to scoff at.

However, for some unknown reason, it was incredibly difficult for the practitioners of this Art to reach complete mastery. Usually, they would mysteriously die when they were halfway

through. It was also pure coincidence that Zhao Chong obtained this Art. The karst cave was not his creation, but had existed since the start. Once he stumbled upon it, he found the cultivation method for this Evil Art within the cave.

From then on, he started practicing it in secret...

'This person might be a Sect Elder in Evil Spirit Sect, but his status wasn't high. Besides, once he started practicing this Art, he was unwilling to mingle around with other people. His death should not catch too much attention.'

Su Ming originally had the idea of turning into Zhao Chong, but after a period of pensive silence, he shook his head.

'He was a Nascent Soul cultivator equivalent to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Stage. Even if he was a Berserker who had switched to train in Evil Arts and his death wouldn't capture too much attention, there should still be someone who would come up and investigate this.'

A flash of light appeared in Su Ming's right hand and covered Chen Da Xi's body. Immediately, it disappeared. After a moment of thought, he turned around and stepped into the Rune once again.

Chapter 605: Investigation

After a moment, Su Ming walked out and crouched down. With his eyes sparkling, he started rearranging the Relocation Rune to fit the structure of the one he had inherited from Hong Luo. Once he wiped away the traces on top, he walked out of the house without any expression on his face. After a moment of pensive silence, a freezing glint shone in his eyes, and he left the courtyard.

He had by then recovered a six-tenths of his cultivation base, and he could do many things that he previously could not. It did not matter whether it was about wiping away the clues of his identity, which he left at the gate where the sacred python was, or about the uncertainties and doubts in Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's hearts.

Before long, Su Ming returned with a calm expression on his face. He went back to his room and lay down on his bed. He closed his eyes and started taking a catnap.

In the upper region of the mountain that belonged to the Inner Sect of Evil Spirit Sect was a huge hall that towered into the clouds. It was black, just like the other buildings, and filled with a ghastly feeling.

Within the hall were two old men, and their facial colors were gray, causing them to look incredibly sickly. They did not move, and even when they breathed, no movement of their chests could be detected.

Behind them was a gigantic statue. It was incredibly big, carved in the image of a man wearing a ghost-patterned robe. This man seemed to be middle-aged, and there were numerous ferocious ghost faces embroidered on his robe. He was stepping on a huge python, and it was hissing while having most of its body wrapped around the man.

In the man's right hand was a shield, and there was an innumerable amount of vengeful souls stretching out from it. Each

of the faces could be seen clearly, and all of them gave off a forlorn air.

A wicked air surrounded that statue, but right on top of it was a black lotus, and sitting on it was a woman. She had a dignified expression on her face, and was incredibly beautiful. There was even a holy air about her.

Holiness and wickedness. These two completely different presences fused together on the statue, and all those who saw it for the first time would find that there was something strange about it.

There were several bells hanging off the python under the man's feet. When there was no wind blowing, there would be no sound, but at that moment, right at the instant Zhao Chong died, one of the many bells started moving on its own, and let out a clear bell chime even without wind.

The sound started without warning, and it rang clearly through the quiet hall. Then, as the sound gradually spread, the bell shattered with a crack and fell to the ground.

At that moment, the two old men, who were sitting so still in the hall that they seemed like corpses, slowly opened their eyes. They were calm as they looked at the shattered bell on the ground.

"This Origin Bell is half black. It's from a Berserker who changed to practice the Evil Arts..." One of the old men averted his gaze after casting a glance at that bell before he spoke hoarsely. When his voice reverberated through the quiet hall, dark flames immediately lit up all around them within the originally dark hall, causing light and darkness to begin criss-crossing with each other as those dark flames swayed in the hall.

The other old man let his eyelids fall slightly. After a moment, his words tumbled out of his lips slowly. "This is Outer Sect's Sect Elder Zhao Chong's Origin Bell."

"Zhao Chong... Is he the person whom the sect secretly baited into practicing the Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao?"

"I remember that he took in a disciple a few months ago..."

"Investigate this matter. No matter what, we will have to provide a reason if a Nascent Soul cultivator died within the sect." There seemed to be a lack of harmony between these two old men as they spoke. It was as if they were both giving each other irrelevant answers, as if their final few sentences were not actually directed at each other.

Once they finished speaking, two indistinct figures appeared out of nowhere behind the two old men. Once they bowed towards them, they turned around and left the hall.

When the two indistinct figures left, the dark light in the hall faded away, and the hall returned to its silent darkness once again, and no bell chimes could be heard any longer. The two old men also closed their eyes.

As for Su Ming, at the instant he returned to his room and lay down for a nap, a faint light shone behind his shut eyelids.

He might have recovered a six-tenths of his cultivation base, but it would still be to his benefit if he did not reveal himself, because this place was incredibly suitable for him to recover his cultivation base. Besides, Su Ming had a greater goal in mind.

If he could restore himself to the peak of his condition, then he was prepared to use this place and its dense power of the world to help him break into the Berserker Soul Realm. If he let this place slip out of his hands, then it would be incredibly difficult for him to find another one where the power of the world would be this thick.

He had never tried reaching the Berserker Soul Realm, but his Master had mentioned a few things multiple times when he was still in the ninth summit. He had to search for a place with enough

aura to support himself when he was trying to reach a breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm, or else, it would be a high chance that he would end up failing halfway through.

Su Ming knew that it would be incredibly difficult for him to try and reach the Berserker Soul Realm. After all, all his bones in his body were Berserker Bones. If that was the case, he had to find an ample supply of the power of the world for him to absorb, and this place... was the most suitable!

That was why he did not want to expose himself unless it was absolutely necessary.

At that moment, the light in his eyes disappeared. He could sense two figures appearing in the courtyard right outside his house. These two people's level of cultivation was slightly higher than that of Zhao Chong. They might not have reached the level equivalent to the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but they were already infinitesimally close to it.

'There are a lot more powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands compared to South Morning... especially since the Immortals descended to this place. This is the key reason why the number of powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands is so much greater than South Morning.'

Su Ming did not even move a finger, just closed his eyes and 'slept'.

Once he sensed the two figures appearing in the courtyard, they charged straight towards Zhao Chong's house, stepped through his door, and moved into his room.

When Su Ming saw this, he smiled coldly in his heart. The whole reason behind why he went to the karst cave a second time was so that he could prepare for everything that was going to happen at this moment.

He could sense the two figures disappearing from Zhao Chong's

house, a clear sign that they had been Relocated into the karst cave.

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, they reappeared. They did not immediately leave after rushing out of Zhao Chong's house, but instead went to Su Ming's house.

He was pretending to be asleep and his breathing was even, as if he was completely unaware of what was happening, but he had his divine sense faintly spread out. If anything happened, he would be able to determine whether he should take action.

The two people phased through the walls of Su Ming's room, and when they floated inside room, one of them smiled coldly and lifted his right hand, going straight for Su Ming's throat.

The other person's eyes sparkled as he kept his eyes glued to Su Ming's body, to observe each and every single one of his actions.

All of this might have seemed to have happened slowly and over a long period of time, but in truth, only a moment had gone by since the two figures stepped into Su Ming's room to the moment they struck. As of then, one of the figure's fingers were about to touch Su Ming's throat.

He shuddered, as if the sudden cold air had chilled him in his sleep. He turned his head around, and his eyelashes fluttered, as if he was about to open his eyes. It did not matter whether it was his expression or his behavior, all of them looked incredibly real, making it seem as if he was a real teenager, about twelve or thirteen years of age.

However, there was killing intent hidden within his heart. If these two people were just testing him, he would let them go, but if they wanted to kill him, then he might really have to attack.

Yet at the moment his eyelashes fluttered and it looked as if he was about to open his eyes, the person's index finger froze, and when Su Ming opened his eyes, the person was already gone with

his companion.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he no longer bothered himself with them. He closed his eyes and continued taking his nap.

Soon after, the two figures who had tested Su Ming just moments ago appeared behind the two old men within the black and quiet hall, which was located at the top of the mountain belonging to Evil Spirit Sect.

However, the two had blended together with the darkness, and no one could see them clearly.

"All the dried corpses of Zhao Chong's disciples, which he had absorbed previously in his karst cave, have turned into ashes and buried his original body."

"His storage bag is still around, and all his other items are also present. Not a single thing is missing."

"There are no traces of anyone else in the karst cave. There isn't any sign of anyone fighting or casting any Arts in there."

"From the condition of the Relocation Rune, we were able to tell that it was only activated once before us. Someone went in, but no one came out."

"We've also investigated the disciple Zhao Chong received eight months ago. This child is just a mortal and is a bit of a loner. He did not show any signs of venturing out of his room during the past eight months, but he had an abundance of life force within him..."

"We've asked the disciples who brought this child to the mountain. Their reports are normal, and they didn't find anything strange about him, nor did they suspect anything about the child."

"We've also asked the sacred python of the Outer Sect's mountain gate. It does not have a deep impression of this child."

"We've also investigated the strange behavior of the vengeful souls on the mountain trail eight months ago when this boy went up the mountain. From our investigations, we found that it was due to Shanhen[1] acting on his duty and feeding them that day."

The two figures spoke one after another. Their voices were cool, and they did not add a single thought of their own. They only reported what they had discovered, because it was not part of what their duty to make any sort of judgments.

The hall was silent. After a long while, an old voice spoke up.

"It's normal that he's overflowing with life force. Zhao Chong must have given the child a lot of Soul Nurturing Cores."

"The dried corpses disintegrated into ashes to bury Zhao Chong's body... Looks like this is the karma that all those who practice Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao have to suffer..."

"This should have nothing to do with the boy... Have him go to Conscience Interrogation Hall to receive an interrogation. If there is indeed nothing wrong with him, then don't bother with him anymore."

"Even if there is nothing wrong with the child, he cannot stay in the Outer Sect... Have him placed in the labourers' lounge. This matter is dismissed." The old voices in the hall ended the investigation of incidents brought by Zhao Chong's death, and the hall slowly returned to silence.

When the next morning arrived, Su Ming was summoned by an expressionless Outer Sect disciple and brought to a spacious region near the Inner Sect of Evil Spirit Sect. There was a double storey building there.

Once the Outer Sect disciple delivered Su Ming to this place, he turned around and left.

"Come in..." A woman's cold and detached voice came from the double storey building.

Translator's Note:

1. Shanhen/Shan Hen: And here we have the next character under the familiar name series from Dark Mountain. Shanhen is written as山恨 (shan1 hen4), and Shan Hen is山痕 (shan1 hen2). The pronunciation for their names is slightly different compared to the others, who have the exact same pronunciation but different characters. Shanhen (山恨) means Mountain and Hatred respectively, and Shan Hen (山痕) is Mountain and Scar respectively.

Just keep in mind that Name-Stuck-Together is Immortal, and Name-Not-Stuck-Together is Berserker, and you're good to go.

By the way, Shan Hen was the traitor in Dark Mountain Tribe and also their chief of hunters.

Chapter 606: Junior Brother Chen, Where Are You Going?

The power of the world here was incredibly dense, so dense that it far surpassed the density within the other areas. It was as if quite a large amount of the aura in the mountain was being specifically sent to this place.

That was why the feeling about this place was completely different from the other places.

At the instant this voice seeped into Su Ming's ears, it turned into an indescribable warmth that filled his entire body, causing a dazed expression to appear on his face.

As if he had lost his soul, he started walking forward in a dazed manner, then pushed open the door to the double-story building and walked in. Before him was a statue.

This statue was not big, and portrayed a woman sitting on a black lotus. She had long hair and was incredibly beautiful. She had her eyes closed, and an air of holiness came crashing into one's face, causing the grudge-filled air in the mountain to seemingly disappear, not daring to come any closer.

However, the power of the world was surging towards the statue as if it was the center, circling around it as if it was a vortex, which continuously brought in more power to this place, making it circle and linger around.

Su Ming stared at the statue blankly, with a dazed expression on his face. His eyes were empty.

"Sit down."

The gentle, feminine voice traveled forward once again. Su Ming sat down slowly, like a puppet. His dazed expression made it seem as if he had become the age his body promised him to be, causing all those who saw him to lose all manner of wariness.

"What happened last night?"

The gentle voice reverberated in Su Ming's ears. It gave him an incredibly kind and cordial feeling, and it sounded like a mumbling from a dream. As if it had made him lose all forms of resistance, Su Ming started mumbling along with that voice.

He did not know how much time had passed when during his questioning, a person appeared behind him. It was an old woman, and her face was filled with wrinkles. She looked incredibly ugly, but that gentle voice came from her mouth.

She looked at Su Ming, and the cold, aloof look in her eyes was a huge contrast to her gentle voice. It was as if they belonged to two different people.

"Think again. Is there something you forgot?"

She spoke gently and lifted her right hand to pluck out a white strand of hair from her head before placing it on the front of Su Ming's head. She let it float down and fall on top of his skull before it gradually fused into his body and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming mumbled softly and answered everything she asked, as if he had forgotten about time. Only when the cordial, gentle voice told him he could leave did he stand up and walk out of the building in a daze.

Only when Su Ming left and returned to his house did that dazed expression in his eyes disappear, and it was replaced by a cold look.

'A hypnotic Art...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and pressed down at the top of his head. Then, a white strand of hair fell from the top of his head, and he grabbed it in his hand.

He stared at the strand of hair, and a smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

'The old woman's place isn't bad... The density of the power of

the world there far surpasses the density here... There might not be many places in this mountain where the spiritual aura of the world is greater than there!

'It's the perfect place for me to heal my wounds and reach the Berserker Soul Realm!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at the white strand of hair in his hand. That woman had left it behind so that she could continue observing him.

Yet when Su Ming held it in his hand, he could turn its use around and make it into the tool for him to control that old woman!

'There's no need for me to rush...' Su Ming cast that strand of hair a glance, then while treating it as a blade of grass, he tied a knot on it!

At the instant he did so, the old woman, who was sitting down cross-legged in the double-story building some distance away from Su Ming's house, found her cultivation base fluctuating a little.

Her eyes suddenly flew open, and she frowned as she carefully observed her body, but she found nothing wrong with her. In silence, she closed her eyes once again.

She had already given the punishment hall the jade slip recording everything Su Ming had said. This matter was no longer any of her business.

After three days of silence, Su Ming sighed and left the courtyard in which he had stayed for the eight something months. Since Zhao Chong died, he received an order from the Outer Sect that he was expelled out of the Outer Sect and sent to the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. That was the place where all the laborers and the disciples who had no right to enter the Outer Sect stayed.

The people who brought him there were Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun. Their memories about Su Ming had all been completely

wiped away, courtesy of Su Ming himself. At that moment, their faces were filled with impatience, and once they sent him to the hall that was in charge of managing all the affairs at the foot of the mountain, they left swiftly, without even going in.

The person in charge of the hall at the foot of the mountain was a thin, middle-aged man with an ugly face that somewhat resembled a monkey. He kept on sizing up Su Ming. He had been in this hall for many years and had met Outer Sect disciples who had been sent to this place as punishment before, but about half of these would be taken back before long.

Because of that, even though there was only half a chance for these people to be taken back, he still did not want to immediately offend them. Of course, if there was still no news after a year, then this man would naturally change his attitude.

But right now, he put on a smile on his face and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"I am Qian Chen, and you must be Chen Su, right? Junior brother Chen, don't lose heart. Just think of being sent here as taking a holiday. I do believe that you'll be able to go back before long. So, do you need me to give you a position to manage servant girls, or would you rather oversee our purchase of items from the world outside?

"Or would you rather become the officer who distributes spirit stones? I'll give you whatever position you want, as long as you ask for it!" Qian Chen patted his chest, and when he talked about the position to manage the servant girls, he gave Su Ming a suggestive smile.

"Managing servant girls is an art itself. How do you make them listen to you? There are a lot of things to learn about this, and you'll need to learn most of these things first hand, junior brother Chen. When you have the feeling that what you're doing is right, then you'll be doing it right, am I right?

"This is a very important position, and it's a position that requires selfless devotion. I believe that you can take up this position, junior brother Chen!

"There's also the position of managing the purchases from the world outside. Only an upright person can take it. There are plenty of people in the mountain, and just the matter of taking care of their food and drinks is already a great responsibility. To guarantee their standard of living, the person who takes up this position must be fearless. No matter how expensive it is, he must be able to buy that item!

"I'm in charge of the distribution of spirit stones as of now, but this post is even more troublesome. You shouldn't be too interested in this..." As Qian Chen continued speaking, he watched Su Ming's expression. As of now, he still could not tell just what this kid's background was, and he was most worried about him asking for the position to distribute spirit stones.

That was why he mentioned it, all for the sake of testing whether this person would be interested. At that moment, his small, beady eyes were flashing, but the smile on his face remained.

This was a person who took advantage of the weak but steered clear of the strong. He was a tactful person, but would turn hostile once he had a falling out with someone. Su Ming cast Qian Chen a glance. With his experience, he could already tell just what this person's character was, despite only coming into contact with him a few moments ago.

"Junior brother Chen, a few ladies have been taken up the mountain lately, and they're supposed to go there to search for their fated partners among the Immortals. I heard that... Ahem, that one of them is pretty good... You know what I'm saying. Why don't... I bring you to see her?"

Chapter 607: Qian Chen

The sky was bright, if you ignored the black smoke above Evil Spirit Sect's mountain. The parts that weren't blocked by it were very clear. Because of that, it made the black smoke look incredibly distinct, and at the same time, anyone who lifted their heads upwards would be able to see the blue shade in the sky serving as a contrast against it.

There were also some white clouds floating about, and under the radiant sun, a person would inevitably start feeling lazy. If it had not been winter, this weather might perhaps have been even more perfect.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky. Qian Chen's suggestive words were still ringing in his ears. This was something he had never experienced before. It did not matter whether it was when he was in Dark Mountain, in the ninth summit, or when he was in the land of the Shamans. He had never experienced such a thing like this, not before he entered this sect.

He was not a successor disciple, and no one paid too much attention to him. He was chased out of the Outer Sect as if he was banished, and when he came to the laborer's lodge, he met this Qian Chen, who was giving him a filthy smile, and as Su Ming looked at this man, a faint smile gradually appeared on his own face.

He suddenly found that he very much liked this feeling.

He did not need to use too much of his mind to know why this person was being so friendly. It was all because he still was unable to figure out his origins. After all, on the surface, Su Ming seemed like he was sent down from the Outer Sect.

He looked as if he was banished, and this was the punishment dealt towards disciples who had done wrong in Evil Spirit Sect. Hence, the possibility of these disciples being summoned back

existed. Because of that, it was only logical that this Qian Chen would be so logical.

When Su Ming thought about this, he smiled at the man and shook his head.

Qian Chen did not hesitate even for a moment. His expression immediately morphed into one of seriousness. It gave off a solemn air, and at the same time, there was also respect and admiration contained within it.

After casting a profound gaze at Su Ming, he slowly nodded his head.

"As expected of an Outer Sect disciple. I originally wanted to use this to test you because I wanted to find out about your character, junior brother Chen. If you agreed to go and manage the servant girls and have numerous beautiful girls listen to you and serving you every single day as if your word was law... then I would look down on you.

"How could we cultivators neglect training our character for lust? This sort of thing is something we must absolutely not do!

"If you had agreed to this, I would have tried persuading you not to do it, because we're fellow disciples and I am your senior brother. I have a duty to tell you that this isn't something we should do!

"Junior brother Chen, I have always been selfless, or else the sect wouldn't have given me the important task of managing the laborers. And you are the most valiant person I've seen here, and also the person who deserves the most amount of respect among all those here!" Qian Chen stated slowly. As he spoke, his expressions shifted and changed, according to what was required in that part of his speech.

It sounded as if he had done all these things because he was merely being considerate of Su Ming, as if he was truly just testing

him.

"Then, junior brother Chen, please take care of the purchase of items. This is incredibly important..." As Qian Chen spoke, he suddenly noticed that Su Ming was frowning slightly when he heard that. A thought immediately appeared in his head, and his tone as well as his words swiftly changed.

"...but even though this is incredibly important, it's impossible for you to do it!" His expression changed into that of burning righteousness as he looked at Su Ming solemnly.

"Because while this might be a great job for other people, this is a dirty thing you should never do!

"Purchasing items from the world outside requires you to always go down the mountain. This is a humiliation to someone like you who immerses yourself in training, junior brother Chen. I'll just be causing you harm and making you waste your training time!

"What is time, junior brother Chen? Time is life, this is something I believe in wholeheartedly. Don't worry, I will never make you waste your life. You don't know about this, but I was testing you again just now!

"Junior brother Chen, my respect for you has surpassed the one I hold for everyone else. I'm proud that Evil Spirit Sect has received a talented person like you, junior brother Chen..." Qian Chen's words continued like flowing water, and since the start, Su Ming had never said anything. Only Qian Chen's voice echoed in the place.

As Qian Chen continued speaking, he continued observing Su Ming's facial expressions, and anxiety started gradually welling up in his heart.

He found that he could not fully grasp this boy's thoughts. He had seen some of the disciples who had been banished here as punishment by the Outer Sect, but with just a few words, he could

somewhat tell what they were thinking, and from there, he could determine their importance to the Outer Sect, which would also tell him whether the person had any backing.

From there, he could also tell whether he could use that person, and then, he would be able to give that person a rank in his heart.

He always bemoaned how tough his job was, because he had to observe other people's moods and determine which of the ones that were sent down had to be oppressed, which had to be fawned upon, which had to be treated aloofly, and which he had to be friendly towards.

To him, this was his most important task.

Yet he could not see through this Chen Su. Right from the start, this person had not said a single word. The composure he maintained also made him seem as if he was not chased away from the Outer Sect, but was instead akin to one of those rich kids that was occasionally taking a stroll outside.

This bearing made Qian Chen's heart thump.

'He's an ace! He's definitely an ace! This isn't about him having a high level of cultivation, but is a matter about him having a powerful background, or else it'd be impossible for him to be so composed at his age!' Qian Chen immediately made an assumption.

'These are the most troublesome ones! This person can rank in the third tier on the 'Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke' chart I've made after examining all the people sent here through the twenty years I've worked in the laborers' lodge!' Qian Chen was smiling, but his heart was on guard.

He had met arrogant and aloof ones among those who were chased down from the Outer Sect, and dealing with these sort of people was a piece of cake to him. He had also seen those who liked putting on airs, those with murderous aura all over their bodies, and had even met those who might be smiling, but whose eyes

would be flashing with a sinister glint.

He had met far too many kinds of people during the twenty years, and he only had a few words for the disciples who were chased out of the Outer Sect, which were...

"Damn you all, even if you're a dragon, you put your head down when you're in my territory! Even if you're a tiger, you lie down!"

'Something's not right, something's definitely not right! There's something off about this Chen Su, something incredibly off about him!' Qian Chen bent his back a little, and a bright smile appeared on his face.

"I know what job suits you the most, junior brother Chen. You're the most suited for distributing spirit stones. Don't worry, so that you will have a better future and Evil Spirit Sect will continue growing stronger, I will selflessly offer you this position. From now on, the task of distributing spirit stones will be handed to you!

"I know that this job will definitely not enter your sights, but I just realized today that you are even more suited for it than I am. Please don't reject it. This matter... concerns the future of Evil Spirit Sect. It affects the entire situation in Eastern Wastelands and is linked to the fates of tens of thousands of people..."

The compassionate look on Qian Chen's face towards all of mankind, the emotion in his voice, and the slight shiver in it made him seem as if he had turned into the lord of Eastern Wastelands, and right at that moment, he was it handing over to Su Ming.

Even Su Ming was momentarily taken aback by his words. If it hadn't been that he was absolutely certain that this Qian Chen standing before him was not hiding anything from him or had gone through any sort of transformations, he would have thought this man was actually the bald crane.

To Su Ming, only the bald crane could even hope to compete with his way with words. As for who would win... Su Ming would lean

more towards the bald crane, after all, the level to which they catered to his desires was different...

"Give me a quiet and slightly remote place. I want to go into isolation." Su Ming cast Qian Chen a glance and spoke for the first time. His voice was calm and flat, but there was a might within it that allowed no room for dispute.

Qian Chen's heart let out a loud thump once again and he took two steps back before carefully sizing up Su Ming from head to toe.

'Rank increase. This person isn't ranked in the third tier on the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, he's on the second tier!'

He was feeling slightly nervous in his heart, but not a single hint of it was shown on his face. He continued showing a radiant smile, and when he heard his words, he nodded his head with a pleased expression.

"Not bad. As expected, I didn't misjudge you, junior brother Chen! I respect you!" As he spoke, he even gave Su Ming a thumbs up. There was not a hint of falsehood in the pleased look on his face, and there was even sincerity within his respectful expression.

He no longer bothered with any nonsense and patted his body with his right hand before immediately bringing out a jade slip for Su Ming.

"Junior brother Chen, I respect you, so I won't say much now. You can choose one of the glowing spots here as you please. You don't need to do anything, just relax and concentrate on your training. Junior brother Chen, I support you wholeheartedly. If anyone from above comes down here and checks, I will bear all responsibility for you! That's right, I'm that much of a fair and honest person, I'm that much of an upright person. I'm a man who loves thinking for others and won't bother with his own losses!

"Once we've been in contact for a longer period of time, you'll figure this out naturally, junior brother Chen."

There was a rather strange look on Su Ming's face. Once he accepted the jade slip, he sent his divine sense to scan it. Immediately, a map of the foot of the mountain with many glowing spots appeared in his head.

Qian Chen was watching Su Ming carefully. A barely noticeable glint shone in his heart, and he was feeling pretty smug about himself.

'If you choose a spot near the Outer Sect, then it means that the possibility of you returning there is incredibly high! If you choose a spot in the middle, then it means that you are also uncertain about it...

'Heh heh, if you choose the location at the bottom, then it means that you are also at a loss about your own future. This method might not be entirely accurate, but it can also tell just what exactly is going on with you.'

Once Su Ming scanned the map on the jade slip with his divine sense, he recalled the double-story building near the top of the mountain. After a moment, he chose a spot close to the Outer Sect. It was the place nearest to the double-story building.

Once he chose it, he handed the jade slip back to Qian Chen, who smiled and focused his attention on the jade slip once he received it. Immediately, his expression became a little unnatural, but it soon recovered. However, there was a faint glint in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming.

'There's no way I can be wrong about this. This person has an incredibly huge background, and he'll leave this place in at most a month. I'll have to serve him well. He might not be among the people ranked in the first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, but he's definitely in the top in the second tier!

'Ah, it's a pity that I've never met someone from the first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart... Er, well, best not to meet them.'

Chapter 608: Hair Knot!

The place Su Ming chose might be close to the Outer Sect, but it was actually located behind the mountain and was in a secluded area. Few people went there on a regular basis. There was a simple house there, and it was surrounded by weeds. Clearly, no one had bothered cleaning the place up for a long time.

The power of the world here was not dense and could not compare to the density in the courtyard where Su Ming had stayed previously. Obviously, the double-storey building that had tempted Su Ming incredibly was even further out of its reach.

However, this place was quiet, and it was also close to the double-storey building. In fact, if he stood outside the house and lifted his head to look, he would be able to vaguely see the indistinct shadow of the building residing at the upper middle section of the mountain.

Su Ming surveyed his surroundings, and he was somewhat satisfied with the place. Qian Chen originally wanted to send someone to clean up, but Su Ming stopped him. He preferred the area to be preserved in its original state, because that would make it look even more secluded.

Qian Chen continued following Su Ming around with a brilliant smile even after the sun had set, asking him about his well-being, and even whether he needed servant girls. Even when Su Ming declined, Qian Chen still continued smiling. Only when Su Ming showed hints of tiredness on his face when dusk arrived did Qian Chen bid his farewell by wrapping his fist in his palm before he left.

Qian Chen's thoughts and feelings as he left shall not be mentioned for the moment. Once dusk was over and the sky slowly darkened, Su Ming no longer remained in his room. Instead, he sat outside while leaning against the wall to his house, looking at the

sky.

It was winter at the moment. The weeds all around were covered in white snow. In fact, there were a few flecks of snow floating down from the sky. A snowflake fell down before Su Ming's eyes, and he lifted his hand to catch it. It chilled his palm as it melted.

'If snowflakes exist to melt on the ground, then can this be considered the snowflakes' fate...?'

By then, six-tenths of Su Ming's cultivation base had been restored, but there was still quite some distance before he could fully recover. By his predictions, unless he went to the double-storey building, he would need at least ten years before he could return to the peak of his form, and it didn't matter if he trained here or even in the courtyard in the Outer Sect.

After all, while recovery might have been quick when he tried to heal in the beginning, but the progress would become increasingly harder as he went further down the road. The speed for the final four-tenths of his cultivation base would not be something that the previous six could even hope to compare.

'I must go to that double-storey building...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he straightened his hand, a strand of white hair took form on his palm.

There was a knot on that strand of hair. Su Ming placed his right hand on the knot and let his eyelids fall slightly before he started quietly trying to find the sensation contained within the knot, as his father had taught him.

Time passed, and it was soon completely dark outside. More snow fell from the sky. It collected into piles, causing the path ahead to no longer be entirely covered in darkness. It was instead broken up by the snow.

Su Ming continued leaning against his house while sitting outside. The long, white strand of hair remained between his

fingers, letting out a faint fragrance. As he continued holding onto it in the dark, he felt as if he could even touch the fragrance.

The night passed without a single word uttered... Su Ming sat by himself the whole time, immersed in the feeling Ugly Little Thing's father had mentioned as he searched for the quintessence within the grass knot records.

Su Ming was not aiming for a Curse, neither was he blessing anyone. He was instead trying to aim for the control over someone's mind. When more knots were created on this strand of hair, he would turn it into a doll, and with its power, he would control the old woman's mind.

Control over someone's mind would make that person a puppet-like existence. By doing so, Su Ming would be able to enter the double-storey building without anyone noticing and practice his cultivation there for a long period of time.

He had also thought about using his power to attack, but his cultivation base was not fully recovered at this point. Because of that, there were far too many things that were an inconvenience to him. Besides, he was also thinking of using the building to help him reach the Berserker Soul Realm, and he needed a person to protect him.

If he could control the old woman, then he would be able to get everything he wanted in one go!

When morning arrived, Su Ming's eyes flew open, and a hint of understanding shone in them. Without any hesitation, he tied another knot on that strand of hair!

At that moment, there were two knots!

At the instant the second knot appeared, the old woman, who was sitting on the balcony in the double-storey building, shivered abruptly. She swiftly opened her eyes. Surprise and bewilderment appeared on her face, and she quickly spread her divine sense into

the area, with a grave expression.

However, no matter how much she investigated her surroundings, she found no clues or traces whatsoever. It was as if everything just moments ago had never happened, but she did indeed sense a chill just now. It was as if someone had used a needle to poke her. It was not incredibly painful, but it did indeed give her a feeling that someone had used a needle to pierce into her soul.

The old woman frowned. After a moment of careful thought, she started searching through her entire body, but found nothing unusual. Full of uncertainty, she put it away for now.

Winter always seems longer than any other season. During that month Su Ming was expelled from the Outer Sect, snow would occasionally fall, and it would come heavier each time. On this day, the snow that filled the sky made it seem like a huge pit had appeared high above. The sky was crying, but it did not seem to want anyone seeing its tears that was why it turned them into snow, which seemed incredibly soft and gentle.

However... once the snow accumulated to a certain degree, it could crush mountains, could freeze all things in the world, and could even... destroy all manner of living!

Snow floated down and covered the sky as well as the earth, coated Su Ming's house, and even gathered up into a thick pile where he sat to meditate.

Su Ming continued holding onto the white strand of hair. During this month, he did not try recovering his cultivation base, but instead immersed himself in trying to understand the feeling, as well as the making, of the grass knot records. There were now six knots on the strand of hair!

Su Ming did not leave behind too much of his will within those six knots. He only left his understanding, and when he touched them with his hand, he felt as if he was touching his own thoughts.

Qian Chen would occasionally come over. The hospitality he showed made it seem as that Su Ming was his senior brother, and he himself was the junior brother or just a junior.

He came on this day once again. There were a dozen something laborers with respectful faces behind him. Under Qian Chen's instructions, those people immediately started clearing up the snow.

Su Ming closed his eyes and did not pay too much attention to them. If this Qian Chen continued being so sensible, then perhaps Su Ming would give him a serendipitous event in the future. He would lay down the path for him, but it would depend on how this person would understand what Su Ming had given him and how he would walk down it himself.

On the third day after the month had passed since Su Ming came to this place, hesitation appeared on his face. He looked at the white strand of hair in his hand. There were still only six knots on it. He had originally wanted to tie the seventh knot right at that moment, but he was not confident in it.

He looked at the strand quietly. During the past month, he had immersed himself in trying to gain an epiphany about the grass knot records, and the sensation he gained from the knots along with his understanding had increased a lot.

Su Ming had tied the previous six knots based on his understanding. Yet now, he had a vague feeling that he needed to add his will into the seventh knot, and the addition of his will into the seventh knot would cause it to become a key!

The importance of this knot lay in the fact that if Su Ming failed, the strand of hair would turn into dust, but if he succeeded, then with his will in the hair, he would be able to take his first step towards success!

'I only have one strand of hair. If I fail, I'll have to make other preparations...'

Su Ming's eyes shone. His hands started moving, and he tied the seventh knot!

When he did so, a shudder traveled through his entire body, and he forced himself to repeat one single thought in his mind.

'I'm your master. My will is your will, and you must obey all of my words!'

Su Ming continued repeating these words in his head and turned them into a will. Then, as if he was writing on a piece of paper, he wrote those words in the knot on the strand of hair.

However, fusing his will into the strand of hair was not easy for Su Ming. After all, he was still a beginner in making the grass knot records. He was not like Ugly Little Thing's father, who had naturally discovered the quintessence of these knots due to his talent.

More importantly, since Ugly Little Thing's father was a mortal and the dolls he created were also for mortals, though he did feel tired after making several dolls, he did not need to use up too much energy or worry about suffering repercussions.

However, that was not the case for Su Ming. This white strand of hair belonged to the old woman, and she had extraordinary power. The amount of power he had to spend as well as the repercussions he had to suffer were naturally much greater, since he wanted to use this Art to control a powerful warrior.

Even Su Ming found two trails of blood falling from his eyes in the form of tears, as his body trembled. His ears, too, soon started bleeding.

His breathing froze during that instant...

When a dozen something breaths passed, Su Ming let out a long breath. His eyes were bright when he wiped away the blood from his eyes and ears. He lowered his head and looked the seventh knot on the white strand of hair, and a faint smile appeared on his lips.

'This Art is indeed frightening. If I can understand it completely... then I'll be able kill someone without them noticing it, and controlling them will not be a problem. It's a pity that the backlash is also incredibly great, though...' Su Ming closed his eyes.

Almost at the instant he formed that seventh knot, the old woman, who was meditating in the double-storey building, started trembling viciously. She coughed up a mouthful of blood, and her face turned livid with rage. When she opened her eyes, she stood up swiftly and sent her divine sense outward, but still gained nothing.

Her face turned dark. During that instant a moment ago, she had faintly heard a voice. It seemed to be saying something in her mind, but when she tried to listen closely, she could not make out the words. However, she had a strong hunch that the words spoken by that voice were using a unique method to carve themselves into her soul.

'A mere child's play. Since you refuse to appear before me, then let's have a battle of Arts. I'd like to see whether that strange Art of yours or my Soul Catching Lotus Art is stronger!'

The old woman smiled coldly and walked towards the first floor to arrive beside the statue of the woman sitting on a lotus. Once the old woman cast a glance at it, she sat down cross-legged, and immediately, the eyes of the statue started shining with a brilliant light, as if she had woken up, and that light covered the old woman.

'The next time you come, I'll fight you!'

The old woman closed her eyes as if she was about to face a powerful enemy.

Chapter 609: Qian Chen's Fury

Yet Su Ming never tied the eighth knot on that strand of hair, even after a month had went by. There were three times when he wanted to do it... but every single time he would pause in his movements.

He could not find that feeling, could not find the vague sensation that Ugly Little Thing's father had spoken about. Like this, he had a feeling that if he forcefully tied the eighth knot, he would come face to face with utter failure, which would result in complete demolition of whatever he had done previously.

That was why Su Ming chose to put away that strand of hair for the first time since he started working on it two months ago, no longer choosing to try and force himself to finish his work. Instead, he chose to let himself calm down.

'I need to find someone on whom I could test the complete doll formed by the grass knot records. Only then will I be able to be certain that nothing will go wrong with the eighth knot.' Su Ming let his eyelids fall slightly. It was now the coldest month of the year, and it was close to the first day of a new year.

By the tradition in the village, the first day of each year was the most important day in a year. It was the time when the entire family gathered together, and their house would be filled with joy and warmth.

Su Ming still remembered himself recovering in Ugly Little Thing's house during the first day of last year. That was the first time he had experienced what could only be constituted as true warmth after he left Dark Mountain. This warmth was different from the ninth summit, but it was similarly precious to him.

It was the warmth of having a mother, the warmth of a father's protection, and the warmth born from the joyful laughter of his little sister.

"It's about time for Ugly Little Thing's family... to gather together..." Su Ming mumbled softly. Chen Da Xi's soul had completely fused with his physical body a few days ago, and he was about to wake up sometime soon, but he had Su Ming had not yet brought him back to Ugly Little Thing's home. He had chosen to wait, because he had been observing Evil Spirit Sect watching over him after Zhao Chong died.

After the two months, he could put his mind at ease, because he was certain that Evil Spirit Sect would no longer be paying any attention to this matter.

As he continued thinking, he lifted his head and cast a glance into the distance. He then closed his eyes and started meditating in silence. Before long, several people came from the plain of snow in the distance. The person leading the group was Qian Chen, and his face was dark. There was a bag in his hand, and as he stepped on the snow, he approached Su Ming, stopping a hundred feet away from him. There was a hesitant look on his face, but after a moment, a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

"Junior brother Chen, this isn't a bad place, no? The spiritual aura here is abundant, and the view of the snow here is also incredibly pretty. More importantly, this place is quiet and secluded, a perfect place to practice your cultivation and cleanse your spirit!"

Su Ming remained calm, as if he did not hear any of it. This Qian Chen had been incredibly hospitable to him during the first month, but when the second month arrived, he gradually cut down on the times he came here, and every single time he came, he would size up Su Ming with an incredibly dubious eye.

"Hey, not talking, are we? Junior brother Chen, you should have told me the truth that you were banished from the Outer Sect, and I wouldn't have made things hard for you. I would have given you a job, and from then on, you would have done your thing and I would have done mine, and we wouldn't have been stepping on

each other's tail!

"But you! You lied to me! If I hadn't sent someone to investigate you in the Outer Sect, I would have continued being deceived by you. It's been less than a year since you entered the sect, and your Master went missing two months ago. It's because of you, isn't it?! That's why you were chased out of the Outer Sect!

"Aren't you the sly one? You came here, putting on airs, but is this a place where you can come as you please?! I'm telling you, Chen, you..."

Qian Chen became angrier with each passing moment. He was most angry with himself though, for actually misjudging a person, for actually thinking that this person had a huge background, because this person had, in truth, nothing. This was a huge blow to his ego. It made him think that there was something wrong with his ability to judge people, which he had honed over the past twenty something years.

This was something he could not forgive, especially since he was kept completely in the dark about it. He had only begun growing suspicious because he had seen no effort by this person to contact the Outer Sect and because the Outer Sect seemed to have forgotten about him. If it had been any other time, he would have not been surprised about this, but they were nearing the end of the year at the moment. At this point of time, the Outer Sect would be hosting their annual end of the year competition, and all the powerful aces in terms of power or background would show up there.

In the past, most of the Outer Sect disciples who had been sent to this place as a punishment would be summoned back during this time, but no matter how much he waited, he did not see anyone making contact with Su Ming. Worried, he used his power and the laborers he had sent outside the laborers' lodge previously to search for news.

Yet all the information that was sent back to him made Qian Chen suffer continuous blows to his ego. He was stunned for a long time before he stomped his feet viciously in anger. The information he had obtained had told him everything about Su Ming's origins.

"Chen, how could you be so sly even though you're so young?! No matter what, I will make you learn that you can't lie as you please!" Qian Chen was furious. He rolled up his sleeves, and the other people behind him did the same thing. All of them looked murderous.

"How dare you offend me when you're in my territory?! Not only am I going to teach you a lesson today, I'll also send you elsewhere! This isn't a place where you can stay!"

Qian Chen stormed towards Su Ming, but just as he was about to close in, Su Ming opened his eyes and cast him a calm glance.

That glance did not contain any sort of power, but the calm look in his eyes caused Qian Chen's footsteps to freeze. He even spread his arms wide open to block the people who were about to rush forward from behind him.

His heart suddenly started racing. As he looked into Su Ming's eyes, his expression gradually turned increasingly more solemn. With his experience and knowledge, he knew that anyone else in Su Ming's place would definitely be panicking, but the person before him was far too calm.

This sort of calmness made him gradually made his skin crawl, and he started having second thoughts.

'Could I be wrong...? No way, this brat is just putting up a farce. It's precisely because of this that I thought he was one of those aces earlier! Ace, my foot!'

Qian Chen narrowed his eyes into a glare. Once he thought about this, a ferocious grin curled up on his lips and he took a couple

more steps forward, then lifted his fist into the air. Just as he was about to hurl it forward, he suddenly saw a flash of something in Su Ming's eyes that made goosebumps appear all over his skin.

His action froze, and he even took a few steps back, staring at Su Ming for some time. A murderous glare shone in his eyes, and he let out a cold harrumph.

"Fine, since you're just a child, I won't take this to heart, but this is no longer a place you can stay. I'll give you three days... er, seven days! In seven days, I'm confiscating this place!

"At that time, if you refuse to comply... Heh heh..."

Qian Chen laughed coldly, and left in a hurry with the people beside him. When he was far away from the place, he turned his head back with fear lingering in his heart. He started mumbling in his heart.

'There's still something off about this. This person might seem like he doesn't have any background or support, but he should have some abilities and skills with him. But that's useless, once the end of the year competition ends seven days later, I'll bring some people here and teach him a lesson.'

As Qian Chen laughed coldly, a shudder suddenly ran through his body, as if he was cold. He quickly wrapped his fur-lined jacket tighter around his body and cursed under his breath before bringing the people behind him to the servant girls' quarters...

"Better that I find a few women to warm up my body. Ah... This is how you should live life. Isn't it great to sit by the fire and have a woman in your arms during winter? Isn't it just great? My life isn't too bad, I'd say." Qian Chen hummed and forgot about the sudden shudder that had wrecked his body just moments ago, as he quickly walked forward.

Su Ming looked at Qian Chen leaving. With his power, he only needed to send a little of his Qi outwards, and it would be enough

to send Qian Chen into a shock before killing him. No one would be able to notice it either.

But he did not do it. Instead, at that moment, a black strand of hair had appeared in Su Ming's hand. It belonged to Qian Chen.

'The boy came at the right time. I can use him to figure out all the various uses for the puppets created using these grass knot recording skills!' Without any expression on his face, Su Ming started tying knots on that strand of hair.

The end of the year was slowly approaching. After several months of preparation, the Outer Sect of Evil Spirit Sect held a competition among all its disciples. This competition was held only among their own people, and it had nothing to do with the other Evil Sects. Evil Spirit Sect did this every single year because the Evil Immortal Sect that was held at the highest esteem among all the other Evil Sects would host a large scale competition among all Evil Sects once every decade.

Evil Spirit Sect, Evil Dust Sect, and Evil Lust Sect would prepare for this festival in secret. Moreover, once the Outer Sect disciples finished with the end-of-year competition each year, besides taking the winner from this competition as an Inner Sect disciple, the sect would also host another competition among Inner Sect disciples, and they would reward the champion greatly.

However, this had nothing to do with Su Ming. It was still snowing on the night the Outer Sect disciples started competing against each other, and on that day, near the end of the year, Su Ming stood up and took a step forward.

When his foot landed, his body immediately turned indistinct, and he disappeared without a trace.

When he reappeared, he was already at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. He walked into the distance with an indifferent look on his face. The Protection Rune on Evil Spirit Mountain seemed to have no effect on him. No one even noticed him leaving.

In truth, no one in the sect paid much attention to Su Ming. After all, he had the appearance of a twelve or thirteen year old teenager.

It was snowing heavily. Su Ming walked in midair with the wind and snow blowing against his face as he moved calmly across the snow covered mountains, snow plains, and ice covered forests beneath him. He continued walking until he reached a forest.

It was all white because the earth and tree branches were covered by a thick layer of snow, which pressed down on the latter so heavily they bent downwards, making it seem as if they were welcoming Su Ming's arrival.

Once the snow and ice melted here and spring made the flowers bloom, this forest would be filled with the fragrance of osmanthus. This... was an osmanthus forest...

Su Ming could see the village he was so incredibly familiar with through the gaps between the trees in the forest. There were lights in each of the houses, and their color would make a warm feeling rise in the hearts of all those who saw them in this dark and snowing night.

A smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He stepped on the snow, and with crunching sounds coming from under his feet, he started walking forward. There was an incredibly normal house before him, and the light from a lamp could be seen shining through its paper window. He could also see the shadow of a little girl combing her pigtails.

It had been almost a year... almost been a year since Su Ming left. At that moment, as all the families in the village held their own reunions, he stood outside this house and looked at the lamp and the shadows reflected on the window before mumbling softly, "Ugly Little Thing, your big brother Dog Leftovers is back."

Chapter 610: Fleetingness and Happiness

A year ago, Su Ming had left with only one-tenth of his cultivation base restored. When he returned, almost a six-tenths of his cultivation base had been recovered. Yet no matter what, he was still Su Ming.

He was still the big brother Ugly Little Thing called out to, still the frail but sensible boy in the eyes of Ugly Little Thing's parents.

Su Ming stood outside the house and lifted his hand to knock lightly on the door.

The sound was incredibly faint amidst the moaning of the blizzard, and it could not be heard clearly in the area outside, but those knocks rang incredibly distinctly within the house.

"Who is it...?" a feeble voice asked from the house. That voice belonged to Ugly Little Thing, but she sounded quite monotonous and lacking in strength.

"It's me," Su Ming replied softly.

Once his voice entered the house, silence fell swiftly within it. Before long, the door swung open from the inside, and the wind from the world outside charged inside with a howl, bringing snow in its wake. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's frail body stood between the door and the wind like a mountain and blocked off all the wind, causing it... to be unable to blow past him, much less reach Ugly Little Thing, who was looking at him with a dumbfounded expression as tears of joy flowed down her eyes.

"Big brother!" Ugly Little Thing cried and went up to hug Su Ming. He patted her back lightly, and continued using his body to block off the wind and snow.

"Don't cry, Ugly Little Thing. It's almost been a year since we last met, you've grown quite a bit," Su Ming said, smiling gently. When he lifted his head, he saw a couple standing inside the house.

The man's head was decked in grey and white, and there were even more wrinkles on his face. Time also seemed to have left its tracks on his slightly bent body and thin face, as well as his slightly opened lips. He looked as if he wanted to say something in the midst of his tears.

This was Ugly Little Thing's father.

The woman by his side had even more white hair on his head. Her original beauty was faint on her face and could no longer be detected clearly. Tears fell from her face, but at that moment, a smile Su Ming believed to be the most beautiful in the world appeared on her face.

"You came back. We were waiting for you..."

Those simple words caused warmth to instantly fill Su Ming's heart. He held Ugly Little Thing's hand and led her into the house. Once he closed the door behind himself, he looked at the simple family before him and knelt down on the ground.

"Pa, ma, your son Dog Leftovers came back..."

A wave of warmth born from familial love chased away the chill that had blown into the house just moments ago and expelled the cold from the world outside, causing the house to be filled with a warmth that could melt any cold.

On this night, Ugly Little Thing's laughter became the same as it was in the past and echoed the warmth. The kind gaze from father would also constantly wander to Su Ming's body, and mother brought out a cotton jacket from the house. She sewed this herself, and it was specifically made for Su Ming.

When he put it on, Su Ming looked like a true young teenager. There was no grief on him, no shedding of any blood, no complicated feelings. There was only warmth within him, a warmth that was born from this family.

The light from this family was never extinguished. Even as the

darkness outside grew darker and the freezing wind blew became stronger, that light remained as a constant presence, because it might no longer be oil that was making it burn, but the simple, familial love that Su Ming had always desired.

It was due to it that the light continued blazing, and it was it that Su Ming cherished. He placed that love in his heart and turned it into a beautiful memory that he would not allow himself to lose.

Within that memory was Ugly Little Thing, her father, her mother, and also Su Ming himself.

"I will stay with all of you until your lives end..." This was what Su Ming had said to Ugly Little Thing in his heart in the past. It was also a string of words he carved into his memory right at that moment.

But most of the time, happiness will only last for a short moment, because there is an eye in the world that belongs to loneliness, and it does not want to see too many beautiful moments in anyone's lives. That was why it made fleetingness to be a constant companion of happiness.

That was why people always said that happiness would only last for a short while...

This night eventually came to an end, just like how all beautiful moments in life would come to an end after a short while. Su Ming still could not stay in this place permanently, because if he did that, he might bring about death and disaster to this family before his cultivation base fully recovered.

The only thing he could do was to engrave this fleeting happiness into his heart... and leave quietly.

However, he left behind a person lying on one of the small beds, a person who was gradually opening his eyes at the moment. He was Chen Da Xi. He was Ugly Little Thing's big brother, and a pitiful soul.

His face should have originally been that of a middle-aged man, but Su Ming could not bring himself to make Ugly Little Thing's parents hearts break, and neither could he bring himself to make Ugly Little Thing cry, that was why he would rather delay the full recovery of his cultivation base and give some life force to Chen Da Xi so that he would look as if he was only twenty years old.

This was an illusion. The moment ten years passed, he would return to how he originally looked.

Su Ming left.

He smoothed out the bodies of Ugly Little Thing's parents, causing their sicknesses to leave them and made Ugly Little Thing's birthmark fade a little more. Then he took a step forward, and without even pushing open the door, he appeared outside the house.

'If not pushing open this door that leads to farewell will mean that I've never left, then I will never push this door open.'

Behind Su Ming was an endless amount of snow. It covered the path leading to his family's house, and it looked as if it had cut off his path back before gradually turning the area into a white, boundless world.

Su Ming walked on the snow alone and left farther and farther into the distance. The snow fell on his hair, his body, and the cotton jacket... It was very cold, but that warmth of the family resided in his heart, warming his body in the snow and allowing him to move farther away.

Su Ming left. He walked amid the falling snow, continuing alone as his head turned white. His body gradually faded away from sight and disappeared into the desolate world, slowly hidden away behind snow...

The moans from the wind sounded like the notes from a xun, and the snow falling down from the sky were the lyrics to its song. It

sang in this endless space, and no one knew who could hear it.

That song sang about a city buried in snow, about the loneliness that extinguishes all forms of light, about an unknown person's setting sun, an unknown person's face, and the dozen something years of childhood that belonged to that unknown person that could not be seen amidst all the unfamiliar sights...

.....

Once Su Ming left, Chen Da Xi, who was deep in sleep on the bed in Ugly Little Thing's house, slowly opened his eyes. There was a dazed look on his face. He felt as if he'd had a very long dream and had just woken up from his sleep.

At the end of his dream was a voice that echoed in his mind. It was also that voice that brought him back from his dream, to his home.

"You were originally dead... The only thing I can do is to help you gain ten years of your life. Use these ten years... to accompany your parents and your little sister..."

Chapter 611: Punishment

Qian Chen was feeling pretty gloomy lately, and was constantly feeling paranoid. No matter what he did, he was careful...

He was never muscular to begin with, and now, he looked even thinner. His facial color was also becoming increasingly paler. Most of the time, there was a dazed expression on his face. Even those beside him would immediately find their expressions changing when they saw him, and they would react as if they had seen a murderous ghost and avoid him like the plague. Some of those who did not manage to avoid him would be filled with anxiety. They would watch their surroundings constantly, though no one had any idea what they were looking out for.

Right at that moment, three of the laboring disciples at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain became nervous since they saw Qian Chen staggering towards them while holding onto his head. They were just about to search for a place to hide when he caught sight of them.

"Stay there!"

The three people shuddered. One of them still did not stop and continued running away with gritted teeth. However, the remaining two already had their faces seen by Qian Chen due to their hesitation, and they could naturally no longer continue fleeing.

"Senior brother Qian..." The two people who did not manage to run immediately put on anguished faces once they saw him, and there was even a light tremor in their voices.

"Senior brother Qian, please be kind and let us go. We are very loyal to you, senior brother Qian, please don't bring trouble to us..."

"Nonsense!" Qian Chen glared at them and rubbed his forehead

before he put his hand down. There was blood trickling down from his forehead at the moment, and some flecks of dirt could also be seen there. Clearly, he had just tripped recently and injured his head.

As if he was feeling indignant towards his luck during these past few days, Qian Chen kicked the tree beside him. He did not use much strength in that kick, but for some unknown reason, that tree suddenly started swaying and crashed down on him and the other two with a loud bang.

Qian Chen was caught off guard for a moment before he nimbly moved back and swiftly dodged that tree, but a branch had still cut his shirt, causing him to look incredibly disheveled and pathetic.

The other two people were already running away at maximum speed, and no matter how Qian Chen called out to them, they would not turn their heads back.

"Don't turn back! That Qian Chen has gotten himself wrapped in rotten luck nowadays, and not only is he unlucky, all those around him will also be unlucky!"

"I know right?! Sixth was with him yesterday, and the both of them fell through a hole in the ice, but since when have holes ever appeared in an ice mountain?!"

"I heard about this as well. Apparently when Qian Chen went to the servant girls' quarters a few days ago, he tripped nineteen times. He got so scared he refused to move later on, because he was afraid he would fall to his death..."

"This is nothing. Let me tell you, I saw Qian Chen nearly choking when he was drinking! Misfortune is on him, I'm telling you..."

These sort of words gradually started spreading through the entire area at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain, and more people learned of it. In their eyes, Qian Chen was the Star of Disaster [1] and wherever he went... all the disciples would run away. They did

not dare get close to him.

Qian Chen's face was incredibly pale. He hid himself in a small pot and watched the sky with a blank expression. He had a feeling that he might have offended Tai Sui [2], because there was simply no reason why he would be so unlucky for the majority of the past month.

All of this started when he was heading to the servant girls' quarters that day. He had not just tripped nineteen times on the way there, but had actually tripped thirty seven times... and had fallen until his body started shivering and fear filled his face. He had a feeling that if he continued walking towards the quarters, he would become the first ever disciple to slip and fall to his death on snow in Evil Spirit Sect.

From then on, he had to be careful not to fall when he walked and also had to be careful of holes in ice... When he remembered the holes in the ice, Qian Chen started laughing wryly...

He still remembered almost choking when he was drinking water just a few days ago, causing him to feel even his heart trembling in fear when he drank water now. When he ate, he would also observe his food carefully before he even had the courage to eat it, because for some unknown reason, he had nearly been poisoned to death once he finished eating...

'Damn it, just what is going on?!'

He looked at the small pot where he sat and felt extremely anxious, but could not express it. He had fallen into this small pot after he fell through another hole in the ice, and worse still, this was an Enchanted Treasure. He was trapped inside and could not get out.

He only saw a person passing through the place after a long time had gone by. After a series of shrill screams for help and some thrown threats, he was dragged out by that passer-by. After Qian Chen managed to get out, he almost went mad from all the

grievances he had suffered. Just as he lifted his foot and was about to stomp on the ground to vent his anger, he immediately placed it down lightly, but when he turned around to leave...

Suddenly, a glint from a sword charged towards him with a loud whistle from a random spot in the Outer Sect, causing him to be completely stunned, unable to move from fear. At moment of crisis, that sword glare brushed past his waist and landed on another mountain rock.

Soon after, a long arc flew towards him, and within it was a boy. He was mumbling slightly under his breath while looking very embarrassed. Once he flew over, he grabbed the sword and cast a glance at Qian Chen, who was still trembling with that blank expression on his face. The boy wanted to leave, but felt that he should say something.

"Just go..." Qian Chen wept.

"I..."

"I know it's not your fault. Your Flying Sword went out of control all of a sudden and flew here on its own..." Despair appeared on Qian Chen's face.

"Er... Then... I'll be taking my leave, senior brother." The boy was momentarily stunned, because that was indeed the truth. After a moment of hesitation, he immediately flew off.

"I knew it..."

Qian Chen's body swayed and fell to the side. There was a blank expression on his face, and he felt that he was on the verge of going crazy. He just did not know what was going on with him.

'Today is almost over, right?'

Qian Chen cast a glance at the sky and with a bitter smile made a move to get up. The person who had dragged him out of the pot in the hole just now had already disappeared without a trace, and was perhaps washing his hands somewhere to get rid of the bad luck

that might or might not have infected him when he pulled Qian Chen out. He was most likely also praying to his ancestors that Qian Chen's bad luck would not affect him.

But before he managed to stand up, a cold voice traveled towards him from the sky.

"Qian Chen, what are you doing there?!"

The person who spoke was an old woman. She was not the one from the double-story building, but was a Sect Elder from the Outer Sect. She had some connection to Qian Chen.

When he heard that voice, he immediately stood up and instinctively put on a respectful face, but the instant he stood up, his pants... fell down, along with everything covering the lower half of his body. When Qian Chen felt the chill between his legs, he was stunned.

The old woman was also stunned, before her expression changed. With a dark look on her face, she cast him a cold glare, then left with a swing of her arm, not saying a single word.

Qian Chen fell to the ground once again with a thump. He looked at the sky blankly, his mind empty.

'Something's not right, something's definitely not right! I've definitely offended someone...'

After a long while, Qian Chen picked up his pants while shivering. At that moment, he looked incredibly haggard, as if he had become much older in just an instant, and he started thinking back carefully on whom he might have offended before his first misfortune.

If it had been any other time, trying to recall who he had offended would have been a difficult task, because he had simply offended too many people. However, due to his burning rage towards the matter concerning Su Ming, he had not bothered placing any form of attention on anyone else before his first

misfortune. If he had indeed offended someone, then it could only be Su Ming.

'Chen Su...'

The more Qian Chen thought about it, the more he believed in this train of thought. Once he remembered how calm that person had been, he became even more certain of his guess, and he immediately stood up, with one hand holding onto his pants, and hastily ran towards Su Ming's house.

Su Ming sat outside his place with a strand of hair in his hand. That strand already had ten knots on it, and it was plaited in such a manner that the contour of a small humanoid could be seen. There were also some weeds before Su Ming, which he was weaving into the plait. Gradually, a doll made of weeds appeared in his hand.

'There are ten knots here, and each of them contains a faint power of a Curse. This Curse won't kill, but it'll cause that person to be filled with misfortune...'

Su Ming looked at the doll in his hand, and a smile appeared on his lips. After several failures in this experiment, he had finally succeeded in delivering the full force of this Curse. It brought him confidence that he'll be able to control the old woman from the double story building.

'We don't have much enmity between us, so I won't tie the eleventh knot in your hair. Misfortune might also kill a person, after all.'

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance into the distance with an indifferent look on his face. Before long, Qian Chen appeared on the plain of snow far in the distance, but as soon as he took a few steps forward, he immediately fell. However, he continued running towards Su Ming while bruises and scrapes collected on his body. On his way to Su Ming... he tripped another eight times before he finally managed to reach a spot several dozens of feet away. He then knelt down with a loud thump on the snow.

"Sir, please spare me. I understand my wrongdoings now. Please give me a chance and spare me."

Qian Chen looked incredibly disheveled. On his way to Su Ming's place, he had tripped several dozens of times, and had almost fallen to his death several more. How could he not be afraid, especially since he immediately noticed the weed doll in Su Ming's hand at the moment he saw him? His heart instantly let out a loud thump against his chest.

He started crying. Tears fell from his eyes, and he started kowtowing nonstop before Su Ming while pleading for mercy. He was certain that everything that had happened to him was related to this youth. When he thought about how he might have to live this nightmare, in which he might suffocate during sleep just because he was snoring, for the rest of his life, a fear towards Su Ming, one that had never appeared even when Qian Chen faced Sect Elders rose within his heart.

"From now on, unless I summon you, none of you are allowed to come to this place," said Su Ming languidly.

At the instant his words were spoken, Qian Chen immediately nodded, and a pitiful look appeared on his face, but his heart was filled with shock. Su Ming's admittance to his deeds had caused the final shred of doubt to disappear from his heart. At that moment, there was a voice screaming in Qian Chen's heart.

'He's here! I've finally met the person who ranks first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart I made twenty years ago!' When Qian Chen made this Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, he had wondered whether a senior veteran would take the form of a normal disciple and enter the sect before Qian Chen coincidentally ran into him.

He just did not expect that the day would truly come...

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slapped the weed doll. Immediately, it turned into a puff of black smoke before Qian Chen

and disappeared with a bang. The moment it dissipated, Qian Chen instantly felt his body becoming warmer, though he did not know whether it was just a figment of his imagination.

His gaze when he looked towards Su Ming was filled with little amazement, because respect was the emotion that dominated his expression.

"You can go now. Without my word, don't come here," Su Ming said calmly.

Qian Chen quickly obeyed and left hastily.

Translator's Note:

1. Star of Disaster: 煞星 (sha4 xing1), Star of Disaster written in Book of Sui, volume 20, Astronomy. It is written under the Peculiar Star (妖星, yao1 xing1) section, and it is said that "Those born under the Peculiar Star have five elemental Qi (fire, water, metal, wood, wind), which is the other name for the five stars. Those who see him believe that disaster will happen. The five colors of the Peculiar Star will determine the country's fortune." If the country has gone against their rules and etiquettes towards people, then disaster will fall on the country in the form of famine, floods, or deaths.

2. Tai Sui: Mentioned earlier during the introduction to the Execution of Three Evils. It's the star directly opposite Jupiter. Offend/clash Tai Sui is a term among the people, and it refers to Feng Shui. You have to pay attention to the location of Tai Sui and make sure not to disturb this star/deity, or else it/he will bring misfortune to you.

For more information, please refer to this link: <http://www.onlinefengshuistore.com/tai-sui-grand-duke-jupiter/>

Chapter 612: Eleventh Knot!

It was dark. The moon and stars shone brilliantly in the sky. There was no snow.

Perhaps it was due to the illumination from the moon, because the ground was silver, causing the night to no longer seem dark. When Su Ming lifted his head, he could see a faint light flickering on the double-story building at the upper half of the mountain.

Su Ming held a white strand of hair in his hand, and there were seven knots on it. When he averted his gaze from the double-story building, he looked towards the strand of hair on his hand, and his eyes sparkled.

He immediately started moving his hands. In an instant, he tied the eighth knot. At the moment it was formed, Su Ming's heart shuddered. He instantly felt a faint wave of power gathering on that knot, as if it was trying to struggle and fight against it.

At the same time, the white-haired old woman who had been waiting for over a month at the ground floor of the double-story building swiftly opened her eyes, and a strange light shone in them.

'You finally appeared!' She formed a seal with both her hands and pointed at the statue with one finger. Immediately, the female statue before her shone with a gentle light, and once it enveloped the old woman, she closed her eyes.

Right then, an illusory shadow appeared beyond the gentle screen of light and around the old woman within the building.

That illusion was of a white strand of hair. It circled the entire room, and as it went around, another knot appeared on it. An ancient presence spread out in all directions, and as the long strand of hair circled, knots were continuously formed on it, and the ancient, primitive presence grew stronger with each knot.

"I am your master. You must obey all of my words!"

An unclear voice reverberated in the room, or more accurately speaking, it echoed in the old woman's mind, causing her body to tremble. She continued changing the seals in her hands and directed the gentle light to fight against the knots in the hair that had appeared around her!

By then, there were eight knots. Each of them contained that ancient presence, causing the voice in the old woman's heart to feel as if it had Branded her soul, and it would not leave.

This scene could not be detected with any sort of divine sense, and if anyone pushed open the door to the tower at that moment, they would not be able to see the illusion of that long strand of hair. They would only be able to see the old woman sitting alone in the building and meditating.

This was a battle of the mind, and it belonged to only Su Ming and the old woman!

At the same time the old woman started fighting against the knots in the strand of hair, Su Ming's heart shuddered, and the world around him started changing rapidly. Moments later, he saw a gigantic lotus before his eyes.

Faint mumbling sounds came from the lotus, uttering words that Su Ming could not hear clearly. A woman gradually walked towards him. Gentle light shone from her body, and when she walked over, he immediately recognized that she was the statue from the ground floor of the double-story building!

However, the woman before him looked as if she had been revived, and with a smile along with an air of holiness, she approached him slowly.

"My protector from my previous life, I've waited for you for many years... You're finally here." The woman's voice was soft and gentle, and there was an air within her words that shook Su Ming's

soul.

"You once told me before you died that if time could turn back and if we could go back to the past, we would meet each other again... If you didn't remember me anymore... you would still want us to walk in the snow till our heads turned white."

The woman wore a long white robe, and when she arrived before Su Ming, she looked at him with a gentle look in her eyes and a holy expression on her face. Her beauty seemed to have turned into a radiance that made the world lose its color, and it seemed to have Branded itself in Su Ming's soul.

"Come with me... Let me help you release the seal in your memories..." The woman smiled gently and stretched out her hand before Su Ming, as if she was waiting for him to take hold of it.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the beautiful woman before him. She seemed somewhat familiar, but this sort of familiarity... was something Su Ming did not want!

When he looked towards her, he tied the ninth knot on the strand of white hair in his hand, all while having an aloof expression on his face!

At the instant the ninth knot appeared, grief immediately entered the woman's face. Tears fell from her eyes, and they landed on the lotus with a light patter.

With that sound, Su Ming's world was shattered, just like how that tear disintegrated...

At the same time, the ninth knot instantly appeared on the illusory strand of hair surrounding the old woman and the gentle light, and a layer of black smoke spread out. It charged towards the gentle light around the old woman, as if it wanted to rip it apart and rush into the old woman's body.

Her face turned pale. The seal in her hands changed once again, and she started mumbling under her breath, as if she was

chanting. She even bit the tip of her tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

That blood instantly disappeared right after it left her mouth.

Soon after, the world that had shattered before Su Ming rearranged itself, but it had turned into another world, and it was dyed in the color of blood...

That blood red shade was not due to blood though, but the maple leaves that had filled the entire sky. They were crimson red, and as they floated down from the above, they drifted with the wind before slowly scattering on the ground.

Su Ming was sitting cross-legged, dressed in a brilliant, long red robe. Lying in his arms... was a woman of incomparable beauty. She was staring at him blankly, and blood was flowing from her mouth, but there was a beautiful and gentle smile on her lips.

She lifted a shivering hand and touched his face. The gentleness of her expression brought back the sense of familiarity to Su Ming, once he saw her. This time, it came charging towards him like an ocean in an attempt to drown him.

"Don't you remember...? You didn't manage to remember me in this lifetime... I will wait for you, and I will wait for us to meet in our next life. I will wait for you to remember me in our next life..."

As the woman spoke, her face gradually turned pale and her breathing slowly scattered. However, her gentleness was Branded into Su Ming's eyes, causing his heart to tremble.

"Kiss me..." The beautiful woman caressed Su Ming's face and uttered the final sentence in her life.

The familiarity in Su Ming's heart turned into a great wave of grief and pain at that moment, for the woman's voice gave him the feeling that he had lost his entire world. He shivered and dipped his head down, looking like he was about to kiss the woman's lips.

Yet right at the instant his lips were about to touch hers, Su Ming

closed his eyes, and in his anguish, he spoke softly.

"I only want to use this place to restore my cultivation base and reach the Berserker Soul Realm... I don't have any intention of harming you. Once I leave, I will return to you your freedom... There is... no need for you to do this!

"You forced this familiarity onto me. This memory is also a part of your Soul Capturing Art." When Su Ming opened his eyes, clarity shone within them. At that moment, he tied the tenth knot on the strand of hair in his hand!

At the instant it appeared, the woman before him smiled brokenly and shattered along with the world.

At the same time, the old woman within the gentle light on the ground floor of the double-story building shivered. Her hair no longer remained white, but slowly turned black. The wrinkles on her face gradually faded away and were replaced with smooth, rosy-colored skin.

Her age also regressed, turning her from an old woman to a middle-aged one, and her appearance, too, changed into one of extreme beauty!

She also looked incredibly similar to the woman on the statue, besides her age. So similar, in fact... that they looked like the same person!

The gentle light around her was instantly devoured by the illusory strand of hair once the tenth knot appeared, and that hair charged towards the old woman before it surrounded her. A powerful will that she could not fight against crashed into her and turned into a mighty force of pressure within her soul at that instant!

"I am your master. My will is your will, and you must obey all of my words!"

The old woman shuddered again, and her appearance changed

once more. Within an instant, she turned into a girl of twenty, and there was no longer any difference between her and that statue!

Her eyes flew open, and at the same moment a purple glare shone within them, the world that had shattered rearranged itself once more before Su Ming's eyes. He did not see the woman though.

He saw Dark Mountain, the familiar land of his hometown, the familiar voices, and the chimney smoke from his tribe in the morning!

He saw a man with long purple hair holding onto a long blade with an aloof expression on his face. He was walking towards Dark Mountain Tribe, and Su Ming could not see that figure's face. He could only see his back and his long hair dancing in the wind.

Screams of pain and shrill howls came from the men and the women in the tribe. Their faces were filled with despair and lament. Lei Chen shouted and demanded answers from the man while tears fell from his eyes. Chen Xin was stunned. Bei Ling was filled with grief... and elder's face was pale. His eyes... were filled with sorrow.

Su Ming saw the entire tribe being killed by that purple-haired person within an instant. Lei Chen's head flew into the air and fell by Su Ming's feet. Bei Ling protected Chen Xin and was turned into dust. Tong Tong cried, and when the purple-haired person walked past the little girl, he seemed to hesitate for a moment before taking her life.

Everything turned into a mess before Su Ming's eyes, one covered in blood. He was stunned. He looked as if he had lost his right to speak, until he saw the purple-haired person turn his head to look at him.

Only then did Su Ming see that purple-haired person's cold face, and it was his own.

The man was still holding onto a bleeding human head, and

when he looked towards Su Ming, he threw it at him. It landed before Su Ming, right beside Lei Chen's head. The hair on that head was white... and it belonged to his elder.

Even in the moment of death, he still kept his eyes open, and within them was anguish and regret. It made them look almost blank.

The purple-haired man walked towards Su Ming, and when he was right before him, he stabbed the blade in his hand into the ground. With an aloof expression, he tore his shirt open to reveal his chest.

"Kill me!" That was the two words this purple-haired man spoke since the start.

"Kill him... If you kill him, you can take revenge for Dark Mountain... Kill him, and you will be released from your pain... Kill him..."

A voice echoed in Su Ming's ears. He watched in silence, anguish slowly creeping onto his face. He grabbed the purple long blade before him and slowly lifted it from the ground. Then, he turned around and swiftly cut down the space behind him!

Right then, the entire world, along with the long blade in Su Ming's hand, shattered into pieces with a bang... The beautiful woman, who had appeared at some point behind him, also shattered when the blade cut through her, looking stunned even as she broke into pieces.

As the long blade and the world shattered, Su Ming's hands... tied the eleventh knot on that strand of hair!

"Knots are also disasters [1]... I understand now," he mumbled.

Translator's Note:

Knots are also disasters: A case of lost in translation. 结 and 劫 are both pronounced as jie2, so it's a wordplay. What Su Ming means here is that if he tries to use these knots to do something to

someone else, he will face disasters.

Chapter 613: Meeting

The instant Su Ming tied the eleventh knot and the world before him shattered like a mirror and scattered onto the ground. Each of the shards contained the image of the woman looking at him in sorrow, her beautiful face gradually fading into the distance.

When the area beside Su Ming turned into white snow once again, and the low house as well as the weeds in the snow appeared... his field of vision returned to normal. He had returned to the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain.

At the same time, black smoke surrounded the double-story building at the upper middle section of Evil Spirit Sect. The old woman whose face had turned into that of a young woman was trembling at that moment, gritting her teeth while fighting back with a pale face.

Yet all of this changed completely the instant the eleventh knot formed on the illusory white strand of hair!

Its appearance caused the voice that was echoing in the woman's soul to instantly become several times louder, as if it had turned into some sort of law that was booming in the girl's soul. Eventually... that voice was Branded into her soul!

"I am your master. You must obey all of my words!"

The young woman shuddered and coughed up a mouthful of blood, and the black smoke around her swiftly charged into her body. In the blink of an eye, all of it disappeared into the young woman's body and vanished without a trace.

Soon after, the illusory strand of hair with the eleven knots dissipated, as if nothing had ever happened here. However, the young woman's pale face was a clear sign that what had happened just now was true.

'Just who is that person?!' The young woman closed her eyes.

She had lost utterly and completely, in a battle of divine abilities in the area where she was the most skilled.

Right up till the end, she had not seen the person's face. The illusion she had forced on her opponent just now was due to her Art. If she had successfully caused him to be immersed in her Art, then she would have been able to see his face, and she could have turned the tables around and made him her slave!

But she failed... Anguish appeared on the young woman's face. She knew full well what those words that were Branded into her soul meant. At that moment, she could not do anything to harm him. This was not a game of words. They were a surge that had Branded itself in her soul.

She knew that even though she did not know who that person was, he would come at some point.

This was a battle of Arts without any sort of physical clash. The battle between the young woman's Soul Capturing Art and Su Ming's Grass Knots Art had swept through their bodies and souls like a storm.

When the eleventh knot had appeared, that battle of Arts ended.

The result of this battle was not death, but a control over the loser's soul.

Su Ming opened his eyes, as he remained seated on the snow at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. In his hands he held the white strand of hair. There were eleven knots on it, and he had twisted them around to form a small humanoid.

A hint of fatigue appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The battle of Arts just now was much more dangerous than he had imagined it might be. He had to admit, he had underestimated the old woman. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he had underestimated the young woman who had turned into that old woman.

'This person's Soul Capturing Art has already reached a level

where it could affect memories... If she had been a little better with it, then the results of this battle would be harder to judge...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He grabbed the weeds by his side and swiftly started weaving them into a small humanoid. After a moment, a weed doll appeared in his hand.

Within that doll was the white strand of hair with eleven knots tied to it.

Once Su Ming finished weaving, he took a look at the grass figure, and he could sense her presence through it.

'She hasn't lost her will. She just has to listen to the person holding onto the doll. This is something her soul cannot resist.'

Su Ming looked at the sky and put away the doll before he closed his eyes and started meditating to train. This was one of the few times when he cleared his mind and trained after coming to this spot. As of then, every part of his plan was ready, and he even had the most important key to launch it. Su Ming could finally calm his heart and wait for daylight to arrive while meditating.

The night passed by quickly. When the morning sun started shining and fell on the ground, it caused the snow to reflect its piercing rays of light, and at that moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. He stood up and smoothed out his robes before he started walking into the distance at a moderate pace until he reached the administrative hall for the laborers.

He saw Qian Chen scolding a few laborers with a scathing tone as he pointed his finger at them. His spit flew everywhere, but the laborers, who had their heads dipped down, did not dare move away, and could only voice their acquiescence.

The difference between Qian Chen's current smug expression was too great compared to how he had behaved previously with Su Ming. Su Ming cast him a glance and let out a dry cough.

When that cough reached Qian Chen's ears, his scolding came to

an abrupt halt. He shuddered, and then turned his head around. Once he saw Su Ming, he put on an obsequious expression on his face without a single moment of hesitation and quickly ran over. Once he stopped before him, he looked as if he was about to kneel down and worship him.

"Greetings, senior brother Chen. Senior brother, do you need anything? You can just tell me, and it doesn't matter whether it is possible for me to do it, I will not back down and will complete your request!"

His attitude immediately made the laborers that were scolded widen their eyes, and dumbfounded expressions appeared on their faces.

"Give me a plate to head to the Outer Sect," Su Ming said flatly. He wanted this plate because the number of restrictions increased the further he headed up Evil Spirit Sect. Even though it was not impossible for him to head up without a plate, but if he had it, it would be much easier for him.

Once Qian Chen heard his words, he immediately patted his chest and brought out a blue plate from his bosom, which he handed to Su Ming respectfully.

"Senior brother Chen, this plate might only be blue, but it is the plate with the highest authority in the laborers' lodge. With this plate, you can even head to the Inner Sect... but you will be stopped at the mountain gate leading to the Inner Sect. You will only be able to go in when the people from the Inner Sect summon you."

Su Ming received the plate and gave Qian Chen a nod.

The man's spirits were instantly lifted. Su Ming's nod was the greatest acknowledgment to him, and it made him feel quite excited.

Su Ming no longer paid anymore attention to Qian Chen. He took

the plate, turned around, and left.

Even after Su Ming left into the distance, Qian Chen continued standing in his spot respectfully for some time, to send him off, before turning around with a brilliant smile. He waved his hand at the laborers, and it was clear that he had decided to let them off because his mood had become much better.

Su Ming walked up the stairs leading to Evil Spirit Mountain. There were statues erected on the sides, and vengeful souls surrounded them, but they did not dare approach. Su Ming walked up the stairs. He did not choose to secretly move during the night, but had instead chosen to move in the morning.

Due to the blue plate, all the hidden seals were released as the blue plate shone. Su Ming moved past them with ease as he walked forward, and when he arrived at the alley leading to Conscience Interrogation Hall, which was the double-story building, he was blocked off by two Outer Sect disciples standing there.

These two disciples' faces were apathetic and their eyes were cold, as if there was not a hint of emotion present within them. They were staring at Su Ming at that moment without a single word as they blocked his path.

With a cool look on his face, he threw the blue plate in his hand towards these two.

"Chen Su, from the foot of the mountain. I've come on orders from Conscience Interrogation Hall."

One of the two indifferent Outer Sect disciples received the plate and cast Su Ming a glance with a frown on his face. He had not received any orders about anyone coming up from the foot of the mountain, but once he cast a glance at the blue plate, he turned around and headed to Conscience Interrogation Hall without a single word.

The young woman was meditating silently with a sullen face

within the double-story building at the moment. She had originally thought the person would arrive the previous night, but she had seen no traces of him even after waiting for an entire night. It was bright by then. She believed that the person would be wary, and would only appear at night.

Just as she was feeling frustrated and annoyed, she lifted her head with a frown on her face and looked outside the building.

After a moment, a respectful voice traveled into the building.

"Hall Master, a disciple from the foot of the mountain by the name of Chen Su is seeking audience."

The young woman was feeling incredibly frustrated. Once she heard Chen Su's name, the dumb looking boy from a few months ago appeared in her head. She had paid no attention to him once she sent him away, and now that she heard the Outer Sect disciple's words, she learned that he had been sent to the laborer's lodge. The young woman did not think too much about it and immediately shouted at the disciple.

"Why are you asking me for permission when a laborer asked for an audience?! If several dozens of laborers ask for an audience, are you going to come and ask several dozens of times?!"

An awkward look immediately replaced the indifferent expression on the disciple's face outside the building. There was also a hint of wariness in it. He quickly knelt on the ground and voiced his acquiescence while hate burned in his heart towards Su Ming. Once he got up, he was prepared to leave and return to teach that nobody a lesson when the young woman's voice suddenly came from the tower again.

"Wait, did he say why he's seeking an audience?"

A thought suddenly took shape in the young woman's heart. She had a feeling that it was a little too ridiculous and inconceivable, but she still instinctively threw that question to the disciple.

"Hall Master, that person said he came here on your orders, or else I wouldn't have come and asked you about it..." The Evil Spirit Sect disciple sounded as if he was wronged.

A glint swiftly appeared in the woman's eyes, and after a brief period of silence, she spoke.

"Bring him here!"

The Evil Spirit Sect disciple was momentarily stunned. He might not understand what was going on, but he did not dare show it on his face. He was also beginning to feel uncertain about Su Ming, so he put away the idea of revenge and swiftly walked towards the mountain gate leading to Conscience Interrogation Hall.

Before long, under his guidance, Su Ming appeared in this place once again. He remained as cool as a cucumber all along the way and looked at the plants that still lived despite it being winter, sensing the thick power of the world in this place. When he arrived outside the double-story building, the Evil Spirit Sect disciple hesitated for a moment before he took a few steps backwards and stopped there.

"You may leave now," the young woman's voice said from the double-story building. Its voice was incredibly cold, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciple immediately voiced his obedience once he heard her words and lowered his head before he quickly left.

Once he left, only Su Ming and the young woman remained in the area.

"When have I ever sent you an order to see me?!" After a moment, an impatient and cold harrumph traveled out of the double-story building.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and once he cast a glance at the building, he spoke unhurriedly.

"Why are you still not greeting me even after you saw me?"

Once those words were said, they reached the young woman's

ears and brought her such a shock that she felt as if the world had shattered!

Chapter 614: The Berserkers' Disaster!

"You!"

The young woman in the double-storey building opened her eyes swiftly and disbelief showed on her face. She even stood up, and with one swift move, she appeared outside the building.

She stared at Su Ming, and the shock in her eyes could not be concealed. She had absolutely not expected that the person who had caused her utter downfall would truly be this boy called Chen Su!

She had even personally taken action a few months ago to check whether he had any connection to Zhao Chong's death, but she had found nothing. This boy was incredibly normal and had ordinary potential. There had been no ripples of power that signified any sort of cultivation base either.

Yet now... When this boy stood before her, she came to a sudden realization that she had already lost to this boy several months ago...

But she still could not believe that this was real. She had wondered who the owner of the voice that had Branded itself into her soul could possibly be. To her, there was a high chance that it belonged to an old monster or a person she was familiar with in the Sect intentionally changing his or her own voice while attacking her.

She had thought about many people, but had completely overlooked this Chen Su. This was a person that was completely out of her expectations!

At that moment, she was looking at him blankly. This person appeared to be twelve or thirteen years old, but the ancient look and calmness on his face, his words, and his actions were definitely not something a boy could have.

"Who... are you?!" The young woman's breathing quickened. She only managed to recover from her shock after a long time had passed, and once she did, she looked at Su Ming with a complicated look on her face.

"Chen Su," Su Ming answered slowly.

"You killed Zhao Chong!" The woman's expression turned even more complicated.

Su Ming gave her a faint smile. He did not admit to it, but neither did he deny it.

Due to his silence, the young woman also fell silent, causing the area to turn much quieter. Only the light rustles of the wind could be heard echoing in the air, and after a long while, the woman let out a bitter smile and bowed to Su Ming respectfully.

"Greetings, master..."

"What is your name?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"Bao Qiu..."

The young woman sighed in her heart. Once she answered his question, her appearance gradually changed into the old woman's appearance, which she had used previously. She no longer needed to test him for anything. Every single word this person spoke brought forth a feeling of absolute obedience from the depths of her soul, and she had a feeling that she had to tell him the truth. It made her understand that besides this Chen Su, there was no one else who could have possibly fought against her the previous night.

"Bao Qiu, I will not enslave you for the rest of your life..."

Su Ming looked at the old woman and did not show any hint of emotion towards the change in her appearance. It was as if it did not matter to him whether the person before him was an old woman or a beautiful young one. To him, it was all the same.

"The power of the world here is thick, and I want to use this place

to recover. It won't take me long. Once I leave, I will return you your freedom." After speaking, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the old woman and walked towards the building.

He entered the house and gave an order from inside, "I'm currently a laborer at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain, but I want to stay at your place for a long period of time. Make arrangements for this."

Bao Qiu remained silent for a moment, then nodded. This was an incredibly easy task for her. She only needed to say that she wanted Chen Su as her laborer, and no one would suspect anything.

Su Ming stood at the ground floor of the building and looked at the lotus as well as the female statue sitting on it. As he continued watching it, the scenes he saw in the illusion surfaced in his head. In the end, he shook his head and headed to the first floor. This was clearly a woman's room, and it was filled with a faint fragrance. Su Ming sat down there and closed his eyes before immersing himself in his meditation.

As he circulated his cultivation base, the dense power of the world around him swiftly gathered, and he started absorbing it slowly. At the same time he used it to heal his wounds, he also began walking down the path to restore his cultivation base to the pinnacle of his condition.

Days went by, and everything concerning Su Ming working as a laborer at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain did not bring up any form of attention due to Bao Qiu. People only knew that Conscience Interrogation Hall's Lady Bao Qiu had asked for a laborer, and no one would pay too much attention to this sort of trivial matter.

Only Qian Chen would occasionally sigh deeply in his heart.

As time continued trickling away, winter too, gradually passed. The competition held among Evil Spirit Sect's Outer Sect and Inner

Sect had both long since ended.

The disciples started preparing and training for next year's competition.

Su Ming found his rare, hard-earned peace. No one came to bother him, and he could calm his heart down to train. Besides, there was also someone outside who was specifically tasked with protecting him, and he also had plenty of medicinal cores and herbs to help him. As long as he made the request, Bao Qiu would be forced to fulfill it, even though her heart would continuously ache in pain for having to hand him all those things.

Gradually, as months went by and the rainy season arrived, Bao Qiu realized something about Su Ming that made her heart tremble from shock.

She remembered clearly that she had sensed no form of danger from Su Ming half a year ago despite being unable to sense the waves of power from his cultivation base. He had just been like a bowl of still, clear water.

However, as these six months went by, he started giving her the feeling that he was much different compared to the past. Although he was still just meditating calmly and Bao Qiu still could not tell his level of cultivation despite having the power equivalent to a Berserker at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the moment Su Ming opened his eyes, he would always cause her heart to tremble and chills to run through every single part of her body. She would feel as if she was surrounded by death, and even if the Brand in her soul did not exist, he would still only need a single thought, and she would die before him.

This feeling would only appear for an instant, and it would only reveal itself at the moment Su Ming woke up after a long period of meditation. Yet that feeling that made Bao Qiu tremble as it manifested itself was like a nebulous fog that surrounded her heart, and she could not see through it clearly.

This was not the first time she tried guessing just what stage or realm this boy before her would reach once his cultivation base recovered completely... In fact, she could not even tell whether this person was an Immortal, a Berserker, or a Berserker who had changed his blood to practice the ways of Immortals... As time passed and as those instances became more common, she began to grow deeply respectful towards Su Ming, and the amount of respect she had for him was practically at the same level as the respect she held for Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder.

Over the past six months, Su Ming would not say anything except for his requests. He had placed all his mind and soul on recovering from his injuries. The power of the world here was always rushing over at a maddening pace, as if this place was a gigantic vacuum that was absorbing all the power of the world from Evil Spirit Sect.

If Su Ming had been anywhere else, he would have definitely been unable to last for so long, because the other powerful warriors from Evil Spirit Sect would have come searching for him a long time ago. Yet he did not need to worry when he was here. Even if someone came asking, Bao Qiu would be able to block off all of these people by just saying that she had entered isolation, and she would be able to erase all their suspicions.

During the past six months, Su Ming's cultivation base recovered at an incredibly quick pace, and with the aid of the medicinal cores he obtained from Bao Qiu, it had recovered to eight-tenths!

With this much of his cultivation base restored, he already had the power to fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. In fact, once he recovered those eight-tenths of his cultivation base, Su Ming discovered, slightly to his shock, that he had actually reached the peak of his condition when he initially fought against Di Tian all those years ago!

Yet at that moment his peak in the past was only eight-tenths of his current cultivation base. This clear increase in power lifted Su

Ming's spirits even more.

He was also quite pleased with Bao Qiu. This woman had obeyed every single one of his orders and had never bothered him when he was in isolation. She would always choose to stay at the ground floor every single time he entered isolation.

Su Ming had been able to tell early on that Bao Qiu and Zhao Chong were different. This woman was not a Berserker who had changed her blood inheritance, because she was never a Berserker, but an Immortal!

'At most, with just another two years, I'll be able to reach the pinnacle of my condition, and that peak will be a state which I've never managed to reach before... With the power I'll have then, I will reach the Berserker Soul Realm and manifest my own statue of the God of Berserkers. Then, the possibility for me to jump past the initial and middle stage and head straight to the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm will be incredibly high. In fact, I might even be able to reach great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm...

'At that time I will aim for taking that very first step in Life Cultivation, and from then onwards, I will become a Life Cultivator in this world!' Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Over the past six months, he had consumed far too many medicinal cores, and all of them came from Bao Qiu.

At that moment, just as he was about to close his eyes and immerse himself in his meditation, his gaze suddenly fell on the stairs. Soon after, the sounds of footsteps reached his ears, and Bao Qiu appeared before him with her beautiful appearance of a young woman, which was a rare sight, since she preferred remaining as an old woman. She walked towards him slowly and placed two medicinal core bottles before him.

She hesitated for a moment, as if she wanted to say something, but in the midst of her hesitation, he had already closed his eyes.

Bao Qiu turned around quietly. Just as she was about to leave, Su Ming spoke behind her.

"What is it? Just tell me."

Bao Qiu stopped moving, then turned around and looked towards him.

"I'd like to keep some medicinal cores for myself..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards Bao Qiu.

"There are three months before the Berserkers' Disaster arrives. All the members of the sect are in danger, and they won't be able to help me. I can only rely on myself to get through this... If I succeed, then I will be able to stay in the land of the Berserkers for another fifty years, but if I fail... then my existence will be wiped off.

"I've been training and accumulating a large amount of medicinal cores for the past few years. I originally wanted to refine and create a clone to die in my place... but now, I won't be able to create that clone. I'm preparing to use the final three months to stabilize my cultivation base and take a chance to fight against it..."

"Evil Spirit Sect will send a Celestial Maiden to help us resist the Berserkers' Disaster at that time, but even if the Celestial Maiden is around, it doesn't mean that we will be completely safe. The risk is incredibly great, so I hope you will allow me to do so, master."

Su Ming focused his gaze on her.

"Berserkers' Disaster? Celestial Maiden?"

Bao Qiu was momentarily stunned. Once she cast a glance at him, a strange glow suddenly appeared in her eyes.

"You're a Berserker!"

Bao Qiu's heart raced for a while. When she looked at Su Ming, her heart descended into greater shock. She had always wondered about his origins, and now she had at least one clue about his

background.

"You don't know about this, but all the Immortals who descended in the land of the Berserkers along with the Berserkers who changed their blood inheritance have to face a disaster, and that disaster comes from the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel!

"Originally, all the Immortals who show power that goes past the limit set here will make the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel appear... but with Sir Ji An's divine ability, he changed the laws for the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel's appearance, making it descend once every fifty years. It will last for an entire day, and it will annihilate all the people who show the presence of Immortals on this day.

"Our supreme Sir Ji An of Evil Sect have also ordered that all those who descended to this land must reveal our power on that day to bring the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel on ourselves. This is a cruel and brutal trial for us!"

Chapter 615: The Disaster Arrives!

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. He only narrowed his eyes slightly, and the memory of when Hong Luo controlled his body all those years ago to fight against that person from Hidden Dragon Sect surfaced in his head.

In that battle, the one who killed that cultivator from Hidden Dragon Sect was not Hong Luo, but the terrifying halberd that had appeared in the sky. Its appearance had put all the Immortals of the entire South Morning in fear and awe, causing them to find their breathing still during that instant.

That halberd was the Berserker's Sacred Vessel in the Land of South Morning!

Ever since Su Ming came to Eastern Wastelands and learned about Evil Spirit Sect, there had always been a question lingering in his heart. At that moment, he understood.

Yet once he understood this matter, he remembered Di Tian. The man's clone had been completely unbothered by the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, but he had not chosen to destroy it, and it was clear that there was something about that halberd that made him wary.

However, that Ji An from Evil Spirit Sect actually had the ability to change the law governing the arrival of the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in Eastern Wastelands. The strength of that ability might be even greater than what was required to destroy it, and the difficulty of doing so might also be even greater than destroying it.

But the Sacred Vessel was still around. Once Su Ming thought of Di Tian's actions and linked them to this matter, he suddenly had a strong hunch that there must be some sort of secret contained within the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, which was why the Immortals did not dare to destroy it...

'That Ji An sure is bold. He actually had the guts to turn the

Sacred Vessel's arrival once every fifty years into a trial for the successor disciples in Evil Sect, so only the ones worthy would survive...'

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he had understood many things. He also remembered that the title of Celestial Maiden was not limited to one person, but was a title shared among many!

This group of people existed in each Sect, and their duty was to help their people who descended to the land, covering the Berserkers' sky so that they could hide away their presences, but, clearly, the Celestial Maiden's use in Evil Sect was not such.

Su Ming cast Bao Qiu a glance before he asked slowly, "How confident are you in living through this?"

"I was originally certain that seven times out of ten I'd live... After all, I won't be the only one resisting the Berserkers' Disaster. There are quite a large number of people in the sect who will be fighting against it, and as long as I can withstand one blow from it, I will be able to make it... Besides, I would have a clone serving as my scapegoat. I wanted to use the its death and the injuries I would suffer to live through this disaster.

"But now... my chances have dropped to three out of ten." Bao Qiu remained composed, as if she was not talking about her own death.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he cast Bao Qiu a glance, and then he smiled.

"You can just ask for my help if you want it. There's no need to beat around the bush."

Bao Qiu's face turned slightly red, but it quickly faded away. She did not speak, because she did indeed require his help, or else, she would be wiped away, and similarly, Su Ming would no longer be able to train in peace.

This thought had begun bubbling in her head a few months ago,

when she first discovered just how terrifying Su Ming was, and since she was not trying to harm him, she did not go against the restrictions placed on her soul.

She had restored her original, beautiful appearance before she came here to lay the groundwork for the things she just said as well...

"Three months later, I will help you once during the Berserkers' Disaster. Treat it as a compensation for keeping your soul in custody, using your place to train, and using up your medicinal cores. After that, you and I will no longer owe each other anything." Su Ming closed his eyes.

A hint of joy appeared on Bao Qiu's face. Once she got up, she wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards Su Ming before leaving the first floor of the building to return to the ground floor. She sat down cross-legged there, and as unknown thoughts ran in her head, she closed her eyes and started meditating after some time.

Su Ming's training did not stop because of this. He already had an idea of how he would help Bao Qiu, and he also wanted to use this chance to see whether his guess was correct.

'If my guess is correct, then I will have to ask her about it later...' Su Ming no longer thought about this and placed all his attention on restoring his cultivation base.

All his flesh, blood, and bones had turned into those belonging to a true Berserker, and his cultivation base had also returned to the pinnacle of his previous power all those years ago. As time passed and as his cultivation started recovering bit by bit, he gradually discovered that besides his flesh, blood, and bones, the extra two-tenths of his cultivation base had been absorbed by his brain...

Perhaps more accurately speaking, the thing that had absorbed those two-tenths of power was his soul!

Once Su Ming discovered this phenomenon, his heart trembled. He had a faint feeling that once his lost cultivation base was fully recovered, the increase of those last two-tenths would become the key in him successfully reaching the Berserker Soul Realm!

All of this made him think about the xun song that had echoed in his ears before he fell unconscious after his battle with Di Tian...

One month, two months...

Two months later, as Su Ming's cultivation base recovered and slowly increased, his soul gradually fell into a state as if he was asleep. He was immersed in a feeling he could not describe.

It was as if he was being nourished...

When another twenty something days passed and there were only three days left before the Berserkers' Disaster arrived, Bao Qiu slowly walked up to the first floor of the building and appeared before Su Ming.

She looked quite calm and did not have the pale look born of despair of someone who only had three days left. She cast Su Ming a glance and sat down before him quietly. She, who had resumed her appearance of a young woman, had a sacred beauty about her. She looked at the sky beyond the building quietly and waited for Su Ming to wake up.

Even after associating with him for most of the year, she still felt that there was a layer of mystery surrounding this boy before her. At that moment, she turned her eye away from the window, and her gaze fell on his body once again.

As she continued watching him, she suddenly found that this Chen Su seemed to be a little different than before.

He seemed... to have grown a little.

He no longer looked as if he was just twelve or thirteen years old, but appeared to be about fourteen or fifteen. When he closed his eyes, there was still a hint of youthfulness to his face, but she

would never forget the ancient look in his eyes that made her feel as if she was looking at time itself when he shifted his gaze to her. There was a hint of grief contained within that ancient look, and when the sun began setting, it would show faintly and indistinctly in the red glow of dusk.

'Just what sort of secrets does he carry...? Just who is he? He's definitely not Chen Su. What is his name? Where did he come from...? He's powerful, so he shouldn't be some random nobody... What sort of person would be able to injure him so badly...?' These sort of questions had been rising nonstop in Bao Qiu's heart during most of the past year.

She started becoming curious about this boy.

It was especially so when the black shade in his hair started gradually fading away to show faint traces of white and purple.

The mixed shades in his hair did not give him an unkempt look, but instead gave him a dangerous air, causing it to be possible for others to look past the boy's physical age, and then, they would be able to see a young man's pragmatism and hardened will.

Bao Qiu propped up her chin on her hand and continued watching him just like that, as if she had forgotten about her imminent death three days later. When the last rays of light faded away outside, darkness arrived, then it went away and daylight came once again. Even then, Su Ming continued meditating, and Bao Qiu continued watching him.

When noon went by and dusk shone through the window once again, landing on both their bodies, Su Ming opened his eyes.

At the instant he did so, he saw Bao Qiu looking at him fixedly. He saw the red rays of the setting sun shining on her face, bringing to light an unparalleled sight.

The woman in the scene had a head filled with black hair, and she wore a pink dress. She had her chin resting on her hands, and

her eyelashes were incredibly long... Her eyes sparkled as she looked at him.

Even the fine hairs of her face could be seen under the rays of the setting sun. Her gradually reddening skin was hidden under the sunlight, and no one could see it clearly.

"I'm looking at you because of the Brand you left in my soul. It'll make me subconsciously attracted to you, and I will feel a sense of cordiality towards you.

"Once the Brand goes away, all of these will no longer appear, and everything will return to normal. Don't misunderstand." Bao Qiu did not avoid Su Ming's gaze. She looked at him and spoke as calmly as she possibly could.

Su Ming smiled faintly and did not speak.

"It's your problem if you misunderstand, though. It has nothing to do with me. I hope you'll keep to your promise, and once your cultivation base is fully restored, you will return me my freedom!" Bao Qiu's heart raced, but she kept a straight face and made sure she spoke without emotion. However, even when the red glow of the setting sun moved away, her face was still rather red.

"Honestly, I quite like your current appearance. You look much better like this than as an old woman," Su Ming said with a smile. There was no underlying meaning contained within his words. He was merely stating the truth.

But when it fell into Bao Qiu's ears, the meaning of his words became slightly different.

She glared at him, but the cordiality within her soul and the inability to resist him made her expression turn gentle. She still did not move her gaze away and continued looking straight into his eyes.

Time continued flowing just like this. When darkness arrived in the world outside and midnight crept up on them to announce the

near arrival of the third day, Su Ming started feeling a little awkward.

He might have gone through many things, but he had never met a woman like Bao Qiu who would stare at him so intently, and it was not just for a moment. She was staring at him for an incredibly long time...

With a dry cough, Su Ming decided to close his eyes and continue meditating.

Soon, midnight arrived, and the instant it was about to leave, Bao Qiu averted her gaze and looked towards the dark sky outside the window.

At that moment, there were a dozen something other people from Evil Spirit Sect who were also looking at the sky. They were all sitting quietly in their houses and staring up ahead.

Right then, within the everlasting black smoke at the top of Evil Spirit Mountain was a middle-aged man sitting inside a gloomy temple that worshipped a few indistinct statues. The man wore a long blue robe, and he was the strongest warrior within Evil Spirit Sect - the Grand Sect Elder, Shen Dong!

That black smoke came from him, and it was a symbol of his power, which was the equivalent of a Berserker who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, the Immortals' Ascendant Stage!

"Fifty years... How quick..."

His voice was hoarse. As he spoke in an unhurried tone, he lifted his head and looked at the sky. At that moment, a powerful cultivation base that could only belong to those in Ascendant erupted from his body!

At the same time, all the dozen something people in Evil Spirit Sect, including Bao Qiu, started releasing their presence from their locations, and those were the presences of all the Immortals who

had descended to this place!

The Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance also released the ripples of their power, perhaps in fear, in silence, in arrogance, or in grief, causing the presences of all the outsiders in Evil Spirit Sect to surge into the sky during that instant!

Chapter 616: Mountain River, Yellow Sand!

Evil Spirit Sect was not the only sect that reacted this way. At that moment, on Eastern Wastelands, Evil Dust Sect and Evil Lust Sect also acted in this manner. They, too, spread out their presences as outsiders and had it move the sky.

It was as if they were afraid that the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel might not detect them. As their presences caused the clouds and wind in the sky to move, the weather in the entire Eastern Wastelands changed, and thunder rumbled loudly in the world.

As the world changed, Evil Immortal Sect, which was the core of the entire Evil Sect and was located to the East of Eastern Wastelands, also had numerous powerful presences surge into the sky.

"What is the Evil Sect? When all the others in all directions cower before the Berserkers' Disaster, only we of Evil Sect will stand and fight against it courageously!

"Now, we will let all of those around us see what they do not dare do. We of the Evil Sect... will not only do it, we will also stand against it! We are already here in the land of the Berserkers, so why should we be afraid of that Berserkers' Disaster and hide from it?! If that's the case, it'd have been better not to have come in the first place!"

A ghastly voice spread out from Evil Immortal Sect and reverberated in the area, turning into a thunderous rumble that spread through all the Evil Sects within Eastern Wastelands!

The other four locations of the continent were a huge contrast to the east of Eastern Wastelands. It did not matter whether it was the Great Leaf Immortal Sect where Di Tian was or the other Immortal Sects, all of them did not dare reveal their presences. It was clear that they wanted to avoid this particular day that came once every fifty years until the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel fell asleep

once again.

Perhaps their choice was correct and Evil Sect's actions were mad, but this alone was enough to show just how different their beliefs were!

One of them would fight against the Berserkers' Disaster head on, and the others would watch it with ghastly eyes, and after they avoided it, they would show their fangs!

Just like a fierce tiger and a pack of wolves!

When a fierce tiger ran into an enemy, it would usually lunge on that enemy with all its strength and would rarely retreat! However, when a pack of wolves ran into an enemy, they would usually linger around in the area, and even their occasional attacks would be filled with dark, sinister intentions.

Almost at the same time the four Evil Sects released their presences, a sudden, loud sound that shook the sky and earth suddenly rang out, and a gigantic crack swiftly tore through the sky!

It was as if there was a sharp edge residing in the sky that could tear through everything. That sharp edge cut open the sky, revealing a huge crack that was a hundred something feet long!

When anyone lifted their heads, the crack above would remind them of a scar which wanted to rip open the sky completely.

A great, mighty pressure descended with a loud rumble from the crack to the land. That pressure swept through the continent and covered the entire Eastern Wastelands in an instant!

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He lifted his head and looked at the crack in the sky. He could sense the pressure's existence and even its strength. It... had already surpassed the might of South Morning's Sacred Vessel - the halberd! But Su Ming did not feel too much fear towards this pressure, because his entire body was that of a true Berserker!

However, Bao Qiu was different. She was trembling by his side and her face instantly turned pale.

She did not belong to the land of the Berserkers; she was an outsider. At that moment, as she felt the pressure spreading out from the crack in the sky, her heart instantly started trembling. A huge wave of terror rose within her, and she could do nothing about it. It was as if a mountain that should never have crumbled had just shattered, and it was collapsing right on top of her.

She could not put up too much of a fight under this pressure, as if everything had been predestined. She was fated to be crushed to death by Eastern Wasteland's Sacred Vessel!

'It had only just showed the beginnings of its might, and it's already so powerful... But the Evil Sect members who have descended in this place must have a way to resist this pressure, or else they would have died much earlier when this Sacred Vessel first descended.

'That Ji An from Evil Sect won't be asking the others from Evil Sect to go through this trial either.' Su Ming's face remained as calm as ever. He did not help Bao Qiu just yet.

The woman right now was swiftly forming seals with her hands, as she trembled. Gradually, a holy light spread through her body.

Su Ming stopped meditating and stood up. The power of the world in this place had started becoming chaotic due to the changes outside, and it was no longer suitable for training purposes. Once Su Ming stood up, he walked to the window and lifted his head to look at the sky. He narrowed his eyes.

He could vaguely sense that once the crack in the sky appeared, the spiritual aura in the entire mountain started flowing backwards, inside it, as if it was being absorbed.

The mountain was not the only one affected. More accurately speaking, the entire Eastern Wastelands was affected. An endless

amount of spiritual aura was charging towards the sky like invisible, surging clouds. They were devoured by that crack, as if the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel needed this vast amount of spiritual aura to rouse from its sleep.

Su Ming stood still and watched silently.

Bao Qiu was still trembling as she sat behind him, and it was obvious that she was resisting against that might with everything she had!

Time slowly passed, and the power of that pressure grew stronger. In the end, it became so strong that it almost felt like it had gained corporeal form, causing the sky to be distorted in Su Ming's eyes. It also became indistinct for a brief instant.

Suddenly, a sound that reminded people of something having struck another thing, which might have been gold, rang out clearly and echoed for a long time. It spread through the whole Eastern Wastelands.

It was difficult for anyone to determine swiftly what sort of sound that was. Almost the moment it reverberated in the air, Bao Qiu's body froze, and blood flowed out from the corners of her mouth. Her face turned even paler, and as she moved her hands, she quickly tapped a few parts of her body in succession. Only then did she manage to stabilize her cultivation base, which had been thrown in chaos due to that sound.

The entire Evil Spirit Sect was in a state of dead silence at that moment. When the sound rang out, many of the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance coughed up blood, and some of them even fell unconscious while trembling.

Only the pureblood Immortals who had descended into this land gritted their teeth and persevered, resisting in different manners according to the different levels of cultivation they had.

Shen Dong, the middle-aged Grand Sect Elder in that blue long

robe meditating in the black smoke at the top of Evil Spirit Mountain, remained as calm as ever. There was not a hint of change in his expression. It was as if that sound that made many people's hearts tremble was nothing special to him.

Similar events were happening in all four Evil Sects in Eastern Wastelands. All the Immortals who had descended in the land and all the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance resisted the pressure. Perhaps the latter ones had done so to survive, perhaps they were pursuing strength, or perhaps they had done so for other reasons, but in the end, they had changed their blood inheritance so that they could practice Evil Sect's Arts, and the price they had to pay for this was also incredibly huge!

The price was that they no longer had the right to call themselves Berserkers, and even in Evil Sect, they were degraded to secondary humans. But the price was especially great during the Berserkers' Disaster that would appear once every fifty years. The pressure they had to suffer was far greater than the one felt by those who had descended to the land of Berserkers.

It was as if the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel harbored incredible hatred towards these sort of people. Every single time the Berserkers' Disaster arrived, a large amount of these half Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance would die because of it.

Besides Evil Sect, the striking sound also spread through the entire Eastern Wastelands and into the other Immortal sects. However, due to them hiding themselves, they did not suffer too much damage. Nonetheless, the impact of that sound to their hearts had caused their impression towards the mysteries and magnificence of the Berserkers to increase every fifty years.

Mumbling could be heard in the sects that were not fighting against the pressure like Evil Sect. All of these voices belonged to women, and as they spread out in those indistinct mumbles, a layer of blood-red light covered those sects.

These blood-red screens of light looked would cover the Berserkers' sky, making it difficult for the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky to search for traces of Immortals. The blood-red screen was a necessary item for all the Immortal sects that had descended to the land of the Berserkers.

This was the Celestial Maidens' divine ability, and also their function!

Eight women in white could be seen within those sects that had descended. All of these women were incredibly beautiful, without exception. At that moment, all of them had closed their eyes and spread out their arms wide open. Before each one was a small red bottle, and within them were drops of extremely valuable blood.

The entire reason behind why they could cover the Berserkers' sky was this blood!

Celestial Maidens were the only ones that could bring out some of the power within that blood and cover the sky. They were the only ones who could do this, no one else.

There was also a Celestial Maiden in Evil Sect, but she was not tasked to cover the Berserkers' sky. Instead, she had another purpose due to Ji An's request. At that moment, as that sound in the sky faded away, the second strike followed soon after. It spread out with a loud bang, and it sounded as if it was incredibly close to the ground. Waves of dark light were spreading out from the crack in the sky, and as it shone, it was as if there was something that was slowly revealing itself from inside!

The second bell chime caused the Immortals who had descended from Evil Sect to tremble even more. As Bao Qiu formed a seal with her hands, she pointed forward, and immediately, an illusion appeared before her. It was a statue, and it was the exact same one as the one on the ground floor!

Once the statue appeared, Bao Qiu's face gained a little color and she looked a little better, but almost in an instant, the third,

fourth, and fifth bell chimes traveled forth from the sky, with loud, rumbling sounds.

At the instant they reverberated through the air, the dark light from the huge crack in the sky became much stronger and illuminated the ground, causing the entire sky to look as if it had been enveloped by that light. The crack and the blue light could no longer be seen due to it. The only thing that could be glimpsed was a circular-shaped thing slowly descending from the sky under that layer of dark light!

That was... a monstrously huge bell. It might seem round, but that was just the edge of the bell. As it descended and Su Ming saw its full form, a loud hum started in his head. He took a step forward, and if he had not instinctively controlled himself, he would have walked out of the tower!

'Han Mountain Bell!'

Su Ming widened his eyes, and disbelief could be seen on his face. His breathing quickened in an instant. The Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky was incredibly similar to Han Mountain Bell!

However, there were also differences between them, and it was that the picture of the Nine-Headed Dragon was absent from the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky!

Instead, it had an endless mountain river covering half of the bell... and the other half was a desert of golden sand!

Chapter 617: Living Through the Disaster!

"Great Eastern Wasteland Desert Bell... This is Eastern Wastelands' Sacred Vessel, your people's vessel..." Bao Qiu hoarse voice reached Su Ming's ears from behind in bits and pieces.

Her voice was incredibly weak. The illusory statue before her was also trembling faintly at the moment, as if the bell's appearance had brought such a pressure on it that it would crumble at any moment.

Su Ming's breathing quickened slightly, and he only managed to calm it down after some time. He had his gaze trained on the huge Eastern Wastelands Bell in the sky, and his eyes were burning with a strong flame!

He finally knew just what it was - that sound that seemed as if something had struck another thing that might be gold. That was... a bell chime that came from the bell in the crack, but due to the crack cutting off its sound and the spiritual aura from the world surging into the crack continuously, the bell chime sounded as if it had changed.

But once he thought about it, that sound was clearly a bell chime!

Almost at the moment Eastern Wastelands Bell descended from the sky, eight women dressed in white appeared within each of the Evil Sects in Eastern Wastelands!

It was the same for Evil Spirit Sect. Eight women dressed in white floated into the sky, and judging by their expressions, they seemed to not be too affected by the pressure created by Eastern Wastelands Bell!

These eight women were all incredibly beautiful, and there was an indescribable presence surrounding them at the moment. They were floating in the sky, and all of them had a small red bottle before them.

A drop of fresh blood swiftly flew out from each of the eight bottles, and these eight drops imprinted themselves on the center of these women's brows. It looked as though someone had painted a vermilion mark between their brows. At the instant that happened, the eight women closed their eyes, and a piercing blood-red light burst forth from their bodies.

Their white robes seemed to have been dyed in blood under that light. As it filled the air, it completely enveloped Evil Spirit Mountain, but it was not used to cover the Berserkers' Sky and stop the Eastern Wasteland Bell from detecting the presences of the Immortals who had descended here. The red light was instead used to allow the Sacred Vessel to use its power on these people based on their different levels of cultivation and their limits.

It could be said that the blood-red light was a filter. Each time it changed, it would hide away all the other people's presences and only reveal one person's, so that he or she would be able to have a chance to resist the might of Han Mountain Bell alone!

That blood-red light could also change all the presences of those who had revealed their power within it, causing them to be weaker than their true level of cultivation. With this method, the people could go through what could only be considered as a true trial!

Because the divine ability of Eastern Wastelands Bells would release its power based on the different levels of cultivation it detected. It would not waste even a single bit of its power, neither would it release less than what it required.

Yet even so, this Eastern Wastelands Bell was definitely not an ordinary treasure. This was the Sacred Vessel left behind by the first God of Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands, the priceless treasure used to protect the Berserkers!

It had with it a strike that possessed the power to destroy everything. It did not matter what level of cultivation its enemy possessed, it would bring forth a power that was the exact same as

its enemy's level of cultivation, but if its enemy was in a particular level of cultivation, then the bell would show the strongest amount of power possible within that Stage, and it would be so great that it could destroy all those within that same Stage!

Yet even though Evil Sect had already made such preparations and the Berserkers' Disaster would fall on them once every fifty years, there would still be some who would die under Eastern Wastelands Bell!

This sort of indirect control over Eastern Wastelands Bell and change towards the function of the Celestial Maidens was created by Ji An, the strongest in Evil Sect. This method might be crazy and dangerous, but it could make all those within Evil Sect to not want to waste even a single moment of their time and train in a frenzy so that they could fight against the other Immortal sects, because they could use Enchanted Treasures when they fought against the Berserkers' Disaster.

The blood-red screen of light that had been altered by Ji An spread out over all four Evil Sects at that instant, and immediately the first person was chosen to go through the trial from the Berserkers' Disaster, and he was the strongest person in the sect - the Grand Sect Elder Shen Dong!

Su Ming stared at the blood-red screen of light with bright, sparkling eyes. He was looking at the eight women and the blood-red bottles before them. In the midst of his silence, a hint of complicated feelings could be seen on his face.

He remembered the dazed Celestial Maiden that was residing in his storage bag at that moment...

A cold harrumph came from the top of Evil Spirit Mountain. Bao Qiu finally relaxed under the blood-red screen of light, as if all pressure on her had disappeared, but her expression turned even graver, and a deep anxiety could be detected in her bearing. With a pale face, she looked towards Su Ming's back.

She knew that the true trial was about to start!

The blood-red screen of light caused the person who let out that cold harrumph to be the only person who had his presence revealed. A strong, mighty power erupted forth swiftly at that instant, and it was a wave of power that could shake the sky and earth. It caused Su Ming's pupils to shrink, and he lifted his head to look towards that direction.

He saw that black smoke rising into the sky. At that moment, it turned into a gigantic shadow. It was about ten thousand feet tall, and its entire body was a little indistinct, as if it would scatter away if wind blew on it, but the truth was that no matter how strong the wind, it would not be able to blow apart that shadow. This was, of course, unless it was a gust of wind brought forth by someone with a level of cultivation that surpassed those who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or were above the Immortals who had reached Ascendancy.

The shadow seemed like a man, but due to its indistinct appearance, its face could not be seen clearly. However, the presence spreading out from that shadow caused Su Ming's pupils to shrink.

The feeling he gained from this person's level of cultivation was similar to the one when he faced off against Si Ma Xin after he had inherited the legacy from the second God of Berserkers and had mastered his numerous divine abilities!

Right at that moment, the illusory shadow seeped through the blood-red screen of light, and at the instant he revealed itself in the world, the Eastern Wastelands Bell let out a deafening chime in the sky. That bell did not even cast any sort of divine ability as that chime echoed in the air. It only used its gigantic body and pressed down on the ground.

The bell descended ten feet, and as it sank, a wave that looked like ripples spread out throughout the land. The ground let out a

loud bang, and even Evil Spirit Mountain trembled because of it. A large amount of crushed stones fell from the mountain, and cracks appeared on the ground that started spreading rapidly in all directions.

At the same time, the huge, indistinct figure lifted its arms, as if it wanted to push against the sky so that it could hold up the pressure and resist the power of Eastern Wastelands Bell.

A low roar reverberated in the air, and it sounded as if someone had been holding onto their breath for a long time before finally letting it out. As that sound spread out like the muffled roars of thunder, the indistinct figure looked as if it could no longer bear with the pressure. Its arms exploded with a bang, as if they could no longer handle the pressure, and right before Su Ming's eyes, its body shattered completely like a broken bottle as that roar continued echoing in the air.

However, as it broke down, another person could be seen within the crumbling black shadow. It was a middle-aged man dressed in a blue robe with rather long hair. There was an eerie glint in the man's eyes as he shouted at the sky.

"Is this the limit of the power for late Ascendant Stage?! It's still not enough to destroy me!" The middle-aged man was naturally Shen Dong. As he spoke, he flew up and charged towards the bell!

'He's at the equivalent of great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm... the great circle of the Immortal's Ascendant Stage!' Su Ming's eyes sparkled as these thoughts echoed in his heart while he looked at Shen Dong's figure.

'But the presence he showed is not that of a person who has reached the great circle. It's instead at a level below that. He's just showing the power for Late Ascendant Stage. This should be related to the Celestial Maidens' screen of light...'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He could already guess the method Evil Sect used to resist the Berserkers' Disaster, and from this, he

could also guess that the bell was displaying the limit of the power for a single Stage.

As he sank into his thoughts, he lifted his head and watched with sparkling eyes as Shen Dong got increasingly closer to Eastern Wastelands Bell in the sky. At the instant he was about to close in on it, a wave of ripples appeared from the Sacred Vessel, and that wave turned into an illusory river flowing down a mountain!

At first glance, that river and mountain still were clearly illusions, but they quickly gained physical form, so it soon looked as if there was a river and a mountain in the sky!

The mountain and river were, naturally, the things carved on the bell, and its original form was nine mountains, nine rivers, and nine deserts!

At that moment, what had appeared in midair was a mountain and a river, but no desert! At the instant the mountain and river appeared, Su Ming immediately saw Shen Dong's expression turning incredibly grave. When the river descended, it looked as if it had turned into a long dragon. Sweeping down, it charged towards Shen Dong. At the same time, the mountain let out a loud bang and warped above Shen Dong, crushing down on him.

This might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, only the span of a few breaths had passed since the mountain and river appeared. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the mountain and river disappeared, and Shen Dong coughed up a large mouthful of blood, but he retreated with a loud laugh.

The eight Celestial Maidens changed their footsteps, and the blood-red screen of light over Evil Spirit Sect immediately changed and covered Shen Dong's presence before revealing the wave of power from another person. The appearance of the Berserkers' Disaster in Eastern Wastelands on different individuals made Su Ming see the Immortals and the Berserkers who had changed their

blood inheritance appear one by one, as the blood-red screen of light changed each time. The people revealed would either make it through the attack successfully... or die in the process.

Shrill screams of pain echoed in the air...

"This is the ninth person..." Bao Qiu said from behind Su Ming. With a pale face, she looked at the sky outside the window.

Su Ming did not speak. Sorrow gradually appeared on his face. He was not sad for the Immortals who descended to this land or the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance. He was sad for the persistence of Eastern Wastelands' Sacred Vessel, which had not changed since ancient times...

Even if that persistence was being used by Evil Sect in this time and age for it to become the Berserkers' Disaster that served as a trial for the people in its sect, it still did not change.

Su Ming watched Eastern Wastelands Bell trying to kill all the outsiders, who had revealed themselves by spreading the presence of their cultivation base, and bringing its might on them to fulfill its mission on this day that would only come once every fifty years. He saw its persistence, despite knowing that it would be increasingly more difficult as time passed.

Su Ming closed his eyes. Soon after, a cold chill suddenly surrounded the building where he was. At the same time, the Berserkers' Disaster for Bao Qiu arrived!

A powerful pressure swiftly descended on the building and landed on Bao Qiu's body. She shivered and gritted her teeth to resist it.

Su Ming still stood with his eyes closed.

Chapter 618: Obtaining the Seal!

'Would I have the right to become its master...?' This thought appeared in Su Ming's heart.

Eastern Wastelands Bell. It was the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, and was also the treasure left behind by the first God of Berserkers as a blessing for his descendants, one used as an item to intimidate all outsiders... It was the treasure that made even Di Tian, who had sent two of his clones to the place, and Ji An from Evil Sect, to only be able to change the laws governing the treasure's descent, not daring to destroy it! Perhaps they could not even destroy it!

'That one mountain and river is equivalent to the limit of a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. If it would bring out all nine mountains, rivers, and deserts, then what level of cultivation would the wave of power that would erupt forth show...?'

Su Ming opened his eyes. Bao Qiu was trembling behind him. There was struggle on her face, and the seals on her hands were continuously changing, as she was gritting her teeth tightly. She did not ask for Su Ming to take action.

As the blood-red screen of light completely exposed the building, Bao Qiu's presence and power as an outsider showed up clearly under Eastern Wastelands Bell.

Her wave of power was between the Immortals' Soul Transformation and Soul Formation. At that moment, as the waves of her power were revealed, Eastern Wastelands Bell descended on her swiftly. The entire building shook. The illusory shadow of the female statue before Bao Qiu immediately crumbled and exploded into pieces. She coughed up a mouthful of blood, and as her face turned pale, she looked as if she was being flattened and would shatter at any moment.

Eastern Wastelands Bell descended another five feet, and it was

like a great, heavy force suddenly appearing on a drowning person, as if it wanted to drag him into the depths of the water. It caused despair to appear in Bao Qiu's eyes.

As Eastern Wastelands Bell descended, the faint, illusory shadow of a bell could be seen falling on the young woman. At that moment, it had already landed on the building. It seeped through the walls, and began fulfilling its mission to kill all outsiders.

Su Ming sighed softly and turned around. At the instant the illusory bell seeped through the building and descended on Bao Qiu's jugular notch, he took a step forward. Right at that moment, he lifted his right hand to gently lift the incoming illusory bell that was descending on her!

With it, a shudder racked Su Ming's entire body, but his expression remained as calm as ever. The illusory bell no longer sank down and remained on his right hand. It was forcefully stopped in its tracks.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's right hand touched the illusory bell, Eastern Wastelands Bell let out a long bell chime in the sky. At the same time, a powerful will instantly descended on Su Ming's heart.

The will did not speak, but instead exuded a cold and ancient air. Once it scanned Su Ming's body, it returned to the sky, back to where Eastern Wastelands Bell was. Soon after, an even greater pressure descended once again, as if it wanted to move past Su Ming and crush Bao Qiu to her death.

A mountain appeared in the sky up ahead!

That mountain was a hundred thousand feet tall and towered in the clouds despite being a mere illusion. At the instant it appeared, all those who were watching in Evil Spirit Sect immediately sported changes to their expressions. Shen Dong's eyes also shone with a glint.

Up to now, only Shen Dong alone had been able to make a mountain and river show up on from the Eastern Wastelands Bell during the Berserkers' Disaster. All of the others did not have the right for the bell to react this way, because the pressure as it descended alone was enough to kill them.

"Bao Qiu..." Shen Dong mumbled softly.

The mountain occupied almost half the sky once it appeared. It was green, and as a large amount of life force filled the area, it swiftly descended on the building that protruded from the blood-red screen of light!

Bao Qiu was beside Su Ming, and at that moment, she widened her eyes. She could sense the power of that mountain in the sky. This was something she had never expected to see - a mountain manifesting when she went through the Berserkers' Disaster!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He suddenly realized that his previous train of thought had been wrong!

Once the Eastern Wastelands Bell retrieved its will from his body and the mountain manifested in the air, he found that it was not aimed towards Bao Qiu... but towards him!

A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's face. Once he understood this, he looked at the descending illusory mountain once again, and he could tell with just one glance that it did not harbor true killing intent towards him!

It would be difficult for anyone else to discover this, unless they were directly involved in this like Su Ming and had the exact same analysis and judgments as he did. Everyone else, they would only see the Berserkers' Disaster descending on the building.

'You, who do not harbor any killing intent towards me, what is with the mountain that appeared because of me and now it descending towards me... If you're not intending to wipe away my existence, then you must surely... be a trial!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. And at the same time, the smile on his face grew, for within his eyes was a hint of respect.

Contrary to other people's feelings towards Eastern Wastelands Bell, he had been sad because of what he saw and respected the Sacred Vessel's persistence, due to his familiarity with Han Mountain Bell... Even if it was only a treasure, Su Ming still respected it!

As the power of that one mountain descended, Su Ming lifted his right hand. He swept his thumb across his index finger, and a thin wound immediately appeared, blood flowing out of it to dye Su Ming's right index finger red. When he lifted his head, he could sense that the power of that one mountain was getting closer, and Bao Qiu was shivering even more violently. At that moment, he pressed his bloody index finger on Bao Qiu's fair forehead.

He left a mark of blood at the center of her brows!

It was like a symbol. At the instant he smeared the blood on her forehead, Bao Qiu was left completely stunned, because she realized that when the blood appeared on her forehead, she could no longer feel any sort of pressure on her!

It was as if she had been placed outside the pressure, as if she had been overlooked by Eastern Wastelands Bell, let off by the Berserkers' Disaster!

This scene caused Bao Qiu's heart to race. With shock in her heart, she looked towards Su Ming. She had a dumbfounded expression on her face, and there was a huge storm raging in her heart. The various questions that rose within her caused her breathing to instantly quicken.

It was difficult for her to understand how Su Ming could make the Berserkers' Disaster let her go by just smearing his blood at the center of her brows.

She could also not understand how he did it. Just who was he?

What level of cultivation did he have? Where did he come from?

And what sort of connection did he have with that Eastern Wastelands Bell?

She could already guess that there was some sort of huge secret contained within this, though she was uncertain as to what that secret was. Then, as if she remembered something, her eyes went wide and she stared at Su Ming blankly. Disbelief and dazed confusion appeared on her face.

A loud bang reverberated in the world. As all the people from Evil Spirit Sect watched, the mountain that appeared seeped through the double-story building and descended within. Everyone, including Shen Dong, did not think that there might be another person in Bao Qiu's house.

To them, Bao Qiu was the one fighting against the power of the manifested mountain at that moment.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand, as his long hair danced in the air and his robes fluttered. He looked at the illusory shadow of the green mountain with a fixed stare as it came charging towards him as if it wanted to crush his soul, and the moment it came close, he pushed his hand swiftly up!

A muffled bang reverberated in the air once he pushed against the mountain. That bang spread out like a ripple and echoed through the entire Evil Spirit Mountain, but that sound could not be heard with human ears. It could only be sensed with the soul. It was a sound only for the soul.

All those who heard that it would be dazed for different amounts of time, even Shen Dong. That sound echoed in their heads and refused to leave even after a long period of time has passed.

At that moment, Bao Qiu saw something, and it would become something she would never forget. It would even be carved into her soul to become an eternal memory.

She saw Su Ming smiling!

At the instant he touched the illusory mountain with his right hand, another illusory item appeared around him, and that was... another bell!

It manifested around Su Ming and enveloped him completely. She could see a faint figure of a nine-headed beast on the illusory bell. The pictures of mountains, rivers, and deserts might not be carved there, but the bell around Su Ming caused Bao Qiu shock once she saw it. She even had a feeling as if she saw the Eastern Wastelands Bell itself.

The sound that could only be heard with the soul and would cause others to be dazed had spread out after the power from the mountain clashed with this illusory bell!

Bai Qiu bit her bottom lip when she saw no form of killing intent or pressure bursting forth when that power from the mountain crashed into the illusory bell around Su Ming. Instead, that power dissipated as if it had melted, and then it surged into the illusory bell around the teenage boy.

When the power of the mountain completely dissipated and fused into Han Mountain Bell... a mountain that towered in the clouds appeared on the surface of Su Ming's bell besides the Nine-Headed Dragon!

"Thine appearance befits the laws left by mine master, Lie Shan Xiu. When the outsiders occupy our land of the Berserkers... I shalt bring down the Eastern Wastelands Tower... It has ninety-nine layers, and if anyone reaches the top, he shalt be my new master... He shalt also receive Lie Shan Xiu's epiphany towards all worlds, and the person shalt understand Life...

"Thine power is not enough to withstand my power... I shalt grant thee the seal of one mountain, and with it... thou shalt obtain the right to enter Eastern Wastelands Tower... and activate the Blood Trail Path.

"Thou art the first to obtain the seal of the mountain... When Eastern Wastelands Tower appeareth, twenty six others shalt receive the right to enter after you in succession..."

A cold and ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's head. When it spoke, a focused look swiftly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After a moment, the voice disappeared, and as the blood-red screen of light changed, the double-story building was instantly concealed within it. The one that was exposed outside was another person from Evil Spirit Sect who was using this Berserkers' Disaster to train.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. Even though the voice in his head vanished, but the meaning behind its words was enough for him to mull over for some time.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... By the looks of it, this tower will only be allowed to descend once certain requirements are fulfilled. Besides the outsiders occupying the land of the Berserkers, the other requirement is for me to appear.'

'Lie Shan Xiu...'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Bao Qiu was staring at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression at that moment, and respect gradually appeared on her face. It did not matter whether it was born from the master servant connection linking her to him or due to other reasons, all races would always respect the strong. That was an eternal law that would never change in all worlds no matter how they had developed.

"Thank you, master." Bao Qiu got up, then wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

Chapter 619: Vicious!

Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts, and he did not pay any attention to Bao Qiu.

After some time, she straightened up and meekly stood by the side. Occasionally, her gaze would land on Su Ming, and gradually, a hint of curiosity... and complication appeared on her face.

She had never expected to meet this person here...

In truth, at the moment the Berserkers' Disaster disappeared from her when Su Ming smeared that drop of blood at the center of her brows, she had been shocked, but at the same time, she recalled someone...

She had absolutely not expected that they would meet in such a manner... and he would become her master.

Time trickled by. The area outside the tower was silent, but the pressure and the bell chimes continued outside. When the sky gradually turned dark and midnight eventually arrived, more than thirty people had died under that Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Sect!

Most of these people were Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance. These people had betrayed the Berserkers and their ancestors for all sorts of reasons by changing their blood inheritance to practice Evil Arts.

Eastern Wastelands Bell did not just appear above Evil Spirit Sect on that day. Its body had remained above Evil Lust Sect, Evil Dust Sect, and Evil Immortal Sect as well.

In fact, the bell had also descended on some of the Immortals who did not belong to any of the sects in the land who had accidentally revealed their power on the ground. They were then killed by the Eastern Wastelands Bell that appeared right above them at the moment they revealed their presence.

When midnight was about to arrive and there were no longer any Immortals who had to go through the Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Sect, the blood-red screen of light covered the entire place, as if it had shrouded the Eastern Wastelands Bell's eyes so that it could not see the waves of power from the outsiders, causing it to only be able to slowly fade away during the last moments of that one day. Now it could only wait for another fifty years... to appear once again.

As time passed, a brilliant glare slowly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a few steps forward, to move beside the window, and watched the dark sky outside to wait for a scene that might appear once dawn was over.

'Based on what that voice said, this Eastern Wastelands Tower...' While Su Ming was in deep thought, dawn arrived!

On that day, the dawn was a scene that was incredibly difficult for all of those in Eastern Wastelands to forget. It would forever be carved into their memories, and they would never be able to chase it away!

The Immortal sects as well as those from the Evil Sect which had descended on Eastern Wastelands had been waiting for one thing for a long time, but it had never appeared. But on that day, it arrived!

Ji An from Evil Sect had used a large amount of his power without holding back to change the laws governing the descent of Eastern Wastelands Bell because he was also hoping for this one thing to arrive. However, no one knew just what sort of requirement was needed for that one thing they desired to show up.

All the Immortal Sects as well as Di Tian's clone knew that one of the requirements for that thing to appear was that there must be enough outsiders in the land of Berserkers.

However, as years went by and as more outsiders landed on

Eastern Wastelands... the thing they desired still did not appear... because of that, they reached a unanimous, unplanned agreement, and all of them executed a wide scale plan that required them to use up a large amount of their power and divine abilities, and had even made them give up an unimaginable price...

...to make Eastern Wastelands ram into South Morning!

Since they had no idea how to make that thing appear, they could only fumble around for clues and try out everything that might possibly be the other requirement and hopefully fulfill it.

The crash between Eastern Wastelands and South Morning might be a unanimous but unplanned idea, yet Evil Sect and all the other Immortal Sets had also used their own methods to search for the best in divination and had them predict the requirement for that thing's appearance.

It was the reason behind the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands!

Because while the predicted results Evil Sect and all the other Immortal Sects gained were different, the meaning between them was incredibly similar. The crash between two continents would bring forth the key for the appearance of that thing.

But no one knew what that key was.

However, no matter what, the first Berserkers' Disaster post-crash was the critical moment to check whether this key had truly appeared, and if it truly happened, then it would mean that the Immortals' prediction was a success.

If it did not happen, then they would continue trying other methods, and that thing would surely appear eventually.

Because the key might have appeared in this Berserkers' Disaster to bring forth that thing, that was why all the Immortal sects that had descended to this place used everything in their disposal and even the power of their sects to have their best prodigies descend

in the land of the Berserkers.

Like... Beiling, Chenxin, Chenchong, Sikong... and also Bifeng from Eastern Wasteland's Evil Sect... along with Ye Wang from Justice Heaven Dao. These prodigies all descended to this place, and their trial would start once this thing appeared!

In fact, they had been sent out to search for the sealed limbs of the second God of Berserkers in South Morning and Eastern Wastelands because their sects believed that perhaps one of the requirements for this thing was connected to the second God of Berserkers.

This was a thing that was highly desired by all the Immortals that descended on Eastern Wastelands, and it was also something that they had tried to reach with various methods for many years but never succeeded.

This thing was connected to the first God of Berserkers!

As the Immortals that descended in the land of the Berserkers continuously occupied the Berserkers' territory, as they slowly unveiled the mysteries among the Berserkers that had made them respect this race so much in the past, and as they continued understanding and digging through their secrets, the Immortals gradually learned of a secret.

There was a tower in Eastern Wastelands, and it went by the name of Eastern Wastelands Tower. There were ninety-nine layers to this tower, and whoever reached its final layer would receive the first God of Berserkers' epiphany towards World Planes... and Plane Kalpa.

Perhaps the epiphany towards World Planes could not attract the attention of the few truly powerful warriors among the Immortals... but it was different for Plane Kalpa. This was the source they dreamed of tapping, and if they could gain that epiphany, then it would serve as a great help towards the breakthrough in their level of cultivation.

The first God of Berserkers' priceless treasure was left in that tower, along with his divine abilities and Arts. All of these things were enough to tempt the Immortals' hearts, and once they were certain of this, they desired the Eastern Wastelands Tower.

More importantly, once they finished analysing all the clues they had in their possession, they believed that there was a great secret hidden within the final layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower!

This secret... was related to Great Yu Barren Cauldron!

It was the clue that would lead them to the strongest treasure among the Berserkers!

This treasure was also related to an order that had come from Sacred Morning Dao World's [1] Morning Dao Planet and had spread through the entire Sacred World in ancient times!

"All cultivators of Sacred Morning Dao World, you are to search for the Cauldron of Dao's Roots, also known as Great Yu Barren Cauldron... I, Dao Chen Yi Bo, shall give the person who will find this cauldron my inheritance, and he shall also be the sovereign of Sacred Morning Dao World!"

Su Ming did not know about any of these, but it did not stop him from standing beside the window of the building and looking at the night as he waited... for the scene spoken by that voice to appear.

At that moment, he was not the only one acting this way. As one of the people who knew about this secret since he was the Grand Sect Elder of Evil Spirit Sect, Shen Dong too looked at the sky and waited.

'Let's hope it works this time... The mystery of the land of the Berserkers caused those truly powerful old monsters to be unable to have their true bodies descend in this place, and even Sir Ji An can only have his clone down here to oversee things... I... might have a chance to bring a great contribution to the sect!'

It was the same situation in Evil Dust Sect and Evil Lust Sect. The Grand Sect Elders in those two sects and all those who knew about this secret were all looking at the sky anxiously.

Evil Sects were not the only ones that acted this way. Di Tian's clone was standing in his courtyard silently within Great Leaf Immortal Sect as he looked at the sky. His face was cold and aloof, but a brilliant light could be seen shining within his eyes.

Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao also had their own sects in Eastern Wastelands, and those who knew of the secret in those sects were all acting in the same manner. They were all looking at the sky in anxiety and anticipation, because they had already given up too much to make this Eastern Wastelands Tower appear.

Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You's expressions were different as they stood beside Sky Mist's ancestor. They were both looking at the night silently. Tian Lan You's face was icy cold, like ice that would never melt. As for Tian Lan Meng, there was a constant, complicated look on her face. She seemed rather dejected, as if there were many things troubling her.

At the instant dawn was over, suddenly, the expressions of all the people looking at the sky from all the different parts of Eastern Wastelands immediately changed.

The long crack in the sky did not close up and vanish as it did fifty years ago. Instead, brilliant rays of light came from within! They instantly illuminated the entire sky above Eastern Wastelands, and not a single dark spot could be seen!

Loud, booming sounds echoed in the air, and the crack in the sky swiftly widened. When it started spreading outwards, a gigantic object descended from inside.

It was like there was a gigantic rock that caused the crack to be unable to withstand its size. Once it was torn apart, it crumbled, turning into a gigantic pit that was several hundreds of thousands of feet wide!

Once that pit appeared, the gigantic object lowered itself, and it was the base of an immense tower that was octagonal in shape!

With a loud bang, the entire land trembled, and the gigantic tower swiftly landed on the ground. There were originally a mountain underneath, but it was too feeble and could not withstand the force of the landing. It shattered into pieces, allowing the tower to stand erect on the ground in a stable manner!

Its height... was endless. The part that was revealed between the ground and the sky was just a part of it. The other half was still in that pit high above!

This was a gigantic tower that could stun all those who saw it!

"The Eastern Wastelands Tower has appeared... from now onwards... I will give you a thousand days to fight for the remaining twenty-six spots in the tower... A thousand days later, you will all offer your sacrifices to make the blood-red light from the Eastern Wastelands Tower shine past ten million li... The twenty-six people who will offer the largest amount of Immortal souls will earn the right to enter the tower.

"If the sacrifices offered are not enough to make the light from the Eastern Wastelands Tower shine past ten million li, the tower will not open.

"Within this tower lies my priceless treasure, my divine abilities, my Arts, and my medicinal cores, and they can all be used by Berserkers and Immortals. It also contains my epiphany towards the World Planes and the enlightenment of the Plane Kalpa I gained after gathering all the understanding I have towards all worlds, as well as half of the cultivation I gained over half my life...

"Within this tower also lies... the clue to Great Yu Barren Cauldron, the greatest treasure of the Berserkers, which is also the treasure I had snatched from Dao Chen! I swear by my Life that you will be able to find the Great Barren Cauldron with this clue!"

Su Ming's heart trembled. As he looked at the sky, that unique voice rang in his ears once again. There was arrogance in that voice, along with a hint of wildness.

'The first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu... What a vicious man...'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath.

Translator's Notes:

1. Sacred Morning Dao World and True Morning Dao World: Are the same thing, apparently that's how the Immortals call it.

Chapter 620: Confidence

That first God of Berserkers was indeed vicious. Eastern Wastelands Tower's appearance, the ninety-nine layers, and the priceless treasure at the top were enough to tempt all Immortals and Berserkers!

The twenty-six slots to the tower could incite a bloody massacre, and to prevent any sort of situation that was out of the God of Berserker's control, such as these twenty-six people working together to determine the ranks on their own in secret, the God of Berserkers had added that the blood-colored light must span a distance of ten million li.

Because of that, what he would bring would no longer be just a bloody massacre, but genocide!

If too little Immortal blood was spilled, no one would be able to step into Eastern Wastelands Tower. If they did not have the right to enter the tower, then they would be unable to receive the great serendipity! That was why Su Ming had sensed Lie Shan Xiu's viciousness when he heard his voice reverberated in the air!

Similarly, it would make all the Immortals who heard it desire that treasure deeply, but at the same time, they would also feel a deep chill run through their bodies.

It was not as if no one had ever wondered whether those treasures truly existed in Eastern Wastelands Tower, but most of the people who were skilled in divination had predicted this to be true after all the descended Immortals from the sects came to them!

With Lie Shan Xiu's status as the first God of Berserkers and his level of cultivation, he would definitely not lie about this. This was something that the Immortals had to admit, even though they harbored a deep grudge towards him.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the dark sky and closed his eyes.

'The first God of Berserkers' Eastern Wastelands Tower is not a trap but a blatant attack... Di Tian's clone and Evil Sect's Ji An will definitely be able to tell that this is a plan to force them to kill each other.

'They will need a sufficient amount of Immortal souls, and if... any Berserker will want to obtain this right, they will also have to fight for it with everything they have... It would have been better if there was just one person fighting for it, but there are plenty of tribes and even clans like Freezing Sky Clan in the land of Berserkers.

'These clans will be even crazier over the first God of Berserkers' legacy...

'What a plan. Not only did he just make the Immortals fight among themselves, he also made the Berserkers rise to fight and kill those Immortals so that they could gain a chance to obtain a great serendipity...

'In fact... there will be situations where people will band together. During these thousand days, the Eastern Wastelands will be drenched in blood...' Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant glint appeared in his eyes.

'Chaos is about to arrive...' Su Ming waved his arm and took a few steps backwards before he sitting down cross-legged on the ground. He could feel danger in the air, and he needed to recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible, for only then could he obtain his place in the soon to be very chaotic Eastern Wastelands.

'Twenty-six slots... There should be twenty-seven, but the others... don't know about my slot!'

Bao Qiu had already cleared her heart, as she remained by his side. When she looked at him, there was respect and a hint of something else in her gaze.

"Master, don't worry. I won't tell anyone about what happened today. If you have nothing else to ask of me, then I will take my leave. My sect members will be coming continuously to learn the reason why that mountain descended just now."

Bao Qiu bent her body slightly in a bow towards Su Ming. With her beautiful head lowered, she walked backwards to leave the first floor of the building so that she could return to the ground floor.

Just as she was about to leave, Su Ming's gaze landed on her, and despite him seeing her beautiful face and alluring body, his face was as calm as still water.

"My blood helped you avoid the Berserkers' Disaster. What are your thoughts on this?"

Bao Qiu froze and a light shudder ran through her body. She lifted her head and looked at Su Ming. There was a slight hint of pity, confusion, and sentiment on her face. All these expressions fused together into an extremely complicated look on her countenance.

"I thought of nothing..." Bao Qiu dipped her head down, as if she did not dare to look him into eyes as she spoke softly.

"Have you ever met Destiny before?" Su Ming suddenly asked, looking straight at the young woman.

Once Bao Qiu heard the word 'Destiny', she shuddered again, and she instinctively took a few steps back. Her face instantly turned pale.

"I've never seen him, never heard about him... Master, please don't force me to say anything about Destiny. Every Immortal who descends to the land of Berserkers has to swear an oath, and if we say anything about Destiny, we will be punished... We will also get our families in the land of Immortals in trouble." Bao Qiu lifted her head and looked at Su Ming with a plea for mercy in her eyes.

He remained silent for a moment. Fatigue appeared on his face

and he closed his eyes, no longer interrogating her about this matter.

What would he be able to do if he learned about Destiny, anyway? What could he do even after proving his own guesses correct? He would still be in Yin Death Region, and he would still not know where his memories lay. He would still not know where the girl who had called him her big brother was.

'In the end, I still need to be the one... who tears through this layer of mystery. One of these days, I will break this sky and walk out of this world!

'That day is already not too far away.' At the instant Su Ming closed his eyes, he said these words to himself quietly.

Bao Qiu left. After the Berserkers' Disaster, Evil Spirit Sect returned to its usual activities. Quite a large number of sect members came to visit Bao Qiu and asked about the mountain descending for her. None of these people noticed Su Ming's presence, not even the Grand Sect Elder Shen Dong. If Su Ming wanted to hide himself from him, it would be very difficult for the man to find him within a short period of time.

All the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands might seem as if they were in peace after the Berserkers' Disaster, for they acted as if it had never happened, but the gigantic pit in the sky, the flattened mountain range, and the tall Eastern Wastelands Tower at the center of the continent were a stark reminder that all of it had indeed happened!

Perhaps some people had investigated the tower in secret. Su Ming did not know what results they had obtained, but he did discover some minor changes within Evil Spirit Sect after a month had passed since the Berserkers' Disaster.

A large number of people in isolation had chosen to egress. Occasionally, mighty waves of power would appear on the mountain. None of the Outer Sect disciples dared to leave the

mountain, and a large number of those who had left for training earlier were swiftly returning to their sect every single day, as if they had been summoned back.

A monstrously huge mountain protection Rune gradually enveloped Evil Spirit Mountain. At the same time it sealed off the mountain, a large amount of power of the world was sucked into the place, causing the place to look as if fog had surrounded it.

In fact, some of the Outer Sect disciples who had been driven to the foot of the mountain as punishment had been summoned back. They returned to their original positions and started making preparations in secret.

A tense atmosphere surrounded the entire Evil Spirit Sect. Su Ming was not unfamiliar with it. These people... were preparing for war!

Bao Qiu would deliver medicinal cores every single day to him, and the quality of those cores was becoming better. From the bits and pieces of the things she told him when she came, Su Ming knew clearly that what he had sensed was not incorrect. They were indeed preparing for war. All of this was due to an order sent by Evil Immortal Sect three days after the Berserkers' Disaster.

That order was filled with a clear, bloodthirsty air, and there were only two sentences contained within it.

"Prepare for war. Get ready to fight!"

During that month, the recovery of Su Ming's cultivation base had sped up due to the medicinal cores. By his calculations, if this continued, then with just another month, a nine-tenths of his cultivation base would have recovered, and half a year later, he would be back at his full power. He then would reach a pinnacle of strength he had never achieved before.

At that time, he would be able to attempt breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm. If he succeeded, then he would be able

to overlook all those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was his confidence!

'Half a year is a little too long... It would have been fine if everything was going on as usual, but now, there's a thousand days limit set for the Eastern Wastelands Tower, and because of that, I need to reach the Berserker Soul Realm as soon as possible. Looks like I'll have to go out and test the Secret Art I inherited from Hong Luo. Fortunately, my cultivation base is mostly recovered and I will be able to cast it somewhat. There might be some drawbacks, but I'll have to do this.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... will not activate if that blood-colored light doesn't reach ten million li, but judging from the first God of Berserkers' words, this restriction is set for the twenty-six slots... He didn't mention me.

'If I have the chance, I should go and check whether it restriction on me as well. If I don't...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he continued immersing himself in his training.

In the blink of an eye, another half a month went by. On this day during noon, Su Ming's eyes flew open while he was seated. A brilliant flash shone briefly in his eyes and he lifted his head. With a gaze as if he could see through walls, he looked at the sky beyond the building.

Three long arcs were charging towards the mountain protection Rune around Evil Spirit Sect. They traveled side by side and looked as if they were shooting stars that were surrounded by black fog. As piercing whistles rang in the air, the three long arcs closed in on the mountain protection Rune, and with a flash of black, they shot through and appeared within Evil Spirit Sect.

Their appearance immediately caught all the people's attention, who fixed their gazes on the trio.

"By the orders of Sir Ji An, Shen Dong of Evil Spirit Sect come forth and receive the declaration!"

Almost at the moment those words left their mouths, an eerie voice traveled forth from the black smoke rising into the sky in Evil Spirit Mountain.

"I, Shen Dong, greet the three Evil Sect messengers."

The trio immediately wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the black smoke, from which came Shen Dong's voice. The person in the lead brought out a jade slip, and once he crushed it, an illusionary shadow immediately appeared before him as the air distorted.

The shadow's face could not be seen clearly, and only a black robe could be glimpsed on his body, which also covered his head and face. A cold and sinister presence immediately spread out, instantly enveloping the whole Evil Spirit Sect, which caused all the people's hearts to tremble. They lowered their heads and prostrated themselves on the ground in worship.

As that cold presence filled the air, the sky, too, immediately darkened, as if a layer of fog had covered it so that the people could not see it clearly.

"Shen Dong." A deep voice traveled out from that shadow. There was not a hint of emotion that could be detected from those words, and all those who heard them felt a chill filling their bodies.

"Bring the Evil Spirit Sect and trample Thousand River Valley. Your goal is one of the branches of Hidden Dragon Sect located there... You have ten days, and your mission is to kill all of them!"

"Set up a line of defense there, and let it become one of the bases for us Evil Sect to invade all the other Immortal Sects here!"

A middle-aged man dressed in a blue robe walked out from the black smoke at that moment. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed respectfully towards the shadow.

"I understand!"

The shadow no longer spoke, but instead slowly faded away. The three Evil Sect messengers wrapped their fists towards Shen Dong in silence. Two of them turned around and transformed into long arcs that shot through the mountain protection Rune, speeding away.

The last person remained on the spot after giving Shen Dong a wrapped fist as a salute. He did not say a word.

Chapter 621: Thousand River Valley

"Inner Sect and Outer Sect Evil Spirit disciples as well as all Sect Elders. Today, at dawn, gather a half of our manpower and follow me... to attack Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Shen Dong swept his gaze across the mountain and paused for a moment at the double-story building where Su Ming was meditating before his words tumbled slowly out of his mouth. His words reverberated in the entire Evil Spirit Sect, causing all those who heard it to feel their blood boiling. A murderous aura erupted swiftly among them.

"The old rules apply. If you kill a person, you will own seven-tenths of the things they owned, and it is the same for the things you snatch!"

Shen Dong's voice reverberated outside the building. That one glance he cast towards the building just now had seemed to clash with Su Ming's gaze, causing the latter's pupils to shrink, but at that moment, Shen Dong averted his gaze.

'Shen Dong...' Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He had underestimated that person slightly. He might not have truly discovered him with that one glance just now, but he must have discovered some clues.

But Shen Dong had tolerated this till now. He might have his suspicions, but he had not done anything extreme or investigated anything. Even that glance he had just thrown in this direction was short, and without a hint of animosity.

Su Ming had not come into contact with Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder before, but from this alone, he could tell that Shen Dong was a very calculative man, and he was definitely not an ordinary person.

'If he can become the leader of a sect, then his level of cultivation

is definitely at the Immortals' Ascendant Stage. He must also have great intelligence and canniness.' Su Ming closed his mind and continued immersing himself in his training.

With his current level of cultivation, he could already fight against Shen Dong without being disadvantaged. That was why he was not worried that Grand Sect Elder might discover any clues about him. If worst comes to worst... Su Ming could leave Evil Spirit Sect and search for other places as an isolation grounds, even though it might be a little troublesome.

He had also considered Shen Dong just reporting him to Evil Immortal Sect or telling about him to the strongest person in Evil Sect - Ji An. But even if the Grand Sect Elder truly reported this before he investigated it fully, Su Ming believed that with his current level of cultivation, it would still not be easy for Ji An to kill him!

Especially when they were now in the critical stage where the Eastern Wastelands Tower had appeared!

'The enemy of my enemy can become my friend...' Su Ming's expression was calm as he continued training.

Once Shen Dong finished his speech, the Evil Spirit Sect made a series of arrangements. Orders after orders were sent from the Inner Sect, and its disciples who received those orders walked out of their houses to gather at the spot they were assigned to at the appointed time.

It was the same for those in the Outer Sect. After all, most of the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance were in the Outer Sect. As these people gathered together, it could be seen that quite a large number of people had received the order.

In fact, when Bao Qiu returned during that night, she handed Su Ming a jade sli, top.

"Qian Chen from the laborers' lodge at the foot of the mountain

gave you this jade slip. This is the Outer Sect's summoning order... Congratulations for being summoned back to the Outer Sect, master." Bao Qiu chuckled lightly.

Su Ming opened his eyes, and in the end, placed the jade slip by his side.

"Looks like I will be able to head out with you this time, master. I've also received an order. Tonight, at dawn, I'm supposed to head to Thousand River Valley and destroy Hidden Dragon Sect's branch in the eastern section of Eastern Wastelands.

"The other Evil Sects must also have received their orders. Over the next few days, they will completely wipe out all the Immortal sects in the eastern section of the continent." As Bao Qiu spoke in a soft voice, she sat down before Su Ming and twirled a lock of her hair with her fingers.

"Most of the Outer Sect disciples' level of cultivation is low. Will they be useful when destroying Hidden Dragon Sect's branch?" Su Ming frowned.

"They can be used during Blood Sacrifice. Clearly, you'll been treated as a target for this Blood Sacrifice," Bao Qiu said with a smile and winked. She thought it was highly interesting that a powerful warrior like Su Ming would be treated as a target for Blood Sacrifice by those in the Outer Sect.

"However, this is also a good thing for you, master. If you have time, you can go there. Hidden Dragon Sect is skilled with creating medicinal cores, and they are famous for it among us Immortals... Besides, when we attack, the laws of Evil Sect depict that we can obtain a seven-tenths of the spoils from our kills. I already have very few medicinal cores left, and the ones I gave you over the past few days were given to me because of war preparations.

"Master, with your level of cultivation, you will definitely be able to sweep through Hidden Dragon Sect's branch without anyone noticing you... At that time, please do give me some on behalf of

me offering you all those medicinal cores during these days." Bao Qiu winked, and her smile turned even sweeter. Anticipation shone in her eyes, and there was even a hint of excitement within them.

"I can also lead the way. I went to this branch before..." As Bao Qiu spoke, she licked her lips. She was originally beautiful to begin with, and when she did this, she became even more attractive.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence, then nodded.

Medicinal cores could serve him in many ways, and more importantly, there might be some medicinal herbs within Hidden Dragon Sect's branch. If he could gather up a large amount, then he would suffer fewer drawbacks when he searched for ingredients to open the subsequent door in the fragment's dimension.

However, these were not what mattered most. The most important thing for him to go to this place would be because he had already recovered more than eight-tenths of his cultivation base, and he was very close to reaching nine-tenths. At that time, he would have already surpassed the pinnacle of his condition in the past, and he would be able to cast the Secret Art he had inherited from Hong Luo, albeit with much difficulty.

Extract Earthen Aura and gather it together to turn it into a soul!

However, he would not be extracting Earthen Aura, but would be drawing out spirit veins. He would gather them up into a dense amount of power from the world, and once he devoured them, his recovery speed would instantly increase by a large margin.

It was not convenient for him to do such a thing here, because Evil Spirit Sect was his temporary lodging. However, the mountain in which Hidden Dragon Sect had chosen to set up its branch would definitely have a Spirit Vein. There might not be much, but if Su Ming absorbed it, it would be still be good for him.

However, there were also drawbacks to such a thing. Since he

would do a forceful absorption, it would turn into an underlying problem, and he would need to solve it by entering isolation in the future.

In truth, even if Evil Spirit Sect had not been ordered to destroy Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, Su Ming had already thought about going out to absorb this Spirit Vein so that it would take him less than half a year to reach the pinnacle of his condition from where he could try to reach the Berserker Soul Realm.

This was the most important thing to him at the moment.

Dawn was about to arrive. Not a single sound could be heard from the entire Evil Spirit Sect. There were thirty something Evil Sect disciples in the Inner Sect's square, and they were all waiting there silently. These people were all the ones who were given all the attention in terms of teaching and growth within Evil Spirit Sect. Hen Shan was also among them.

An eerie, chilling air surrounded the square in the Inner Sect. The sky was dark, and it was a night without the moon.

There was also a huge square in the Outer Sect, and there were about two hundred something people standing there closely together at that moment. These people's attitudes varied greatly. Some of them were waiting silently, some were pale in fright, and there were also some who had killing intent evident on their faces as their blood boiled. All sorts of expressions could be seen on different people.

Su Ming stood in a corner. His current appearance was still that of a thirteen to fourteen year old boy. His face was pale, and he gave off a sense of frailness to all those who saw him.

He was not alone. Right beside him was Qian Chen, who had hurried towards him from the crowd just now. Qian Chen was trembling, and when he looked at Su Ming, an obsequious expression appeared on his face.

"Senior, you have to help me... I... I don't want to die there."

Qian Chen had uttered similar words and all sorts of flattering phrases just now. He had not expected that he would also receive the order to participate in this battle.

In the midst of his fear, he placed his hopes on Su Ming, and even instinctively mobilized his power as a laborer over the years to receive a large amount of promises for protection within the Outer Sect.

However, he was still worried. Hence he returned to Su Ming's side and started pleading him for his protection again.

Su Ming did not speak and closed his eyes, as if he was dozing off. Before long, as Qian Chen continued pleading for protection, dawn arrived!

At that moment, the area around them instantly turned silent. Right before their eyes, the black smoke disappeared without trace from the top of Evil Spirit Mountain, a rare sight. At the same time, nine figures flew out from the top of the mountain, and the person in the lead was Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder, Shen Dong!

Bao Qiu was also among the nine!

Su Ming opened his eyes. As he looked towards the sky with a calm gaze, Shen Dong swept his gaze across the land. When he looked away, he only said, "When Evil Sect rains down slaughter..."

"We leave no one alive!" the Inner Sect and a large amount of people from the Outer Sect shouted at the same time. Within this silent night, their voices reverberated in the air in so loudly that they shook the sky and earth. Those voices were filled with raging killing intent and also a trace of madness.

This was the Evil Sect!

With a step, Shen Dong charged towards the west. The eight

people behind him followed suit, and soon after, thirty something long arcs flew up with a whistle from the square in Evil Spirit Sect's Inner Sect. They charged towards the west right behind those eight people.

Soon after, eight old men at the edge of the square in the Outer Sect, who had remained silent all along, lifted their hands, and with a swing, as loud rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the entire square within the Outer Sect started trembling like a huge bowl. Then, with the hundreds of people on it, it slowly rose into the sky and charged forward, right behind the thirty something people from the Inner Sect.

Violent gusts of wind ripped through the air and blew on everyone's bodies, causing some of the hundreds of people on the flying Enchanted Vessel that looked like a square to immediately fall down. They kept a firm grip on the ground, looking like if they did not do so, they would be blown off the Enchanted Vessel by that gust of wind.

Fortunately, this feeling only lasted an instant. After a moment, a gentle screen of light appeared around them, and wind gradually disappeared, to which the crowd let out a breath of relief. All of their faces were pale, and some of those with incredibly low levels of cultivation even almost threw up.

Qian Chen was one of them. He was trembling, and he was mumbling under his breath with a pale face. Su Ming would have originally not listened to him, but the man was right beside him, so he could not help but hear some of his words.

"All deities everywhere, my brother, my sister, my uncles, my aunties, father, mother... please protect me so that I won't get injured or killed. Please help me so that I'll be able to get myself some treasures this time, please guide me so that I'll be able to get myself a woman. Please lead me..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, ignoring Qian Chen's nonsensical babble

all along the way. After about an hour, a huge mountain valley appeared before them in the night. There were rivers in that valley, and the rushing sounds of flowing water could be faintly heard from within. The rivers there numbered to several hundreds, and none of them ended up connecting to each other. Water was flowing down all of them at the same time.

This was Thousand River Valley.

Su Ming opened his eyes. His expression was calm, but a freezing glint shone in his eyes.

He saw a hanging bridge connecting both sides of that Thousand River Valley, and at the top of the mountains on either side of the hanging bridge was a large amount of beautiful buildings. Lights could be seen shining among them in the dark night.

It was dark, and there was no moon in the sky. It was the perfect night to kill, pillage, and burn!

Chapter 622: Blood Sacrifice

It was quiet. Only the hundreds of people within Evil Spirit Sect were floating in midair and looking at the Thousand River Valley in the distance.

Compared to the pale and trembling Outer Sect disciples, the Inner Sect disciples all had cold expressions on their faces, and a wild air was seeping right through their very bodies. There was also a hint of excitement and blood lust that could be detected within them.

They were members of Evil Spirit Sect and the disciples of Evil Sect. This was something that could be felt incredibly clearly from the Inner Sect disciples at that moment.

There was a layer of fog that surrounded these Evil Spirit Sect members during this dark night. Su Ming stood amid the crowd with an indifferent expression on his face as he swept his gaze past that fog around him.

It covered all the people from Evil Spirit Sect, and it seemed to have fused together with the darkness around it. Whatever was within could not be seen clearly, and unless the person's divine sense surpassed that of Shen Dong, it would be difficult for them to see that there was anything off about that fog.

Su Ming could see that this fog was formed by vengeful souls. They let out silent screams while floating about.

"These Immortals style themselves as righteous and call us evil... If they run into us, then they will fight us to the death. Now... you can kill to your heart's content!" Shen Dong's voice was cold, and there was even a sinister and chilling tone within it.

"We will first offer Blood Sacrifices, while the rest of you will have to seal off all the gates in this place and make sure that not one of those in Hidden Dragon Sect can escape!"

Almost at the instant the Grand Sect Elder said those words, the thirty something Inner Sect disciples swiftly turned their gazes on the two hundred odd Outer Sect disciples on the flying Enchanted Vessel.

A biting chill immediately appeared, and besides all the dozen something aloof gray-robed people standing at the edge, the expressions of all the other two hundred something Outer Sect disciples changed abruptly.

The clothes of those people in gray robes showed their identities clearly. They were all the outstanding Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance. They were all the Sect Elders of the Outer Sect, just like Zhao Chong.

The Inner Sect disciples would not easily provoke them when it came to the Blood Sacrifice.

Not all of the Outer Sect disciples were afraid either. There were several dozens of people within who were laughing ferociously, or had dark expressions on their faces, or were aloofly letting the ripples of their power to erupt forth from their bodies. Those ripples fluctuated in the air but were hidden away by the fog around them, which prevented them from spreading outside.

However, most of the Outer Sect disciples were trembling once they heard about the Blood Sacrifice.

Su Ming had heard about the Blood Sacrifice from Bao Qiu. This was a combat divine ability from Evil Spirit Sect. When they fought against their enemies, they would devour their companions' flesh and blood in exchange for a temporary strength. They would trap the souls of those that were sacrificed within them, which would make them lose their sense of pain and bring out an incredibly great amount of potential.

The more people were sacrificed, the greater their potential would be, and if the level of cultivation among the sacrifices was higher, those who devoured them would be able to bring out more

potential as well!

If a certain level was reached when practicing this divine ability, those who executed this Blood Sacrifice would also be able to devour all the living souls around them to maintain their power or to strengthen their bodies. However, there was a drawback to this. After all, all skills had their limits, and the limit of this Blood Sacrifice was that it could at most increase a the cultivator's power by a stage, and it would not last long.

Almost at the instant Shen Dong declared the start of the Blood Sacrifice, the Inner Sect disciples looked over with hostile gazes. At the moment most of the Outer Sect disciples sank into anxiety and nervousness, the thirty something Inner Sect disciples swiftly flew towards the flying Enchanted Vessel.

Shrill screams of pain that were smothered by the fog and could not travel outwards echoed in Su Ming's ears. Qian Chen's face turned completely bloodless from terror. Perhaps he had indeed been able to gain some results from mobilizing his power of a laborer, since the Inner Sect disciples mostly ignored him.

The screen of light on the flying Enchanted Vessel had turned into a ravine that stopped all the Outer Sect disciples from running away, turning itself into a cage!

Su Ming stood at his spot, and a frown slowly appeared between his brows. He saw these Outer Sect disciples dying sad and painful deaths. They died under the hands of their own sect members. Their flesh and blood were torn apart, and they were turned into vengeful souls that were absorbed by the Inner Sect disciples. The pieces of flesh did not disintegrate either, but instead moved to surround those people and turned into a piercing, bloody, and brilliant ray of blood-red light.

The faces of those who had killed a fellow sect member from the Outer Sect would start distorting, and their would turn blood-red once they completed their kill. Their cultivation bases spread out

of their bodies without any reservation. All of them were slightly stronger than before, and the murderous aura from them was practically billowing in the air.

The Sect Elders in gray robes were as calm as ever and did not bother themselves too much with what was happening around them, as if they were already used to this and were immune to it. The eyes of outstanding disciples within the Outer Sect flashed, and they swiftly charged out to fight against the Inner Sect disciples.

Swiftly, two or three Inner Sect disciples died painful and horrible deaths, becoming someone else's Blood Sacrifice!

When Su Ming saw all of this, he remembered the rules of Evil Spirit Sect, the one about the sect not forbidding their disciples from killing each other. Only then did he gain a deeper understanding towards this particular rule.

"So this is the Evil Sect..." he said softly.

When Su Ming cast his eyes towards Thousand River Valley, which was located in the distance, he suddenly felt that this was quite ironic. This style of Evil Spirit Sect to fight it out among themselves before a fight had caused them a large amount of deaths before they had even reached Hidden Dragon Sect's branch.

Yet, the deaths of the weak had brought greater strength to the strong!

This was especially prevalent among some of the thirty something Inner Sect disciples. About eight of them had not stopped after killing a fellow sect member from the Outer Sect, but continued with their slaughter. One of them was an Inner Sect disciple that was standing the closest to Su Ming. This person looked incredibly fragile and tall, but his power, which was not at all weak, and his bloodthirst were evident on first glance.

Three Outer Sect disciples had already died in his hands. He was

currently holding onto a human head, and as he lifted it high above himself, fresh blood poured on his face, causing him to look ferocious and hideous even without needing expending any effort. Then, he fixed his gaze on Su Ming.

With a dark smile, that person took a wide step forward and charged towards Su Ming. Killing intent shone in his eyes as he was getting closer. With a calm expression, Su Ming looked the person closing in on him with the human head in hand. Since he was charging into his own death, then he had no reason to blame Su Ming for his viciousness.

One step, two steps, three steps... At the instant that Inner Sect disciple was about to reach Su Ming, Shen Dong's cold voice suddenly echoed in the area.

"The Blood Sacrifice has ended! All those who have successfully participated in the Blood Sacrifice come with me and attack Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Shen Dong's words echoed in the air, and the Inner Sect disciple that had closed in on Su Ming stopped moving. He gave Su Ming a dark smile, then turned around and no longer bothered about him as he went to Shen Dong.

The thirty something Inner Sect disciples and the few Outer Sect disciples that had participated in the Blood Sacrifice flew up and turned into long arcs. Then, under Shen Dong's lead, who was followed by eight powerful warriors who had descended in Evil Spirit Sect, the forty odd long arcs charged towards Thousand River Valley.

A bloody massacre was about to rain down in this place!

At the same time, the people in gray robes in the flying Enchanted Vessel took a step forward with aloof expressions on their faces, and once they formed a seal with both their hands, they pushed them onto the flying Enchanted Vessel, and immediately, it flew up to charge towards Thousand River Valley.

A piercing dark light erupted swiftly from the vessel.

It instantly covered an area spanning hundreds of li underneath, causing the place below to look as if it had been sealed off, turning it into a place with no escape!

Soon after, seven of the gray-robed people that had stayed behind sat down cross-legged on the Enchanted Vessel, while the remaining one stepped out and charged downwards towards Hidden Dragon Sect.

At that moment, all those people on the vessel, including Qian Chen, only noticed after some time that Su Ming, who was originally standing right beside Qian Chen, had disappeared without a trace at some unknown point of time.

A shocking boom suddenly rang through the air. It came from the ground, and it was from the great Rune of Hidden Dragon Sect's branch in the valley.

That Rune would not be shown on regular days. At that moment, as that boom echoed in the air, it manifested itself to reveal a gigantic waterfall. It was in the shape of a ring, and it completely surrounded Thousand River Valley. The sounds of rushing water filled the area, and an enraged voice shot out from within the valley inside that waterfall.

"Shen Dong! How dare you violate the agreement between the Immortals and the evil Immortals?! If you dare surround our Hidden Dragon Sect today, then we will definitely destroy your entire Evil Spirit Sect in the future!"

The answer to this enraged voice was a dark peal of laughter filled with a wild and untamed air, along with Shen Dong lifting his right hand to seize the air in the direction of that waterfall that served as the sect's mountain gate. Immediately, a huge ghost claw stretched out from the air beyond the waterfall and grabbed it before yanking it upwards.

With it, loud booming sounds that shook the sky and earth shot into the air. Right before everyone's eyes, the water from the waterfall was yanked upwards and started flowing into the sky. The waterfall trembled, and a big gap appeared within the endlessly falling water!

"This is not the first sect I've destroyed, and neither will it be the last... Charge in! Leave no one alive! If you see a person, get their soul, if you see a corpse, get its medicinal cores, if you see a Nascent Soul, devour it! Make this place completely void of life!"

As Shen Dong's ghastly voice echoed in the air, he took a step forward and stepped right through the gap in the waterfall. Those members of Evil Spirit Sect standing behind him, including Bao Qiu, charged forth and entered Hidden Dragon Sect's branch as well!

When Bao Qiu moved through the gap, she lifted her head and looked at the Enchanted Vessel up ahead. She did not know when Su Ming would take action, but if he did not do so right then, he would be too late to the party.

Su Ming was standing on the hanging bridge within Thousand River Valley at that moment. With a calm expression on his face, he walked forward. He did not move quickly, but his body was like a specter that no one could see clearly. A breath ago, he was still on the hanging bridge, but a breath later, he was already outside a big hall to the left of the valley.

Right at that moment, a loud boom rang out all around him, and he saw a huge gap being ripped apart in the air right before him. Shen Dong walked through it with one step, and all the Evil Spirit Sect members behind him charged straight through to reveal themselves in the valley.

The slaughter began just like that. With enraged howls, several dozens of long arcs flew up from Hidden Dragon Sect and charged towards the Evil Spirit Sect members in the sky. Banging sounds

reverberated in the air, and blood poured down from the sky down onto the ground in the form of bloody rain once the killing started.

Chapter 623: Pillage

Compared to the invading Evil Spirit Sect, Hidden Dragon Sect was clearly much weaker in terms of power. It was especially so since they did not have the bloodlust and madness that ruled their attackers.

The Evil Spirit Sect disciples who were surrounded by the flesh and blood roared with bloodshot eyes, and their roars brought about great terror and shock to those within Hidden Dragon Sect.

Besides, Shen Dong, with his strength, tore apart all those that tried to stop him as he moved forward, and he would capture all the Nascent Souls that tried to escape. In the midst of shock of all those around him, he would put those Nascent Souls into his mouth, crush them, and then swallow them.

The shock he brought to Hidden Dragon Sect with this almost pushed them to a breaking point.

"Ghost Claw Shen Dong!"

Su Ming stood outside the hall to the left of the hanging bridge. Once he lifted his head and looked at the sky, he started walking forward at a moderate pace. No one took notice of him and simply allowed him to walk into the hall.

There were a few giant statues placed inside there for worship, and they were all created using spirit stones. At that moment, there were seven old men meditating inside that hall with faces as dark as thunderclouds. They had their hands intertwined with each other, and at their center was an oil lamp.

It was not lit at that moment, but as the seven people spread out their power, there were signs that a flame was about to be kindled. Compared to the booming sounds and screams of pain outside, it was incredibly quiet in here.

'Seven people who are at the equivalent of those in the middle

stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...'

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever as he walked into the hall. The seven old men still had their eyes closed and did not notice him. He did not walk towards them, but instead moved to stand beside the three statues in the hall. As he looked at them, a twinkle appeared in his eyes.

'It's a bit of a waste...' As he shook his head, the three statues immediately disappeared from the hall without a single sound!

Su Ming was about to leave when he turned his head sideways and looked at the oil lamp surrounded by the seven people, who were sitting on cushions. Those cushions were woven together from medicinal herbs, and there was a faint, refreshing fragrance coming from them.

'Basil Spirit Herb... This Hidden Dragon Sect really has a lot of them...'

Su Ming sighed deeply. He recognized this medicinal herb. Just one shrub of this thing cost at least a hundred inferior spirit stones, and just one of those cushions used up around a hundred of them, which also meant that each of these cushions cost ten thousand inferior spirit stones...

'What a waste!'

Su Ming frowned. He moved towards the seven old men who were still meditating with their eyes closed. From a wave of his arm, the seven men felt a chill run through their entire bodies, and they opened their eyes in surprise and wariness, but immediately after, they became slack-jawed in shock.

The first thing they saw was that the Hidden Dragon Lamp, the Enchanted Treasure they had been trying to light up, had disappeared, but what shocked them even more was that the cushions made of Basil Spirit Herbs under them had also disappeared.

Eventually, when they instinctively looked around them, the seven old men were left completely stunned, and a cold chill filled their hearts, because they saw that the three statues in the hall... had also disappeared.

Su Ming walked past the hall. Right before him was another one. The sounds of battle in the sky were reverberating in the air, and long arcs could be seen flying up from the ground. There were also long arcs that were descending from the sky. Battling, plunder, mad laughter, and screams of pain filled the world.

After taking a few steps forward, Su Ming came to an abrupt halt and lowered his head to look at the floor tiles under his feet.

'Just how rich is this Hidden Dragon Sect...?'

He crouched down and tapped the floor tiles. His eyes started shining with a brilliant glint. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm toward the ground. The floor tiles around him immediately started shaking, and as cracking sounds rang in the air, they flew up. Su Ming then waved his arm, and all the floor tiles were put away into his storage bag.

A hint of excitement appeared on his face. These floor tiles were not spirit stones, and neither were they medicinal herbs, but were medicine residue!

This medicinal residue was what remained after a failed attempt in creating medicinal cores. They should originally be thrown away, but there were still some essence of the herbs left behind in that residue, that was why these people gathered the residue together and turned them into medicinal tiles to lay on the floor. By doing so, they could naturally bring out the herbs' medicinal properties, and once they fused with the spiritual aura from the world, the effects would be even better.

An intense look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the various halls lying before him, and he moved faster towards the buildings waiting in front of him.

There was no one in the second hall, and it was clear that all of them were fighting outside against Evil Spirit Sect. There were a large amount of ancient scrolls placed in this hall, and a gentle layer of light could be seen spreading out of each scroll. Su Ming swept his gaze across them, and took all of them away, then looked at the bookshelves. He took a few steps forward and touched them, then let out a long sigh.

"Lightning struck wood [1]... Hidden Dragon Sect, oh Hidden Dragon Sect..."

As he shook his head, Su Ming immediately put away everything within the hall into his storage bag without holding back even a single bit. Before he left, he cast a glance at the building itself, and a look of regret appeared on his face.

"The materials used to build these halls are also pretty good, but they're too big. It won't be easy to take them away." As Su Ming spoke, his gaze landed on the carvings on the walls around him. They portrayed gentle auspicious beasts [2], whose eyes were made of superior spirit stones.

Su Ming immediately took a few steps forward and walked around that hall. Once he took down all of the spirit stones serving as the eyes for the auspicious beasts, he looked at the hall. He got up and cut off half of the crossbeam before he left, bringing with him regret for not being able to take the whole thing away.

There were four Hidden Dragon Sect disciples nervously protecting the third hall. Their heads were lifted to look at the sky, and fear could be seen on their faces. These four people naturally did not notice Su Ming when he arrived. In fact, even when he moved into the third hall, the four people outside did not notice him.

He looked at the hall, and despite being mentally prepared, he was still stunned by what he saw. He sucked in a sharp breath.

The third hall was filled with an uncountable amount of

medicinal herbs. They were enveloped by a gentle circle of light, and were actually still growing bigger. There were also a large amount of seals placed within the hall, used to protect the herbs.

Clearly, this was where Hidden Dragon Sect stored their medicinal herbs. In the past, they would give these herbs away to different disciples according to their needs by trade, or as provisions, or as rewards according to the disciples' achievements.

However, all of these now belonged to Su Ming.

When he left the third hall, he moved even faster, going so quickly that he practically turned into a bolt of lightning as he charged towards the fourth hall in the distance. On the way, he spread out his powerful divine sense and scanned the area before instantly moving to the place of his choice. All the things that caught his attention within his divine sense were instantly taken away at the instant he arrived.

There was an old man who was charging into the sky with a dark expression on his face. There were three people behind him, and they were all children each of whom was holding an old and simple looking sword in their hands.

The old man leading the group was holding a horsetail whisk. Wisps of freezing air seeped out of the hairs of that weapon, and if anyone took a closer look, they would find that those were not hair, but were actually thin, ice threads that looked like hair!

Yet at the moment the old man brought the three children who were acting as treasure guardians into the sky, a gust of cold wind flew past them, and as the old man was momentarily taken aback, a drastic change of expression immediately appeared on his face. When he turned his head around, he saw bewildered expressions on the three children's faces, and the three swords in their hands were gone without a trace.

"Who is it?! Who is it?!" The old man's face was livid with rage. As he roared, a faint voice suddenly traveled into his ears.

"This horsetail whisk is pretty good as well. I'll be taking it."

That voice had appeared incredibly suddenly. The old man shuddered, and when he turned his head around, his horsetail whisk was already nowhere to be found. The wisp of divine sense he had connected to that weapon was immediately cut off as well.

Within one of the cave abodes in Hidden Dragon Sect was a middle-aged man with a dark expression on his face. The waves of power from an Immortals' Soul Transformation Stage could be felt from him. He had his eyes fixed on a medicinal cauldron before him, and in his hesitation, he lifted his right hand and slapped it. Immediately, that medicinal cauldron shattered, and three medicinal cores flew out from within.

Once they were swiftly put away into his storage bag, he quickly left to another chamber in the cave abode. When he walked through his entire place and put away all his belongings into his storage bag, he cast a glance at the crowd fighting in the sky. He saw the Hidden Dragon Sect cultivators dying in large numbers and also how those from Evil Spirit Sect spread out to rain down their crazed slaughter and plunder as their murderous aura surged into the sky.

The middle-aged man clenched his teeth and charged towards a small hidden alley located near his cave abode, but before he could move too far away, a gust of cold wind came towards him, and at the next moment, he felt pain in his head and fell unconscious to the side.

Su Ming showed up with a calm expression. Once he picked the man's storage bag, he saw another place that seemed rather strange in his divine sense. There were dozens of people on guard there, protecting an old man who had a dark expression on his face. That old man was swiftly running away.

'The best things are usually not things that are stored away and left behind, but those taken away when disaster arrives...' A glint

appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he moved towards those people.

At that moment, as the members of Evil Spirit Sect spread out, three people with the thin man who had tried to kill Su Ming during the Blood Sacrifice as the lead stepped into the first hall located to the left of the hanging bridge. The seven old men in the hall were already gone.

The Evil Spirit Sect disciples looked at the empty hall that was void of statues, cushions, and everything else, and the thin Inner Sect disciple let out a cold harrumph and went behind the hall. The other two quickly followed suit behind him, and the three of them charged towards the second hall.

But as they continued on, their faces gradually turned slightly strange.

"Damn it, just who arrived before us and even took away the floor tiles?!" The thin man's expression turned dark and he started cursing under his breath. The other two people beside him were momentarily stunned by what they saw before their expressions turned even weirder.

"Did he go mad with poverty or something? He didn't even give up on the floor tiles..." As the trio charged forward, they quickly arrived at the second hall, but when they entered it, their faces turned even more sullen when they saw the empty building.

"Just who arrived before us?! That guy... he... he even took away the eyes from the carvings!" The two people immediately started cursing.

"That's nothing. Look up." The leading Inner disciple sighed and pointed upwards. When the other two lifted their heads and saw half of the crossbeam missing from the hall, they instantly fell silent.

"Give chase. We'll see who did this, and no matter what, we'll be taking the things he took from us back!" the thin Inner Sect

disciple hissed out through gritted teeth. When they saw four Hidden Dragon Sect members fighting against some of their other fellow Evil Spirit Sect members, the trio immediately became excited.

"Someone is protecting that place, which means that the damn greedy looter won't have cleared that hall!"

With excitement brimming within them, the trio immediately charged forward.

Translator's Notes:

1. Lightning struck wood: Believed to be able to repel evil.
2. Auspicious beasts: Creatures that bring you good fortune. They are large and varied, but the four great ones and the most famous ones are dragons, phoenixes, turtles, and kirins.

Chapter 624: Bright Yang Stone!

Su Ming naturally did not know what method the trio used to fight against their fellow sect members for the loot before killing the four Hidden Dragon Sect disciples only to find the now familiarly emptied out hall. Neither was he privy to their expressions and emotions, nor bothered by what sort of psychological trauma he would cause them due to his deception.

He had already swept clean the places he had checked with his divine sense in the left side of the hanging bridge, and it could be said that he had an incredibly great harvest from his exploits. If it was not because the Evil Spirit Sect members were killing and pillaging through the buildings and cave abodes to the right of the hanging bridge, he would have definitely been incredibly interested with the things there as well.

However, Su Ming still harbored the thought of snatching some things from the right wing despite the Evil Spirit Sect members being there, but the old man who was protected by the dozen something Hidden Dragon Sect members attracted his attention.

As Su Ming charged forward, he saw numerous corpses lying on the ground. They were of men and women, and most of them belonged to Hidden Dragon Sect, though some of them were from Evil Spirit Sect as well. Nonetheless, the corpses that belonged to Evil Spirit Sect were few and rare in-between.

Similarly, he also saw that the souls of the deceased had not disappeared, but had been sucked into the sky, and it was clear to him that there was something up ahead that could absorb souls.

When Su Ming lifted his head, a glint appeared in his eyes. He saw an indistinct figure sitting in the endless sky. There was a small bottle before him, and it was that thing that was absorbing all the deceased souls.

The deceased Hidden Dragon Sect members on the ground were

in an incredibly miserable and tragic state. They either had their Dantian regions dug out of their bodies and their Gold Cores taken away, or had their bodies ripped into shreds before they could self-destruct.

Some of them sported cracks at the top of their skulls, and that was the signs of Nascent Souls being forcefully extracted. By then, these extracted Nascent Souls had most likely been devoured by someone.

The female cultivators were in an even more pitiful state. If they were beautiful, they would naturally be unable to escape the fate of being turned into a furnace [1].

As Su Ming moved forward, he saw one of such scenes happening, and the instigator was an Evil Spirit Outer Sect disciple, who was standing up while laughing ferociously. He kicked the woman's head on the ground, and he was about to leave with sparkling eyes when he heard a sigh in his ears.

This was the final sound he heard in his life. Right after that sigh, his eyes went wide, and a bloody hole appeared at the center of his brow. He fell down, side by side against that female corpse whose head was now a bloody mess.

One of the woman's eyeballs fell to the ground when her head exploded, and it would remain staring at the dead man for all eternity.

Su Ming continued on his way.

Before long, he found the dozen Hidden Dragon Sect disciples protecting that old man with his divine sense. They had already gone down the Thousand River Valley and were at the foot of the mountain. As they charged forward, they neared an operating Relocation Rune located before them.

The Rune had clearly been hidden away previously, which was why those from Evil Spirit Sect had not noticed it. If the runaways

stepped into the Relocation Rune, they would definitely be transported out of this place.

However, just as the dozen something people were about to rush towards their escape, with that old man they protected in their midst, their footsteps abruptly froze. Their expressions turned dark, tainted with despair.

All of this was because a person had walked out of the air right in front of that Relocation Rune. He was dressed in a blue robe and appeared to be a middle-aged man. His expression was aloof, and his eyes were cold and sinister... and he was Shen Dong, the Grand Sect Elder of Evil Spirit Sect!

"Fellow Daoist Gu, why are you in such a hurry?"

"Shen Dong!" The old man who was protected by the group immediately turned livid with rage as he glared at Shen Dong.

"How dare you be so conceited as to go against the agreement between the Immortals and evil Immortals?! No matter how well you manage to hide this, the superior Immortal Sects will still learn about it, and at that time, you will not be fighting against the Berserkers, but against the Immortals!

"Your Evil Sect will not have the power to survive being surrounded and attacked by all the sects in the land of Immortals!" the old man declared hoarsely.

"That is not a matter of my concern. Fellow Daoist Gu, since we know each other, hand over the Bright Yang Stone, and I'll allow you to die with your body intact. I will only devour your Nascent Divinity."

"Creating one Bright Yang Stone requires ten thousand Immortal souls, and it is an important item for us Immortal Sects. It can aid us in returning to the land of the Immortals while also serving as the foundation in setting up our sects here, once we landed in the land of the Berserkers.

"I am of lowly status, how would it be possible for me to obtain such an item?!" the old man stated firmly, then laughed loudly.

"Each of you Hidden Dragon Sects will be given a small piece of Bright Yang Stone when you want to set up your branch. It's fine if you don't want to admit to it. I'll still be able to get it if I kill you."

While speaking, Shen Dong took a step forward, and during that instant, all the guardians behind the old man started casting their Arts.

Yet right at the moment Shen Dong's foot landed, twenty-odd clones appeared as a hum traveled out from his body. All of these clones were exactly the same in appearance. As they charged forward, they shot past the old man like flowing streams of water.

There were no screams or loud banging sounds. There was only a buzzing, and when it gradually faded away, Shen Dong's clones also disappeared. Only one remained to stand less than ten feet away from the old man.

As for the guardians behind him, they all fell to the ground with lifeless expressions on their faces. Their bodies turned into puddles of blood that seeped into the sand on the ground.

A thick stench of blood surrounded the area. This scene caused that old man's face to turn even paler.

"The Great Blood Clone Transformation Art... I didn't expect you to truly be able to successfully master this Evil Art..." That old man laughed brokenly and moved to take a few steps backwards, but at the instant he did this, his body exploded with a bang.

That self-destruction came incredibly suddenly, and his body crumbled right away. The impact that was formed from the blast swept through the entire area, and during that moment, the old man's Nascent Soul grabbed a storage bag from his crumbling body and shot up to flee frantically.

However, before he could escape more than a hundred feet, the

air before him immediately distorted, and Bao Qiu walked out of the air! The old man's Nascent Soul let out a shrill screech and immediately changed direction, but he still did not manage to fly more than a hundred feet before another person walked out once from the air again. In the end, once that old man's Nascent Soul changed several directions, the eight Evil Sect members who had been following behind Shen Dong appeared, and were coldly blocking off the escape.

"You can't run, fellow Daoist Gu." Shen Dong walked out of the impact and dust clouds on the ground formed by that old man's physical self-destruction. The Evil Spirit Grand Sect Elder's expression was as aloof as ever when he spoke languidly.

Despair appeared on the old man's Nascent Soul. Just as he was about to take action, he was momentarily stunned, but that brief moment of shock disappeared within an instant. Immediately after, he threw the storage bag in his hand in the distance.

Once he did so, he instantly ran in the opposite direction. Because of that, all the people's gazes, including Shen Dong's, were immediately absorbed by the storage bag.

The Evil Spirit Sect's Elder who was the closest to that storage bag was a pureblood Immortal, since he was an Immortal who had descended to this place. At that moment, his eyes sparkled and he charged forward with one swift step. Once he closed in, he lifted his right hand, and just as he was about to grab his target—

Another hand immediately shot out from the empty space next to him just as his fingers were about to touch that storage bag, and that hand snatched the storage bag before the Sect Elder could grab it.

This happened too suddenly, which caused all the people's gazes to be locked on it. At the same time, when the Evil Spirit Sect's Immortal saw that the storage bag that was just about to reach his hands was snatched away by someone else, he let out an enraged

roar and formed a seal with his right hand. There was no time for him to think. He positioned both of his fingers into a sword and swiftly cut down on the hand that had stretched out of the air beside him.

A cold harrumph reverberated in the area. Right before everyone's eyes, that hand from the air that had grabbed the storage bag, did not even bother dodging the slash from the two fingers. It instead just turned its back to block it.

Rumbling sounds instantly rang in the air, and the person from Evil Spirit Sect immediately shuddered before he coughed up a large mouthful of blood. His body was instantly sent tumbling backwards, as if that power from the block executed by the back of that hand was so strong that it could flatten him!

This scene might seem to have happened slowly, but in truth, only a few breaths had passed ever since the battle began. When the Immortal coughed up blood and fell backwards, a person walked out of the air.

He stood tall and straight. There was a black mask on his face, and he was dressed in black robes. His long hair danced behind his head, and with the storage bag in hand, he looked at the crowd with a cold stare.

The people in the area might not be familiar with this mask, but if he was in the land of the Shamans, then there would definitely be quite a large number of people who would be able to recognize its owner!

The person wearing that mask was naturally Su Ming!

He still did not want to give up on such a recuperative spot as Evil Spirit Sect. That was why when he appeared, he decided to wear the mask. There might be quite a number of cracks on it and it had also shattered in the past, but it could still be used to hide his face.

"Who are you?!" Shen Dong's pupils shrank. He stared at Su Ming

and demanded slowly.

Bao Qiu looked at Su Ming from her spot. With the connection they shared between their souls, she could tell with just one glance that this person was her master. She blinked and kept her silence.

"Why should I bother wasting my breath telling you my name?! I'm taking this Bright Yang Stone!" Su Ming put away the storage bag, speaking coldly.

"How conceited!!"

Another old white-haired Immortal from Evil Sect instantly let out a low growl. As Immortals that had descended to this place, they always held themselves in a prideful manner. At that moment, when he saw that someone actually possessed the guts to snatch away their things and saw that he was in the advantage because he had more people on his side, he took a step forward while he spoke.

Those remaining in the area did the same thing, and Bao Qiu was forced to take the same action. Only Shen Dong adopted an incredibly grave expression as his pupils shrank.

Almost at the instant the Immortals closed in on Su Ming and started forming seals with their hands, a brilliant glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

The power of his Berserker Bones swiftly erupted from his body, and he lifted his right hand before hurling a fist towards the ground. At the moment his punch landed, the entire ground started trembling as if there were earthen dragons tumbling about it. When the ground started rising and falling like waves, wisps of black smoke seeped out from the ground, and when Su Ming lifted his right hand, that black smoke quickly gathered in his hand to turn into a thirty feet long spear!

Undertaker of Evil's Spear!

"If you want to fight... then we shall fight!" Su Ming lifted his

head, and a cold smile appeared on his lips, which were hidden behind the mask.

Translator's Note:

1. Furnace: First appeared in Renegade Immortal chapter 96. Generally, they are women whose sole purpose is to provide the aura of Yin to powerful male cultivators through s*xual int*rcourse so that these men can become stronger. There are exceptions to these furnaces.

Chapter 625: Murder in Three Steps!

"If you fight, then you must pay the price..."

The spear was originally violet, but when it manifested in Su Ming's hand this time, it turned black. Its entirely black body seemed to represent death, and a powerful wave of murderous aura started surging towards all directions from around Su Ming.

That murderous aura was nothing ordinary and it seemed to possess physical form. As it spread out, it looked as if there was a vortex surrounding Su Ming, and it seemed to have turned into a whirlwind that was roaring with a burning desire to tear apart the world at that moment.

Su Ming's newly-dyed black hair danced about as he stood in the whirlwind. When he lifted his head, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes under the mask, and at that instant, it caused the people who were moving towards him to feel their hearts lurching in their chests. As if a clap of thunder had roared in their heads, they were all frozen to their feet by Su Ming's presence.

The words he had spoken had sounded like the might of heaven itself when added with his expression and the subjugation dealt on them by his presence. It crashed into their hearts, causing Su Ming to appear like a bloodthirsty, battle hungry, and undefeatable evil Immortal!

His lips curled up into a cold sneer, and he tightened his grip around the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and took a step forward. Except for Shen Dong and the person who had been pushed back while coughing out blood, he was going to fight against all the other seven people alone!

These seven people were all pureblood Immortals that had descended to the land of the Berserkers. They were not Berserkers, and even among the other Immortals in Evil Sect, they were outstanding warriors. Even the weakest among them was at the

Soul Transformation Stage, which was the equivalent of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

It was especially so for one of them. That person was an old man with a head full of grey hair who wore grey robes. There was a bump on his back that made him look like a camel... and he was the strongest in Evil Spirit Sect after Shen Dong!

He was also the one who had accused Su Ming of being conceited previously.

He had also reached Ascendance. Although he was just at early Ascendance, but any Immortal who was able to reach this stage was definitely no ordinary person! As that hunchbacked old man's pupils shrank, the six people around him started forming seals with their hands, and all sorts of divine abilities appeared in the air.

Almost at the moment they executed their divine abilities, Su Ming took three steps forward with the Undertaker of Evil's spear. With his first step, he swiftly thrust the spear forward, and a piercing sound of air being sliced apart rang out. A dimensional crack was also ripped open during that instant to form an arc that charged towards that gray-haired old man before him, who was the strongest person in this place besides Shen Dong.

The gray-haired old man lifted his right hand and right after forming a seal pushed it swiftly forward. Immediately, a ray of blue light manifested on his hand and turned into a blue bird that flapped its wings to charge towards Su Ming's spear thrust!

At the instant the Undertaker of Evil's Spear crashed into the bird, loud rumbling sounds spread through the air. The bird instantly exploded, and at that same moment, Su Ming took his second step forward, bringing with him the second thrust. With a hum, the spear shot through the air and arrived at the face of that gray-haired old man.

The spear was quick. So quick, in fact, that before the old man's

eyes had registered what was happening in front of him clearly, the cold chill from the tip of the spear had already exploded with a bang, causing his hair to fly backwards. His face immediately filled with shock. He might have tried deducing this person's level of cultivation earlier and believed that he must have some form of capabilities with him since he had dared to snatch away their loot, but he had not expected this person to be this strong!

His first step and first thrust had destroyed the old man's resistance, and his second step as well as his second thrust had appeared right in front of his face. A wave of power that could destroy the world appeared at the tip of that spear, and the old man felt his skin crawl. In the midst of his shock, he even felt a presence that belonged to the Immortals' second step from that second thrust!

This was enough to scare him out of his wits, but he was, after all, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance. Even though his heart was racing in fear, he retreated without any hesitation, and as he formed seals with his hands, a gigantic shield immediately flew out from his storage bag. That shield was entirely green and a wave overflowing with life force spread out from within it. The shield was round, and there was a large amount of runic symbols carved on it. Once that item appeared, a brilliant green light immediately erupted forth from it.

"Joist!" the grey-haired old man immediately let out a loud shout once he brought his defensive treasure.

As his shout echoed in the air, the shield instantly changed. As if it was originally formed of several layers overlapping one another, numerous layers spread out and turned into nine similar shields that overlapped to immediately block off Su Ming's second spear thrust.

The gray-haired old man's heart was filled with shock at that moment. He no longer cared about how to fight against Su Ming, but was instead thinking about how to escape being marked by this

terrifying existence before him as quickly as possible.

He had a strong hunch that his shield would not be able to hold him back for long, but he only needed this person to freeze for an instant, and in that instant, he could immediately warp away from this place.

All of this lasted several breaths, since Su Ming took his first step up to the moment the old man brought out the shield. It was so quick that no one had time to react to it. The other people were still closing in and were still casting their spells, but even though this old man had his sect members beside him, Su Ming's two consecutive spear thrusts had still given him the feeling that he was facing off an army alone.

This feeling did not end, and neither did a momentary pause in Su Ming's movements arrive. Su Ming had driven his spear into the shield almost at the instant the old man brought it out. An even more deafening roar rose into the sky at that moment. The first layer of the nine-layered shield instantly shattered into pieces, along with the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth. All of them shattered and exploded in that instant, and the impact of it caused the people who wanted to close in on Su Ming to feel shock filling their hearts.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth shields also shattered with loud booming sounds as Su Ming's spear ran through them like a hot knife through butter. As an endless amount of shards from the shield swept through the area, Su Ming took his third step forward!

With it, he executed his third spear thrust. As it brought a deafening hum that caused the people's ears to ring in pain, the spear went straight towards the retreating gray-haired old man's face.

The speed of this thrust surpassed that of the second one, and was even faster than what all the people could detect with their

divine senses. The murderous aura and freezing intent within it caused the retreating gray-haired old man to instinctively freeze in his charge, and a chilling sensation immediately filled his body. He seemed to hear the shrill roars of vengeful souls by his ears, and a slightly dazed look appeared on his face. His eyes went wide, and in his mind he saw illusory pictures of people dying under the Undertaker of Evil's Spear. There was an endless amount of people there, dying sad and wretched deaths.

"The souls that died due to the Undertaker of Evil's Spear cannot reincarnate or disappear into the world. They will remain trapped within for all eternity and become this spear's soul!"

This sentence echoed in the gray-haired old man's mind, causing him to tremble, and then, he saw the hundreds of battle souls with all their billowing murderous aura. They came storming towards him with that spear, and all of them looked as if they wanted to tear him apart.

"Save me!"

This particular spear thrust already contained the presence of Life Cultivation, and its might was so great that it could shake the sky and earth, especially after going through a baptism in Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. The might of that spear had become much greater after gaining a whole lot more new souls.

But the gray-haired old man was, after all, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance. As the Undertaker of Evil's Spear closed in on him, he actually managed to recover a bit of his mind, as he struggled through the illusions, and call out for help. This alone was proof that this person's mental fortitude was nothing short of extraordinary.

However, it was a pity that he had run into Su Ming. At the instant he cried out for help, the people around him closed in, and Shen Dong took a step forward with his pupils shrunk...

A bloody gash tore through the center of the old man's brows

right when his heart filled with shock and fear, and even regret for choosing to descend to the land of the Berserkers. At the moment that gash spread out, the old man's heart let out its last thump and fell still. The world before his eyes stopped moving. A black long spear had pierced through the center of his brows, and half of the spear's body shot out from the back of the old man's head.

A power that could destroy everything spread out from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and charged into the body. As banging sounds rang out from it, blood trickled out from the old man's mouth and red appeared in his eyes, but his pupils were not focused. At that instant, before his Nascent Soul managed to escape, he was shattered by the power from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and absorbed into it.

Fresh blood trickled out of the tip of the spear after it had pierced through the old man's head. When it fell to the ground, it let out pattering sounds. Those sounds continued ringing in the air, and the bloody lines that formed when the blood from the spear fell to the ground caused the area to instantly fall into dead silence.

Shen Dong appeared several dozens of feet away. His face was as dark as thunderclouds, and he looked incredibly sullen. At the same time, wariness appeared in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming. A morose look could also be spotted on his face.

All the other people froze in their action of casting their Arts. They stood in their spots and looked at Su Ming in shock, as well as his long spear that had pierced through the center of the gray-haired old man's brows, along with the bloody lines that were formed as the blood fell. They were listening to the sound of the blood from the tip of the spear falling to the ground.

Bao Qiu's heart raced against her chest. She might have known that Su Ming was incredibly powerful, but she had never expected that he would be able to kill a powerful Immortal in Ascendance in less than a few breaths. This could already be considered an instant kill!

Right from the start till the end, Su Ming had only taken three steps and executed the power of three spear thrusts!

While surrounded by enemies with the strongest Immortal of Evil Spirit Sect in their midst, at the instant his enemies started casting their Arts, he attacked in an incredibly domineering manner, and killed a person with just three steps!

It was especially shocking since the person he killed was one of Evil Sect's powerful Immortals in Ascendance!

"I did mention that if you fight, you must pay a price... Who is next?" Su Ming asked calmly, and slowly pulled the long spear out of the center of the gray-haired man's brows. The old man, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance within his generation, fell to the ground still and unmoving.

"The second step's Nirvana Scryer Realm[1]! This is the combat power of the second step!"

"This isn't Nirvana Scryer, he's a Berserker! The Qi he showed just now belongs to a Berserker!"

"The Realm of Life Cultivation!" The Immortals that had descended immediately found their expressions changing. When they looked at Su Ming, all their previous expressions were completely replaced by terror and shock.

Shen Dong stared at the spear in Su Ming's hand and stated hoarsely, "Undertaker of Evil's Spear..."

Translator's Notes:

1. Nirvana Scryer Realm: First appeared in Renegade Immortal chapter 440.

Chapter 626: A Powerful Warrior's Respect!

"We Immortals have a saying that goes like this: The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind it [1]... My fellow Daoist, you must have hidden your face because you were afraid someone might recognize you. If that is the case, I shall call you fellow Daoist Oriole," Shen Dong said languidly, taking a step forward.

He stared into Su Ming's eyes. His face was dark, but there was also a grave expression on him. In truth, he had long since detected that there was something off about this person when he sensed a presence within him that made him wary. That was why Shen Dong had not attacked, but had instead let the others test his strength, but even he had not expected that the person would only need to take three steps before he killed the second strongest in Evil Spirit Sect.

Even he would have to make preparations to report this matter to Evil Sect's Sir Ji An. After all, the person who died was not a Berserker who had changed his bloodline, but a true pureblood Immortal who had descended in Evil Sect.

The death of such a person, especially when he was also a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, was absolutely nothing trivial to Evil Sect!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, you are a shrewd man. You must have snuck in while we invaded Hidden Dragon Sect. The things you pilfered are surely more than all of the things we of Evil Spirit Sect have pillaged, no?

"Especially this Bright Yang Stone... But my fellow Daoist, this battle is not entirely worth it for you. From what I understand of Gu Yuan Hai [2], he definitely had a backup plan. The storage bag he brought out is most likely just a diversion.

"He should have hidden away the real Bright Yang Stone." As

Shen Dong spoke, his eyes started sparkling, and as he looked into Su Ming's eyes, he took another step forward.

Su Ming remained calm and did not speak. He merely looked at Shen Dong taking that step forward.

"You killed one of Evil Spirit Sect's Sect Elders, and we cannot let this slide easily. Evil Sect's Assassination Squad will naturally search for you... But before that, this humble Shen would have to fight against you, fellow Daoist Oriole...

"You must not want to waste time here, fellow Daoist Oriole. You're holding us back here so that you can give Gu Yuan Hai time to escape. This must also be one of the deals you made in the trade between the both of you, right?

"That Bright Yang Stone isn't in that storage bag, but it should be within one of Hidden Dragon Sect's treasuries, or else with your cunning, you would have definitely not have fallen into his trap, fellow Daoist Oriole.

"If that's the case, then let's exchange three blows. We will fight for these three blows, and regardless of whether we manage to kill the other or not, and after the three blows, we will not bother each other anymore. What do you say?" Shen Dong offered slowly. At the moment his words left his mouth, some of the people around them who were a little slower in the head immediately spotted confused looks on their faces.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes, and a sparkle of surprise flashed within them. That Shen Dong had practically spoken the truth, and if he could tell what had transpired with just these clues, his intelligence was definitely nothing to be scoffed at.

The truth was just as Shen Dong had said. Su Ming was not too concerned about that Bright Yang Stone. He did not have much knowledge about that thing, anyway, so it was only natural that he would not stain his hands in too much blood for that item, and it was also impossible for him to kill all of the people here just so that

he could have that item for himself.

Doing so was contrary to his interests, which was why when that Nascent Soul of the Hidden Dragon Sect's old man was in danger, Su Ming had sent a ripple from his divine sense to send a message to him.

He did not want that Bright Yang Stone. He only wanted the treasures of Hidden Dragon Sect and the things he took away in his storage bag. If Gu Yuan Hai could deliver those things to him, then Su Ming would help him stall for time.

This was a trade, and during that critical point, Gu Yuan Hai did not have time to think about his profits and losses. He had to agree to it, which was why that scene of a few moments ago had transpired.

Su Ming smiled faintly. Since this Shen Dong had managed to see what was going on, then there was no need for him to hide anything. Smiling, he opened his mouth to speak.

"If it's just three blows, then I'll agree to it!"

Shen Dong's eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He was waiting for these words, or else he would not have bothered wasting his breath saying so many things just now before he finally mentioned the exchange of three blows. This person's strength made him incredibly wary, and he was not confident that he could win against such a powerful warrior, but if this person persisted in interfering with his task, then it would be incredibly difficult for him to complete his mission.

After all, as time passed, that Gu Yuan Hai would manage to escape even farther, and while Evil Spirit Sect had sealed off all the Relocation Runes in the area, the old man would still be able to escape this sealed area if they continued delaying their search. Trying to track him down then would be incredibly difficult, and it would also be incredibly easy for unexpected situations to pop up.

"All of you, go and chase down Gu Yuan Hai!"

As Shen Dong spoke, he took a step towards Su Ming and lifted his right hand. Immediately, a red whip appeared in his palm, and with a flick of his wrist, thunderous roars instantly traveled from his weapon. A large amount of lightning balls also manifested in the air. As they let out sizzling sounds, they fused together and charged towards Su Ming.

All seven people, including Bao Qiu, looked at each other for a moment then instantly turned into long arcs that flew into the sky. Bao Qiu originally did not want to leave, but it was not convenient for her to stay at the moment, so she left with the crowd.

It was difficult for her to calm her heart. That image of Su Ming killing a person with just three steps and three spear thrusts was deeply etched into her mind, and it still refused to leave even after such a long time had passed.

Su Ming did not stop those people from leaving the area. He only looked at Shen Dong, and battle intent gradually appeared in his eyes. As he lifted his right hand, he tightened his grip around the Undertaker of Evil's Spear, and immediately, that spear let out a humming sound and a large amount of black smoke seeped out. Moments later, he threw the spear at the incoming balls of lightning from the sky and the whip in Shen Dong's hand.

With a bang, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear turned into a puff of black smoke before closing in on the balls of lightning in an instant. Booming sounds echoed in the area, and the spear shot through the air and appeared right before Shen Dong.

A glint appeared in Grand Sect Elder's eyes, as if he had come to understand something. He let go of the whip in his hand, and immediately, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear swept it up before swiftly charging several thousands of feet ahead. Then, with a bang, it stabbed the ground.

"You can't win against me in terms of Enchanted Treasures. Let's

fight using divine abilities!" Su Ming said flatly.

He would not use the Undertaker of Evil's Spear anymore in this fight. Chances of meeting powerful warriors like Shen Dong were rare for Su Ming. Now that he met this man, he wanted to see how much he had improved without the aid of any external powers.

"A fight without Enchanted Treasures... one only of divine abilities... Alright!"

Shen Dong might usually be a sullen man, but if he could become the Grand Sect Elder of a sect, then he would naturally have his own manner of courage and resolve when solving problems, as well as his own charms. Once he heard Su Ming's words, he nodded.

Right after that, he started forming seals with his right hand. Once he changed them multiple times, he waved his right hand before him, and a purplish red light appeared out of nowhere before him. As it shone, it turned into a purplish black bird. At the same moment a brutal look appeared in its eyes, a big bump started squirming on its back, and a small black humanoid crawled out of that bump before it let out a piercing screech towards the sky.

Its body seemed to be connected to the bird, which looked like a cuckoo, but was incredibly ferocious and murderous in appearance. Almost at the same moment it appeared, another bird manifested beside it. This was a crimson eagle with blood-red eyes shining with madness. There was also a bump squirming about on its back before another small black humanoid left it.

Right behind that eagle appeared an Andean condor, and behind it was a Garuda. Each of these birds was slightly bigger than the last, and all four of them were screeching as they flew before Shen Dong.

"This is my Four Moving Birds Art. This Art was formed once I killed four Immortals in Ascendant Stage, who were at the same stage as I was. With their souls and Nascent Divinities, I created

these birds..." Shen Dong said calmly. He did not attack immediately, but instead chose to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at the four birds. He could clearly feel a deep grudge surrounding these birds. That resentment seemed to have been suppressed within them for a long period of time, and because they could not vent their frustrations, that grudge grew deeper as time passed, causing their enmity to immediately make the world begin to feel a little indistinct right at the moment they appeared. It was as if they had even affected the endless amount of resentment in this land, and it was all gathering to this spot from all directions.

"What powerful grudge..."

Su Ming cast the four birds a glance. He knew that the matter of Shen Dong telling him the name of his divine art and how he had created it was a form of respect towards Su Ming, no matter whether his words were true or false.

This was the respect given to powerful warriors, and it was also an acknowledgement towards his status. Clearly, Su Ming was already a person who should be treated as an equal in Shen Dong's eyes. Even if Su Ming was a Berserker and they were both from different races, he would still give him the respect he deserved.

This was the first time Su Ming felt the respect from a powerful warrior. He cast Shen Dong a glance and lifted his right hand to position two of his fingers into a sword, then slowly swiped his left hand up those two fingers from the base to the tip, as if those two fingers had turned into an invisible sword. The whole motion was done slowly, and even when Su Ming swiped through those two fingers, he still continued having his left hand rise into the air. When his left hand was seven feet away from the two fingers, they immediately shined with a golden light.

As it grew to a piercing degree, Su Ming spread his right hand wide open, and immediately, the golden light that was spreading

outwards flowed back like streams of running water to cover Su Ming's right hand, causing it to look as if it had turned gold!

Su Ming formed another seal with his right hand, and with a flick of his wrist, the golden light became much brighter. His right hand also started withering slightly right before his eyes.

But he was not done just yet. He continued forming eight other seals, and with each one, his right hand would change. When he formed the ninth seal, it was already in an emaciated state. The golden light also changed to black. By doing so, Su Ming's right hand looked as if it had turned into a skeletal hand!

The black fingers and long fingernails were a stark contrast to his arm.

"There is no name to this divine ability... I gained it through an epiphany in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World after I went through fifty reincarnations. I fused my understanding of the source regarding binary opposites in this hand... and those who have died under this divine ability... can no longer be counted!

"That was what you saw in the beginning. After it went through my Nine Transformations Art, it changed nine times, and now, it can execute its strongest form..." Su Ming lifted his stated slowly as he lifted his head and looked at Shen Dong.

The Grand Sect Elder's pupils shrank. His divine ability was born from killing four powerful Immortals in Ascendance, and it was an incredibly remarkable divine ability among those in the same stage, but when he heard Su Ming's words, he could not help but suck in a sharp breath. In truth, when he saw Su Ming executing this divine ability, his heart was already in shock, and a vague memory surfaced in his mind, but he could not be certain of his guess.

"Candle Dragon... Nine Transformations..." Shen Dong's expression turned incredibly solemn, and he became even more

cautious than when he was facing the Berserkers' Disaster.

Translator's Notes:

1. The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind it: A word by word translation, since Shen Dong decided to name Su Ming after the oriole. It is a Chinese idiom derived from a story in the Writings of Chuang-Tzu. It means that a person who only cares about the profits and gains before him will not be able to see the troubles or problems lurking behind him.

2. Gu Yuan Hai: The old man with that Bright Yang Stone who self-destructed earlier. His surname/family name is Gu.

Chapter 627: Understanding

Su Ming made his right hand go through the nine transformations so that the pinnacle of the power of one seize he'd come to understand in the Undying and Imperishable World could erupt forth. It caused his right hand to be reduced to such an emaciated state that it looked skeletal.

Shen Dong formed a seal with both his hands and pointed forward with an incredibly solemn expression on his face. Starting from the cuckoo right up to the Garuda, the four birds in front of him immediately started screeching and flapping their wings before they charged towards Su Ming. The four small black humanoids that seemed to be part of the four birds opened their mouths wide on the birds' backs and let out piercing shrieks. As they formed various seals with their hands, they controlled their mounts so that they could close in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming's expression remained calm. He did not look at the four incoming birds, but instead placed his attention on his right hand. Almost at the moment the divine ability closed in and stirred up such a powerful gust of wind that it caused Su Ming's hair to dance wildly in the air, his right hand gained an amazing shade of gold.

It looked like a golden skeletal hand!

He lifted it and he made a seizing motion in the direction of the four incoming birds. At that instant, the cuckoo instantly trembled and froze in midair, as if the laws governing the world around it had changed to make the air around it to gain corporeal form in an instant. A powerful pressure squeezed down on it from all sides, as if it wanted to forcefully flatten that cuckoo in midair.

Immediately after, the eagle let out a shrill screech several dozens of feet behind the cuckoo. It was also forced to stop due to the power within that one seize. Loud booming sounds came from

within its body, and it also froze in midair, just like the cuckoo. As it struggled, the power freezing it in place became stronger.

Soon after, the Andean condor started trembling violently as well, and a shrill screech escaped from its beak before the bird managed to rush forward a hundred something feet more before being frozen in midair by that one seize.

Once the Andean condor was frozen in place, Su Ming took two steps backwards. A serious expression appeared on his face, and it was clear that this sort of confrontation using divine abilities was not easy for him.

The giant Garuda, which was the final bird, swiftly closed in on him with a loud whistle. Su Ming's power contained within the one seize could only slow it down marginally. It could not make it stop in midair.

When he saw that the Garuda was getting increasingly closer to him while causing a violent gust of wind to howl in the air that changed the weather, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His right hand, which was previously positioned in the manner as if he was seizing the air, furlled into a fist.

At the instant he completed the act of forming that fist, the cuckoo immediately crumbled with a bang, stirring up an endless air wave that swept in all directions. During that moment, the eagle also trembled and exploded, followed by the Andean condor.

As the three birds exploded and the force that was stirred up by their explosion spread out, it filled the sky with endless booming sounds, and made the gigantic Garuda face the whole force of impact with its slowed down body.

Wisps of white smoke flowed out from the three broken birds when Su Ming clenched his right hand into a fist. It was soon surrounded by the smoke, which continued gathering around the hand, and Su Ming's face turned even more serious.

He was already incredibly used to this Art of seizing and absorbing. Right then, once he made this Art go through the nine transformations, he had a strong hunch that there was a new transformation waiting in his clenched fist.

At the instant that feeling appeared, a furious screech came from the impact formed by the three crumbled birds. As that sound traveled through the air, the Garuda's huge body shot out of the waves caused by the impact as if it had broken free from them.

It was so quick that the bird closed in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye, which caused everything within his vision to turn blurry. Only that ferocious Garuda remained clear!

The black humanoid let out a piercing shriek on its back, and a destructive power crashed into Su Ming's face.

His eyes flashed with a brilliant light, and almost at the instant the Garuda approached him, he unfurled his right hand, pressed his fingers tight against each other, and pushed his palm forward.

Right at the moment he did so, those white wisps of smoke surrounding his palm instantly started twisting, and the vague shadows of the three birds could be seen within them. Then, in the blink of an eye, right when Su Ming pushed his palm forward, his hand swiftly crashed into the Garuda!

This scene itself was like a picture. Within it was Su Ming, whose hair was dancing from the wind while his body remained in midair. He had his right hand lifted before him, and he was pushing against a gigantic Garuda, on whose back was a small, ferocious looking, black humanoid.

Time seemed to have stopped when this scene happened, but it only stopped for an instant before it was immediately ripped apart by a loud, shocking bang.

As it reverberated in the air, the Garuda started shattering inch by inch. Once those cracks went through its entire body, it fell to

pieces. The small black humanoid on its back also let out a shrill shriek before it started dissipating like a person made of sand being blown apart by a violent gust of wind...

Su Ming was previously concealed by the Garuda's gigantic body, and only when it completely disappeared did he reveal himself. His face was slightly pale, but he continued standing in the air and did not even take a single step backwards. His hair was still dancing about, but his eyes were closed at that moment.

When the smoke around him gradually disappeared and everything returned to normal, Shen Dong stood not too far in the distance with a slightly pale face. There was also a complicated expression on his face, along with a hint of shock.

'Gaining an epiphany during a battle... This is... I actually met a person who could do this! Only a person with an incredibly high level of comprehensive abilities could gain epiphanies during a battle.'

In hesitation, he stared at Su Ming, and after some time, gave up on the idea of launching an ambush. He was a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, and he could accept dying in battle, but he would not be able to overcome his own principles to lay an ambush.

Su Ming opened his eyes. During that instant he struck out with his palm, he had unconsciously sunk into a strange condition. It was difficult for him to describe that feeling, but it had felt as if everything around him had slowed down, so slow that he had gained enough time to think and counterattack.

In that state where everything had slowed down, he saw himself positioning his right hand flat, and at the instant he pushed forward, the white smoke turned into three birds, and they were the creatures that had been formed through Shen Dong's divine abilities.

He continued watching, and a faint, strange feeling rose within him, giving him the sensation as if he had come to possess a

Creation Art... With this hand, he could destroy everything, and then make all the things he destroyed manifest themselves...

Seize, absorb... and push.

Seizing was to destroy, absorbing was to take the pieces in, and pushing... was to create them anew!

When he was in that strange state, he also saw Shen Dong's face. In truth, that man's changes of expression at that time had slowed down greatly in Su Ming's eyes, and he could observe him in detail and analyze his every move. If Shen Dong had truly attacked him, then Su Ming would have had enough time in that condition to wake up from the strange state.

This sort of feeling where the world had slowed down and only he remained the same made Su Ming's thought processes become much more active. He had a strong hunch that if he could stay in this sort of condition to understand all that was going on around him, then he could control the world and the universe.

But unfortunately, this feeling only lasted for several breaths before it immediately disappeared. When everything around him regained its normal flow of time, Su Ming woke up.

As his eyes started sparkling brilliantly, Shen Dong lifted his right hand.

"I failed to match up to you in our first match..."

A flash appeared in his eyes, and when he lifted his right hand, he formed a circle with his index finger and his thumb before he swiftly pushed his hand towards the sky. Immediately, a large amount of black fog swiftly seeped out of his right hand and started rapidly spreading through the area. In the blink of an eye, it covered Shen Dong's entire body, and when there were multiple layers of it, a huge figure of a hundred something feet tall stood before Su Ming.

That figure was formed completely of black fog, and it looked

almost alive. Once it appeared, it let out a roar that sounded like the clap of thunder. Su Ming knew that Shen Dong was within this giant. This was the second time he saw this divine ability.

Shen Dong had executed this ability once before Su Ming when he was fighting against the Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Mountain. The shadow figure might have been destroyed by the bell, but Shen Dong had been completely uninjured!

"This Giant Spirit Transformation Art is one of the three ultimate Arts in Evil Spirit Art. The giant spirit formed by this Art contains the power to support the world, and it can absorb the spiritual aura around the world so that it would never die!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, please accept this strike from my giant spirit!"

Shen Dong's voice rumbled in the air when his words tumbled out of the giant's mouth. The giant did not move, but lifted its right hand and stretched it behind itself, its whole body bent backwards like a bow. Soon after, as a shocking roar reverberated through the area, the giant clenched its right fist, its bent body pulled taut and straight, and hurled its fist forward with a loud bang.

The gigantic fist stirred up a piercing sound that sliced through the air. It also caused the air to truly shatter, as if it could not withstand Shen Dong's divine ability. Wherever his fist went, the signs of air shattering could be seen.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He could feel sharp stabs of pain all over his body at that moment, and he even felt as if his breathing froze at that moment. He could clearly feel all the air in the area having been extracted as that fist came charging through, causing the place to instantly turn into a state similar to when he cast the third Style of his Wind Separation.

It was as if all the air around him had been absorbed by that fist to turn into a shocking power that came charging towards him.

However, Su Ming did not back down. He could do so, and neither did he want to!

'As expected of a powerful Immortal who has reached Great Circle of Ascendance, the equivalent of a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!'

A fierce battle spirit appeared in Su Ming's eyes. If Shen Dong respected him, then he would also respect this powerful warrior.

Even if their races were different, even if their dreams were different, and even if the way they lived was different, Su Ming would still give him the respect he should receive as a powerful warrior.

"This is the God of Berserkers' Roar... though I have no idea just which God of Berserkers invented this..."

At the same time that punch came charging towards Su Ming, he spoke calmly, and the instant his words echoed in the air, he let out his strongest roar at the incoming punch!

That roar rose swiftly into the air, causing booming sounds to instantly ring through the area.

Su Ming's power started bursting forth from his body at the same time. Clearly, he... had held back during the first match.

Chapter 628: Amicable

A roar that sounded like a clap of thunder that filled the entire world spread out, and during that instant, it caused Shen Dong's punch to instantly start slowing down several dozens of feet away from Su Ming. The giant also started trembling, as if it was about to disintegrate.

At that moment, Su Ming was using up an eighth of all the power in his body!

Those eight-tenths of his power was equivalent to the pinnacle of his strength when he fought against Di Tian in the past. But even though he brought that power out, that fist might have slowed down and looked as if was about to disintegrate, but it still continued moving forward and continued getting closer to Su Ming. The destructive power behind it seemed to be able to destroy Su Ming's physical body and soul if it struck him!

Shen Dong, who was hidden in the giant's body, had veins popping out on his face at that moment. All his power had erupted from his body and turned into the strongest power he could muster within the giant. It was the power that could stand up against the Berserkers' Disaster, and the fist swiftly increased in speed. With a bang, it closed in on Su Ming, as if it had just overpowered his strength of when the pinnacle of his state in the past.

Yet those eight-tenths of the power was just the pinnacle of what Su Ming had in the past. He might not have reached full recovery right then, but he had already recovered almost nine-tenths of his cultivation base, and the additional amount of power was released for the first time at that moment.

An explosive force burst out swiftly from Su Ming's body and fused into his God of Berserkers' roar, causing the wave of sound to suppress all manner of sound within the world, as if taking all of them over. At that moment, that roar exploded forth.

At the instant it reverberated through the air, the huge fist before Su Ming crumbled. As it shattered, inch by inch, the pieces fell backwards. The fog dispersed, and Shen Dong coughed up a mouthful of blood. He staggered ten steps back, and with each one, he would make the air shake, and the distance between each step was equal to ten feet!

After those ten steps, he was pushed a hundred feet backwards!

Su Ming's face was pale. When he finished the roar and when the fog giant Shen Dong had transformed into collapsed, Su Ming also coughed up a mouthful of blood and similarly retreated ten steps before managing to stabilize his body.

His breathing was rapid, and when he lifted his head, he looked at Shen Dong, who also had blood trickling down the corners of his mouth.

The two of them watched each other, just like that. Both of them had clearly held back during their first match, and that was why Shen Dong had put up a slightly less than stellar fight. Yet during their second match, he had brought out all his power, and the strength of it had caused Su Ming to be unable to fend against it even with the pinnacle of his power before he was injured. If he had not possessed hidden strength, then he would have lost this battle.

When he revealed the one-tenth of that power he had gained during his recovery and stirred up a loud bang that surged into the sky, both of them coughed up a mouthful of blood and were pushed back ten steps, a clear sign that they were both equally matched!

Only a completely evenly matched fight could bring forth the greatest amount of satisfaction and delight. The two of them continued watching each other while standing some two hundred feet apart. Neither of them spoke, only their gazes meeting one another.

After some time, a faint smile gradually appeared at the corners of Shen Dong's lips, and Su Ming's reaction was a mirror-copy. A smile curled up his lips, and it slowly grew wider until eventually turning into a loud peal of laughter.

Shen Dong laughed, and Su Ming, too, laughed. In this empty battlefield, the two people who had been fighting just moments ago were both laughing from the bottom of their hearts, and there was, strangely enough, not a hint of discordance in this. Instead, there was a perfect harmony in their laughter born from an appreciation of each other's presence, a respect towards each other, and an acknowledgement as well as affirmation towards the other.

"This battle... is enjoyable indeed!" As Shen Dong laughed, he lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag, and a gourd immediately flew out from within. Once he held it in his hand, he flicked off the cork, and a thick aroma of wine wafted into the air. He threw his head back and drank a mouthful from it.

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, would you like some?"

Once Shen Dong drank that mouthful of wine along with the blood in his mouth, he smiled and looked towards Su Ming. There was a hint of respect within his eyes, one that hadn't appeared once after he came to the Berserkers' world. Even when he was before Evil Sect's Ji An, he only held that man in reverence. It was not the same thing as respect.

"I'm a Berserker." Su Ming was still smiling, but it was gradually tainted with a hint of mixed feelings.

They were born from how this person had gained his respect through due to both his words and actions during this one battle, even though they had not had much contact with each other before this. That sort of appreciation towards each other's presence had not just appeared within Shen Dong's heart. It had also appeared within Su Ming's heart.

But the difference of their races was the final nail in the coffin of their relationship.

"So what? You're the second person I've met among the Berserkers who deserves my respect and admiration. Fellow Daoist Oriole, you are courageous but cautious, and you do things resolutely. Even though you have plenty of Enchanted Treasures and even possess the power of the Undertaker of Evil's Spear, you still chose to not use it...

"You also had the chance to gravely injure me when you pushed me back with that power from your roar, but you chose not to... We might be of different races, but I only know that I enjoyed this fight very much!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, I will only give those I acknowledge this wine. I'll ask you one more time, do you want it?" Shen Dong looked at Su Ming, and his laughter rang in the air. His honest and straightforward presence revealed itself and instantly chased away all the gloominess about him.

He might be from Evil Sect, but true men also existed within Evil Sect!

Su Ming looked at Shen Dong and lifted his right hand swiftly to seize that gourd through the air. The gourd instantly flew out from Shen Dong's hand and charged towards Su Ming. Once he grabbed it, he looked at Shen Dong and placed the gourd by his lips before he took a big swig from it.

"This battle is indeed enjoyable! But this wine is even more enjoyable!" The wine in Su Ming's mouth turned into a burning wave of heat that spread through his body as if it had drawn up a line of fire, and it actually managed to make a hint of his cultivation base recover.

It might be just a hint, but it was enough to show just how precious this wine was!

"If you like it, then this humble Shen will give you that gourd in your hands as a gift!" Shen Dong laughed, and a delighted expression appeared on his face. This was an incredibly rare expression on his face, which was usually schooled to a gloomy look.

However, Su Ming could tell based on his experience that there was not a hint of deceit in that expression. Shen Dong was sincere.

"I came to the land of Berserkers to break out of Ascendant Stage and a chance to reach the second step. Fellow Daoist Oriole, your Berserker cultivation method is very unique. You must have also reached a critical stage. If we can both reach a breakthrough, I'd like to fight against you again!" Shen Dong looked at Su Ming and brought out another gourd from his storage bag before he started drinking huge mouthfuls from it.

"We still haven't exchanged our third blow. Do you still want to fight?" Shen placed the gourd down and started laughing heartily.

"Of course!" Su Ming, too, laughed heartily. As they met each other's gazes, they could no longer find any hate in each other's eyes, but a glint screaming of a refusal to admit defeat was shining in both their eyes.

"I will be casting a divine ability I obtained purely by coincidence when I was in the land of Immortals. This Art was left behind by the Immortals of the past. I've been practicing it for many years, but I still haven't mastered it completely. This Art... is called... Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal!

"With my current level of cultivation, I can only bring forth the power of one seal. Fellow Daoist Oriole, please have a look!"

Once Shen Dong finished speaking, he suddenly bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a blood arrow. It abruptly exploded, and when it scattered into the air, seven indistinct shadows manifested. Once they appeared, an incredibly thick and great aura of death instantly surged in from all directions. Once the shadows

absorbed all that aura, they swiftly became more corporeal.

All seven of these people wore crowns and were dressed in robes with the sky embroidered on it. Their faces could not be seen clearly, but a mighty pressure that made Su Ming's heart tremble came from those people.

Immediately after, the seven shadows dressed with the sky patterned robes lifted their right hands, and with a swing of their arms, the weather changed, and the land in all directions changed. The sky disappeared as well, covered by a layer of green fog.

At the same time, the seven shadows dressed in sky patterned robes also disappeared, but right at the moment they vanished, a great wave of danger came crashing towards Su Ming from below him.

When he whipped his head downwards, his pupils shrank. He saw that the ground that had been replaced by the green fog had now turned into a gigantic seal.

It was green in color, and it was spreading out the pressure that was causing Su Ming's heart to tremble. It looked as if it was about to begin operating at any moment to bring forth the destructive power that belonged to the Seven Abyssal Sinister Yin Seal. One that could destroy the world.

However, this gigantic seal was not centered on Su Ming. He was only located at the edge of it. At the instant he looked over, Shen Dong let out a low growl that reverberated in the air.

Immediately, a piercing green light erupted from the green fog seal, and it covered everything within it. No rumbling sounds could be heard, and neither did any sort of ripples that shook the sky appear. When the light disappeared, Su Ming was still standing on the ground, and Shen Dong was standing in the distance with a pale face.

The green fog disappeared, and the Seven Abyssal Sinister Yin

Seal vanished with it.

However... there was an empty space about several thousands of feet away from this place at that moment. It was a hundred li in size, and a gigantic pit seemed to have appeared over there, because the ground there had disappeared. The sky there had also become an indistinct mess. In fact, there was a gigantic pit at the top of the sky that was slowly closing up at that moment.

Su Ming fell silent.

Shen Dong's breathing was quick. After some time, he looked towards Su Ming, and a smile appeared on his face.

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, there might just be one seal in the Art I cast just now, but what do you think of its might?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, then reopened them several breaths later before he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Shen Dong and bowed towards him. He did not answer the Immortal's question, but chose to lift his right hand with the back of his hand turned towards the sky and his palm turned towards the ground.

"If my hand symbolizes time, then one side represents the past, and the other represents the future..." Su Ming mumbled softly. For the first time, the black dye in his hair that Ugly Little Thing's family had used to cover him up faded away, revealing a startling combination of white and purple!

At the same time, the shocking sight of time flowing back appeared when Su Ming said those words and waved his hand.

Shen Dong's eyes went wide, and disbelieving shock as well as astonishment appeared within them. He stared at the time on the ground and sky swiftly flowing back with a dumbfounded expression. The pit in the ground in the distance disappeared, the hole in the sky vanished, then, when he saw the gigantic Verdant Abyssal Seal appearing once again between the sky and earth, he sucked in a sharp breath.

'What divine ability is this?!' Shen Dong's heart trembled, and he suddenly felt fortunate that he had not thought about killing Su Ming with the Verdant Abyssal Seal, or else...

Su Ming looked at the restored Verdant Abyssal Seal in the world, and a sparkle of curiosity appeared in his eyes, so he started looking at it carefully.

He looked as if he was copying it, using his heart as his drawing board and his soul as his pen...

Chapter 629: Sold Off...

The first thing Su Ming copied in his life allowed him to create Berserker Obliteration. He might have gradually reduced the use of this Art as his level of cultivation increased, but it was his first step towards becoming a powerful Berserker.

In his second copy he recreated the Roc's great speed, allowing his speed to surpass his limits. His understanding as well as mastery towards wind then gave him the opportunity to obtain the Wind Berserker's Inheritance, which let him master the three styles of Wind Separation.

And on this day, during the final exchange in the promised three divine abilities duel in his match against Shen Dong, Su Ming decided to copy something once again!

This time, he did not have a drawing board, because his heart was the drawing board itself! This time, he did not hold a pen in his hand, because his soul was the world's pen!

With Destiny's control over the cycles of time, he watched time flow back and observed the changes in the Verdant Abyssal Seal before he fused all his observations into the copy in his heart. At that moment, the world Su Ming saw in his eyes was surrounded by green fog. Then, after it appeared, it gathered together into a seal before eventually exploding with a bang. The thing that triggered the explosion was not the power of cultivation, not the life force within the world, and neither was it the spiritual aura in the universe. It was instead triggered by... a faint wisp of the power of death.

The power of that blast had moved Su Ming, caused his heart to race, made his pupils shrink, and even made his breathing immediately quicken.

He now knew why such a huge pit would appear in the sky. He now knew the source of Verdant Abyssal Seal's great strength. He

had seen that the pit in the sky was not formed because of the sky's collapse, but had been caused because of the endless Yin Death aura behind the sky having spilled forward, tearing through the sky to descend to this place, as if it had been summoned here.

This Yin Death aura was the power from the Yin Death Fog beyond the sky!

'Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal... Verdant Abyssal Seal!'

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. If it was not because of Destiny, he would not have seen the source of Verdant Abyssal Seal's power. If time had not flowed back, he would not have been able to see the entire process of the seal fading away!

If this was his first time copying something, just like he did when he was at the ninth summit and copying something to clear his own mind, then he would not have been able to see the source of this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal with just one glance!

Green gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes, though it instantly vanished. He closed his eyes.

Shen Dong's eyes were wide from disbelief and shock at the moment. There was also a hint of incredulity in his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming.

'That divine ability just now... Time reversal... With that divine ability, he observed my Yin Death Seal and actually managed to find some clues about how it works. By the looks of it, he had also come to understand it somewhat... Just what sort of comprehensive ability does this person have? If he truly understood the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal, I... I... This is impossible!'

Shen Dong laughed wryly. He remembered that he had used a long amount of time to practice this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal, and even now, he had only managed to somewhat master the first seal.

If Su Ming had truly managed to see through the true form and the origin of the Art, then this would definitely deal a huge blow to Shen Dong's pride.

As he laughed wryly, Su Ming opened his eyes. A green vortex shone in his eyes, and when Shen Dong saw it, a loud roar rang in his heart.

"Thank you for you Art, brother Shen!"

Su Ming's eyes regained focus. The green vortex in his pupils vanished, and with a stern look on his face, he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Shen Dong.

The Immortal was momentarily stunned, then he carefully asked, "You... You learned it?"

"There are still some parts that remain unclear to me, and I only managed to understand some of it. This Art uses the will of death within itself to stir up the aura of death from the world to form this Rune so that it can summon the Yin Death Fog beyond the sky. Once everything connects together, the Yin Death aura that is filled with death will explode," Su Ming said calmly.

Shen Dong's breathing quickened, and his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming was filled with astonishment, shock, complicated feelings, and also distress. After a long while, he laughed wryly and shook his head.

"My fellow Daoist, I've only seen that sort of comprehensive ability you possess in Ye Wang, who is among our generation. This match has ended, and I have lost. Even if that Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal had landed on you just now, that time reversal divine ability of yours would still have been able to break my Art." Shen Dong sucked in a deep breath and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Our match today was truly delightful. I've also obtained quite a lot from this match, and I can feel that I'm no longer far away from

reaching my breakthrough. For this, I must thank you, my fellow Daoist...

"But you must be careful. The death of an Evil Spirit Sect Elder in Ascendance is no trivial matter. I have my duties at hand and must report this... I hope you will remain safe." As Shen Dong spoke, he cast Su Ming a deep look and turned around before he changed into a long arc and charged into the distance.

Su Ming watched Shen Dong leave, and after a long while, the green vortex of fog appeared in his eyes once again. As it spun, Su Ming slowly lifted his right hand, and the same green vortex of fog could be seen on his right hand. A thick aura of death seeped out.

'You are not from Yin Death Region, that's why mastering this Art is so difficult for you... The senior who created this divine ability must have surely come from Yin Death Region...

'Judging by Shen Dong's words, he obtained this Art in the land of Immortals. If that is the case... then if the senior who created this divine ability truly came from Yin Death Region, how... did he manage to get out of this place?'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky. A chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

"One of these days, I will definitely break through this sky... and step into your world. I can feel it, that day is no longer far away," Su Ming mumbled. He clenched his right hand tightly into a fist, and the green vortex on his palm immediately disappeared. He turned around and strode towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, which was now gradually brightening up as the light of dawn was slowly chasing away the darkness.

Almost at the moment Su Ming moved towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, a gigantic dragon head peeked out of the clouds in the endless sky above the ground, right before darkness was broken by light.

That dragon's head was yellowish brown, and there was a murderous look on its stern countenance. As it lowered its head, it swept its gaze across the land, as if it was looking at Su Ming. On its back was a woman with rosy cheeks. There were roasted seeds in her hands, and she was eating them as her eyes twinkled with a lively sparkle.

'He's a rare Abyss Builder, a race rumored to have gone extinct in the Emperor of Abyss' True World... and he has high comprehensive abilities as well... And when I was watching him fight against that Immortal from the inferior world in True Morning Dao World... he showed the signs of the Abyss as well. I didn't expect to be able to see such a person here!' The woman's eyes sparkled, and when some unknown thought struck her head, she slowly started chuckling, with evident smugness.

'He's from the Emperor of Abyss' True World, and also a rare Abyss Builder, and he has such incredible comprehensive abilities, and has even showed signs of the Abyss to boot... Aaah~ Just what sort of good things can I get if I sell this person off?

'Who should I sell him to? Should I sell him to grandpa Prince Ming, or big sister Fu Shui, or should I just straight up sell him to the Emperor of Abyss?' As these thoughts raced in the woman's head, her spirits lifted and her eyes shone in excitement. She had even stopped eating the seeds.

"Ah, I don't care. I'll sell him to everyone. Then at least my efforts for saving him previously won't be wasted. I'll just treat it as getting paid for saving him, but I don't think I'll go to the Emperor of Abyss. That old man is too shrewd and miserly. He won't even give a single spirit stone!"

Once the yellow dragon heard those words, it immediately shuddered, and terror appeared on its face.

The woman's expression grew even more smug, and she reached out to grab the yellow dragon's head with her right hand. The

dragon shuddered and instinctively ducked its head, causing the woman to grab empty air.

"Xiao Huang, you're being disobedient!" The woman glared at the dragon, but her voice was incredibly sweet, able to make all those who heard it to feel their bodies tingle. That is to say if they did not see her face.

The murderous and stern look was gone from the yellow dragon's face, replaced by a miserable expression. It closed its eyes, and the woman grabbed its head with her right hand. Then, with one quick yank, she plucked three whiskers from its head. The yellow dragon yelped in pain.

The woman took one of the three whiskers and opened her petite mouth before blowing on it softly. A breath of her life drifted into the air. When it touched the whisker, it was immediately set afire.

As it burned, a wisp of white smoke floated into the sky, but it did not dissipate. Instead, it gathered together in midair and turned into a ring-shaped circle. The inside of it was muddy, and whatever was inside could not be seen clearly.

"Grandpa Prince Ming, I know you can hear me. Stop hiding." The woman blinked and let out a fake cough before she spoke sweetly.

The circle remained murky, and not a hint of change could be detected. The white smoke was also slowly disappearing, and by the looks of it, it would not take too long before it completely disappeared.

"Ah... and here I just found a person with great potential. The first person I thought of to tell was you, you know? But oh well, since you're not here, then I guess I'll have to go to big sister Fu Shui..."

The woman put on a regretful face, but she was staring at the circle of smoke without so much as blinking. When the circle

became even thinner, a thought appeared in her head.

"Oh well, I guess this Abyss Builder is simply not fated to meet you, grandpa Prince Ming. Oh well..." As the woman spoke, she lifted her right hand, but just as she was about to wave her hand to dispel the almost completely gone circle of smoke—

At the instant she said her final sentence, the thin circle of smoke immediately froze and no longer continued fading away. Instead, it swiftly gathered together, and the murkiness within instantly went away to be replaced by clarity.

A chamber was shown within the circle, and there was an old man with a head full of white hair sitting cross-legged within it. The old man's form was indistinct, and his face could not be seen clearly. However, his gaze could be felt piercing through the circle of smoke, and he was looking at the woman.

"Hey there, old man Ming. It's been a while." The woman's lips lifted into a playful smile, and she lifted her hand to give him a little wave, as if she was greeting him.

"Hmph, how rude! Where are your manners?! You're always acting so wildly! How dare you steal the Cross Borders Spirit just so that you can run away from getting married to the Emperor of Abyss' fourth prince? Do you have any idea just what sort of trouble you've got yourself into this time?!"

"Eh... Gee, old man, that's my personal problem. Why are you butting into my business? So what if I want to run away? What Cross Borders Spirit are you talking about? I don't know what you're saying..." the woman said with a huff, glaring. As for the Cross Borders Spirit, she could only express confusion.

The yellow dragon beneath her put on a miserable face. Just as it was about to lower its head, the old man's voice traveled through the circle of smoke.

"Fine. I don't want to be bothered by this anyway. What Abyss

Builder were you talking about just now?" The old man changed the topic and finally talked about the reason behind him showing up.

Chapter 630: The Emperor of Abyss's True World Expectations!

"I didn't mention anything about an Abyss Builder. You pissed me off, so I'm not telling you!" A smug expression appeared on the woman's face. After casting a sideways glance at the old man in the circle of smoke, she put on a regretful expression.

"It's a pity for that young man. He really has such good potential. He's young, has shocking comprehensive abilities, can use his heart as his drawing board and his soul as his pen to copy the changes in the world!" As the woman spoke, she cast another glance at the circle of smoke.

The old man there might still be indistinct, but it could be seen that he was unmoved, and not a single hint of change in emotion could be detected on him. It was as if he was completely unbothered by finding a person who had high comprehensive abilities.

"Copying using the heart and soul isn't much," the old man stated slowly.

"With power that is equivalent to the Ascendant Stage, he fought against a person in the Second Step. He had laid out plot after plot against his opponent, and while he didn't win in the end, he managed to push that person in the Second Step into an incredibly pathetic state. He also managed to escape," the woman said once again.

"There might not be many who have an incredibly calculative mind and manage to fight against a person stronger than themselves, but they're not really that rare." This time, the old man in the circle of smoke remained silent for a moment before he spoke.

"Then what if I say he's not really that old and has showed signs

of the Abyss... and that he can turn back time?" The woman remained calm as she spoke with a light chuckle.

Yet once she said those words, the circle of smoke instantly distorted, and after a moment, the old man's voice traveled forth swiftly.

"Turning back time?"

"That's right. He also has the Abyss Builder's presence. Based on my observations and judgments, I'm nine out of ten certain that he is an Abyss Builder, one of the member of the race that is rumored to have been wiped out in the Emperor of Abyss' True World," the woman said smugly after looking at the circle of smoke for a bit.

This time, the old man remained silent for an even longer period of time, and that silence lasted until his slightly excited voice traveled forth, despite his seemingly calm face.

"Are you certain he is an Abyss Builder and he showed signs of the Abyss?"

The woman did not speak. She lifted her right hand, and a jade slip flew out, floating into the circle of smoke. It shone with a brilliant light, and a scene was depicted within that light. This was naturally the fight between Su Ming and Di Tian, as well as Su Ming's fight against Shen Dong.

"Where is he?" After some time, a low voice immediately came out of the circle of smoke, and as the smoke distorted, a faint sight of the old man standing up from his previously meditative position could be seen.

"Ah... This is such an aggravating thing! I was willing to sacrifice my future happiness for the Emperor of Abyss' True World's future by coming out here to search for your scion, is it an easy thing for me to do?

"I was even sorely misunderstood!

"Ahem. Oh well, I'll write it off if you give me ten Abyss Piercer

Swords, a hundred Dark Abyss Cores, three hundred Spirit Disintegration Pills, and a chance to undergo the Abhiṣeka Ceremony [1] in Abyss Lake." The woman counted with her fingers and put on an expression as if she was suffering a huge loss as she spoke.

"You little brat... Fine. I'll give these things to you. Now tell me, where is the child!" When the old man's resigned voice reached the woman, she broke off into a smile, and immediately brought out another jade slip which she threw into the circle of smoke.

As a layer of ripples shone in the air, everything instantly vanished.

Within the universe was a galaxy, and within that galaxy was one of the four Great True Realms - the Emperor of Abyss' True World. In the middle of an endless space was a black, floating continent. The end of it could not be seen, and its land was barren. Not a single hint of life could be detected there.

At the center of that continent was a ruin filled with a desolate air. Within its boundless space was a house, and the door to that house was pushed opened silently at that moment.

An old man in long white robes walked out. His entire body was indistinct and he could not be seen clearly, but the hint of expectation in his eyes shone clearly.

"He's indeed an Abyss Builder... I didn't expect that there would still be an Abyss Builder in this world... The only problematic thing is that he's in True Morning Dao World... but even if he's in True Morning Dao World's Yin Death Region, I will still go and see whether he is real!"

As he spoke, he took a step forward. His body fused into the darkness and he vanished into thin air.

In another spot within the Emperor of Abyss' True World was a river of black stars. Its precise area could not be determined, but it

was shining so brilliantly that even those far away from it could see it vaguely from the distance.

A large number of cultivators could be seen moving about in that endless river of stars... Deeper in there was a lake, and at the center of it an island. A woman could be found sitting in there at that moment. She wore a black veil over her face, and stars were sparkling in her eyes. Almost at the same time the old man left, a floating vortex appeared before her, and within it were the youthful woman and her yellow dragon.

"Big sister Fu Shui... A hundred Ap Vat Vriksha[2] Cores, and five hundred Stella Via Lactea[3] pints. You also have to help me call off my marriage with the Emperor of Abyss' fourth son, then I'll tell you where that Abyss Builder is. You're the first person I spoke to, if you refuse, then I'll immediately go tell that old man Ming."

The woman in the veil frowned and glared at the woman in the vortex, but the doting look in her eyes could not be hidden away even by the stern expression on her face.

When the vortex disappeared, a pensive look appeared in her eyes.

"There's actually still an Abyss Builder in this world...? Abyss Builders... The last of them died tens of thousands of years ago under the Rho Leonis Disaster [4]..." When she mentioned the Rho Leonis Disaster, a hint of terror flashed briefly on the woman's face.

"If we trace back further, it is even said that the entire Emperor of Abyss's True World was created by that race, and if he's really an Abyss Builder, then it will be a great fortune for the Emperor of Abyss' True World!" The woman slowly stood up, and as her eyes sparkled, she took a step forward and disappeared into the air.

When light began lightening the world at dawn, Su Ming charged towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch like a specter. In his hand was a jade slip, and it was the thing left behind in Gu Yuan Hai's

storage bag.

A treasure cave in his sect under Thousand River Valley was clearly stated within it. All of the things that they could not take away in time when a sudden disaster fell on their heads were stored in that place.

As Su Ming moved forward, he did not make a sound. However, he could hear the occasional faint screams of pain from Hidden Dragon Sect. Those were the people Evil Spirit Sect killed as they continued with their pillaging activities, and these people were all being swiftly eliminated.

There was also the matter of the cage that was formed due to the seal. Besides Gu Yuan Hai, who might be able to escape with grave injuries using his power, all of the others would not be able to break free of the seal even if they managed to escape from Thousand River Valley.

That was why those faint screams of pain would reach Su Ming's ears from all around him. These were the sounds Hidden Dragon Sect disciples let out before they were cruelly killed off once they were discovered in their hiding spots.

Su Ming remained calm. He was not about to become a saint and stop this massacre. This battle between the Immortals had nothing to do with him. He drifted along silently, and when he arrived at the foot of Thousand River Valley, which was also the canyon right under Hidden Dragon Sect's hanging bridge, he stopped.

Once he checked the jade slip in his hand carefully, he spread his divine sense outwards, and after a moment, he charged down the canyon once more. Before long, he stopped again, and his gaze fell on the mountain wall before him.

That portion of the mountain looked normal. It was filled with moss, and there was an ancient air seeping out of there, a clear sign that it had existed for a long time. Not a single ripple of spiritual aura could be detected from the area, and neither were there any

signs of the place being cut out before.

As Su Ming stood there, a surprised sparkle appeared in his eyes. He lifted his right hand, but just as he was about to form a seal, he frowned. Once he lifted his head and looked above him, he ignored whatever was up there and continued forming the seal before he struck that very normal mountain rock.

After a moment, as loud whistling that seemed to be able to slice through the air came from above, and as Su Ming continued delivering the seals on that mountain rock, that seemingly normal rock immediately started shuddering with loud rumbling sounds. Soon, as if a veil had been lifted, the moss disappeared to reveal a sealed off cave abode.

There was a notch on the door that was a perfect fit for a jade slip. Su Ming did not hesitate and threw it into the notch.

Rumbling sounds instantly came from the mountain door as it slowly opened up.

Right at the instant it did so, the whistling sounds that sliced through air from above became even more frequent, and a faint eerie voice reached Su Ming's ears.

"Boy, where's the treasure trove you said? If you were lying to us, then I will use your spirit as the missing primary spirit for my Heavenly Treasure Streamer. It'll fill you with hate as you die from torture!"

That voice was somewhat familiar to Su Ming. After a moment of thought, he remembered that it belonged to the thin Inner Sect disciple who had wanted to use him as a Blood Sacrifice when they were on the flying Enchanted Vessel.

Su Ming ignored the voice and walked into the cave abode. At the instant he stepped in, the fog above immediately churned, and three long arcs charged out.

The person leading the group was the thin Inner Sect disciple,

and the two people behind him had bloodshot eyes filled with greed and anticipation. They followed closely behind him, and one of them had a quivering young man clamped under his arm. By the looks of his clothes, he was a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple.

At the instant they showed up from the fog, the thin Inner Sect disciple leading the ground saw the opened cave abode on the mountain wall, and he also saw Su Ming standing over there.

He was momentarily stunned before he immediately started laughing.

"How dare an Outer Sect disciple like you try to steal our spoils? You're in luck, because my Blood Sacrifice's power is full right now. Get out of my face!" As the thin Inner Sect disciple laughed coldly, he charged towards Su Ming. This kid was nothing in his eyes, and if he did not move, he would just kill him.

He was more concerned of the treasure trove in the cave abode that the Hidden Dragon Sect disciple had spoken of.

The two people behind him looked at Su Ming coldly. As they charged forward, they closed in on the place. Only the young man under one of their arms was staring at the opened door with a dumbfounded expression. He had noticed that there was a jade slip inserted on the door in a barely noticeable fashion. He could not help but find his pupils shrinking as he looked at Su Ming swiftly.

"What? Not moving? You puny ant from the Outer Sect, if you want to die, then I'll grant your wish!"

Once the thin person closed in, he saw that Su Ming wasn't moving, and a faint hint of impatience stirred up in him. He lifted his right hand, thinking of killing Su Ming, but right at the moment he did so, he saw Su Ming's eyes.

Those were a pair of calm eyes, so calm that they were terrifying. The calmness within them seemed to be such that would not shake a single bit even if the world crumbled before it. They were so calm

that it made the thin Inner Sect disciple instinctively feel his heart trembling the moment he saw them.

Translator's Notes:

1. Abhiṣeka Ceremony (灌顶, guan4 ding3): In layman terms, to 'expel' and 'instill'. It is the most important and basic ceremony in Tibetan Buddhism, and each monk must go through it whenever they move up a new rank. All disciples must have their Master pour water on their heads. This water is supposed to be Buddha's protection and mercy, and the head is supposed to be soaked so as to show the supremacy of Buddhism.

2. Ap Vat Vriksha (水榕, shui3 rong2): Ap is Sanskrit for water, and vat vriksha is Sanskrit for the banyan tree. Banyan trees are supposed to be sacred. Reason Sanskrit is used, it's underwhelming to call it Water Banyan Tree Core.

3. Stella Via Lactea (天河星辰, tian1 he2 xing1 chen2): Is Latin for stars and Milky Way. Reason Latin is used? Well, Stars Milky Way is... pfft.

4. Rho Leonis Disaster (轩劫, xuan2 jie2): How do I even do this without spoiling stuff...? The word 轩 (xuan2) is very important, it's related to a legendary Chinese mythological character said to have created China. It is part of his family name, which is two characters, and that family name is part of a constellation (in Chinese astrology) made of 17 stars. Rho Leonis is what is believed to be the head of this constellation (maybe, others say it's Regulus). The eventual appearance of this character is the reason why I believe that the word 轩 refers to his family name, and not the other meanings associated with this word. When he eventually appears, I will give all the links.

Chapter 631: Eight Doors with Runic Symbols!

The thin Inner Sect disciple had quite extraordinary power, but that description of being extraordinary could only be applied when he was being compared to his fellow sect members. To Su Ming, this sort of person with only that kind power had provoked him twice, so there was no way he would continue indulging him.

He was calm, and that calmness was an expression of his aloofness.

The thin Inner Sect disciple's heart was trembling at that moment. He suddenly felt a wave of terror he had never sensed before from Su Ming, and especially from those aloof eyes. When he met their gaze, he felt as if two sharp swords pierced right through him, rushing into his eyes and sweeping into his mind before stabbing his heart. They then turned into tens of thousands of lightning bolts in his body, and they were all letting out explosive sounds within him.

Those rumbling lightning bolts shattered his heart and ripped through his soul, causing his breathing to quicken and his eyes to widen when he was less than five feet away from Su Ming.

He abruptly coughed up a mouthful of blood, and it dyed his shirt red, causing the thin Inner Sect disciple to tremble, and at that moment, numerous bloody cracks immediately appeared on his skin. They continued spreading outwards, and in the blink of an eye, they filled his entire body. He could feel an invisible pressure that fell on him like mountains, ready to crush and flatten him. It was as if his entire world had crumbled completely at that moment.

His heart raced madly, thumping loudly against his chest. It was gaining speed rapidly, and the thin Inner Sect disciple's face turned stark pale. A bang rang out in his chest, and his heart exploded,

unable to bear with the pressure.

Once that happened, his organs were also crushed in that instant. His body turned into a bloody mess with a loud bang, as he stood five feet away from Su Ming. The torn pieces then collapsed to the ground.

The blood and flesh spilled all over the place, but none of it fell on Su Ming's body. It was as if the thin Inner Sect disciple did not dare to get close to Su Ming even in death.

Su Ming had not cast any sort of divine ability, had not even lifted his hand to cause the thin man's death. He had only used the might formed by his own power to press down on him. This sort of power had practically gained physical form as Su Ming's level of cultivation increased!

The two fellow sect members of the deceased thin man stood dumbfounded and confused by what they saw. The person to react first was the one who was not holding onto the young man from Hidden Dragon Sect. With a pale face, he immediately retreated without any hesitation, turning into a long arc and leaving this place in haste.

Terror filled his entire body, and the rhythmic beat of his heart was replaced by tremors. Shock and fear became the only things in his heart, and as he retreated, only one thought remained in his mind - he had to get as far away as possible from this place, without care for anything else.

A flash of crimson appeared, and it swept past him as he continued escaping. Confusion surfaced in his eyes and just as he was about to lower his head to look, his head was separated from his body in the middle of his act of dipping it downwards. His head fell into the canyon, and his body, too, plummeted down with a shudder.

A storage bag flew out from the corpse, and it was swept up by the crimson light before it charged towards Su Ming. It floated

before him and revealed itself. It was the small snake!

Its injuries were mostly recovered after these few years. It might still look a little feeble, but its body was at least complete.

"How long are you going to hide?" Su Ming stroked the small snake's head, and the snake looked as if it enjoyed his touch. It wrapped its body around his arm.

Su Ming's question was clearly not directed towards the small snake. Besides him, there were two people in this place. One of them was the stunned Evil Spirit Sect disciple. The other was the young man he held under his arm.

Almost at the instant Su Ming asked that question, the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's heart trembled, and he whipped his head downwards to look at the Hidden Dragon Sect member he was holding. During that instant, he saw a chilling glare shining within the young man's eyes.

This was the final ray of light he saw in his life. The next moment, that young man lifted his right hand and waved it swiftly like a ray of lightning, and blood gushed out of the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's neck. A muffled bang sounded in the air, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's body was torn into pieces, falling into the depths of the canyon.

The young man from Hidden Dragon Sect floated in midair. Then with an incredibly solemn expression mixed with wariness and nervousness, he wrapped his fist in his palm in a greeting towards Su Ming.

"I am Sun Shan, from Hidden Dragon Sect. Greetings, senior... If you know how to open this cave abode and also possess the jade slip to it... then I won't bother you..."

Sun Shan's heart was racing at that moment. As he spoke in the mid of his nervousness, he started slowly backing away. He could not tell Su Ming's level of cultivation, but if he could use his might

alone to cause that thin man's entire body to collapse without even once relying on a single attack, then even at the lowest, his level of cultivation would be at the Soul Transformation Stage. There was even a high possibility that he was already in the Ascendant Stage.

Yet right when he took eight steps backwards, Su Ming cast him a flat look, and with it, Sun Shan's feet immediately froze. He forced out a smile, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved it in his direction.

Immediately, a gust of wind that appeared out of nowhere charged towards Sun Shan with a loud roar. Sun Shan's pupils shrank. He wanted to dodge, but after a moment of hesitation, he stood still and did not move, simply allowing the gust of wind to close in on him before turning into a whirlwind around him.

That whirlwind swept up his body and came rushing back towards Su Ming before moving past him and charging into the cave abode. Eventually, it reached the depths of the cave abode and pushed Sun Shan onto the mountain wall, as if sealing him there!

Su Ming's expression was calm. He cast a glance at Sun Shan, who had been thrown into the cave abode. If he had resisted that wind just now, then he would have died, but since he did not, Su Ming would not kill him. He was not a person who would kill on sight, anyway.

Once he sealed him up, he no longer bothered with him and stepped into the opened cave abode. When he moved inside, he waved his arm, and the jade slip that was inserted into the stone door fell off to turn into a ray of crystalline light that fell into Su Ming's hands. As he entered the cave, the stone door closed up with rumbling sounds. If anyone looked from the world outside, they would find that everything had returned to as it was in the beginning, and not a single thing off about this place could be found.

Su Ming walked in the cave abode calmly. This place was not

incredibly large. Besides the hall in the middle, there were eight other chambers. Each of the chambers was sealed off by a stone door, and each of the doors had a runic symbol shining on it.

All of the runic symbols were different, and all shining with dark light. When Su Ming looked over, he found that each of the symbols seemed to contain a different meaning.

It was quiet in the hall where Su Ming stood. Besides the eight chambers sealed off by the stone doors, the cave abode was empty. That is, besides Sun Shan, who was kept in place by the wind around him on the stone wall before Su Ming. The young man was looking at him nervously at that moment.

His heart was racing, and cold sweat seeped out of his forehead. He was thanking all his lucky stars in his heart that he had not chosen to dodge or fight back just now. His level of cultivation was nothing to this person, and if he wanted to kill Sun Shan, he could do so with no more effort than it required to crush an ant between one's fingers. If he chose to act obediently before this sort of powerful warrior instead, he might have a chance to survive.

At that moment, he knew that he had made the right move. This person had not chosen to kill him but had merely sealed him up. Clearly, he did not want Sun Shan to go out and cause unnecessary trouble for him.

With a wry chuckle, Sun Shan thought to himself that even if he went out, he would still not dare to provoke this person. Yet similarly, he also grew deeply respectful towards Su Ming, who was unfathomable in his eyes.

This respect was aimed towards Su Ming's caution and his thinking process.

'This old monster has great power, and he's a careful person as well. He won't allow anything to go out of his control. That's why even if I'm nothing to him, he still chose to seal me here...

'And even though the seal is powerful, it won't do any harm to me. This is also to make sure that I won't feel a great sense of danger from this subconsciously, and he can prevent me from struggling against it in desperation.'

Sun Shan's eyes flashed with a light. He believed that he was considered one of the more calculative types in Hidden Dragon Sect, and it was precisely because of his power and his cautious attitude that he had been able to survive through this disaster.

'Wait! He might not be killing me because he's thinking of some other thing!'

Sun Shan's pupils shrank in fear once again, and his heart let out a loud thump in his chest. He quickly lowered his head and checked his entire body. Then, panic instantly appeared on his face.

Su Ming completely ignored Sun Shan, who he was busy overthinking things on the wall. When Su Ming's gaze fell on the first runic symbol that acted as a sea for the first stone chamber to his left, his eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He stared at that runic symbol, and a feeling of a stirring wind rose in his heart. In fact, he could even see a whirlwind appearing out of nowhere around him.

Su Ming had the highest amount of understanding when it came to wind. He was, after all, the Wind Berserker's Scion. As he sensed that gust of wind around him and within him, the light in his eyes grew brighter.

'This wind from the void appeared with just one runic symbol...'

While immersed in his thoughts, he looked towards the seal on the second stone door. At the instant he focused his attention on it and everything else became indistinct, he felt a wave of humidity in the air.

He could smell rain, and it was the smell of rain that was pouring

down endlessly from the sky... Rain also started pouring around him. It appeared suddenly and fell on Su Ming's body, causing the pensive look in his eyes to become deeper.

After a long time, he moved his gaze to the third chamber. There he sensed the rumble of a thunderclap. On the fourth chamber's seal, he felt lightning swimming before it erupted into a shocking ray of light and power.

'Wind, rain, thunder, lightning...'

Su Ming turned his head around and started looking at the chambers to his right. Once he swept his gaze past them, he felt the abundance of life from spring, the heat from summer, the blend between them and death in autumn, and also the death of all lives as snow floated down onto the land during winter.

"Spring, summer, autumn, and winter..." Su Ming mumbled. The light in his eyes became even brighter.

'Forget the items in these chambers, these runic symbols alone can already be considered as treasures! If I can fuse all eight of them into my mind, then it would mean that I've mastered the power of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as well as wind, rain, lightning, and thunder!'

Su Ming lowered his head and lifted his hands. A glint appeared in his eyes.

'Is this a coincidence...? There are five fingers on my left hand, but only four mean wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, and four of the five fingers in my right hand mean spring, summer, autumn, and winter...'

A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. With a single move, he appeared before the first stone chamber to his left and sat down cross-legged before it. With bright eyes, he stared at the runic symbol on the stone door and started copying it!

Chapter 632: Overturning the Path of Life and Death within the Four Seasons!

Sun Shan stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, his heart filled with shock. As a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple, he naturally knew about the eight seals on the stone doors. Once he saw Su Ming sitting cross-legged before the first stone door, looking as if he wanted to understand and gain an epiphany regarding the wind runic symbol, disbelief appeared on his face.

He also scoffed coldly in derision at Su Ming's actions in his heart.

'This person might be powerful, but he's overestimating himself. Trying to understanding Hidden Dragon Sect's runic symbols? Ha! There are only a few who have managed to do it in the past. There's no way he'll be successful!' Sun Shan might be thinking this way, but he did not show even a single one of his thoughts on his face.

Time trickled by. Light appeared in the sky. Rain also started falling when it was daybreak. It fell on the ground and washed away the blood in Thousand River Valley.

As thunder started roaring outside the cave, a flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes as he continued staring at the first chamber. At some point in time he lifted his left hand swiftly, and with a flick of his index finger, he drew a runic symbol.

It was written in air, but it was the exact same as the seal on the door.

This was the wind seal, and due to Su Ming's outstanding knowledge towards wind, he had come to understand this seal the fastest among all who had ever tried. At the instant the seal was written, a runic symbol gradually appeared on the pad of his left index finger.

Once that runic symbol appeared, a loud rumble shot into the air, and the first door opened slowly to reveal the chamber inside, but it was empty. There was nothing within the chamber.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. There was not a hint of change on his expression. To him, it was no longer important whether there was any treasure in this chamber. He had already found the most valuable thing to him in this place.

The eight runic symbols!

Gu Yuan Hai would have never expected this to happen in the scheme he devised. He had wanted to use Su Ming to ward off his pursuers so that he would have time to escape and that he would not have to pay too much of a price for it. He only had to give up the few things he had in his storage bag and the jade slip to open the cave abode to the treasure trove in this place.

That jade slip could be considered as a valuable treasure usually, because it was the only token that could open this cave abode, and this place also contained the items Hidden Dragon Sect had accumulated for many years.

However, that jade slip was useless to him at that moment, because the cave abode was now empty, and all the things inside had been hidden away in some other place.

Yet he did not expect that the eight seals on the stone doors to the chambers would become Su Ming's greatest reward during his trip to Hidden Dragon Sect!

The eight runic symbols were something inherent to Hidden Dragon Sect, and it was present within all of its branches. Their usual function was to be used as seals, but there were also rumors that if someone possessed high comprehensive abilities, they would be able to understand the changes in the world with their help.

Because the eight runic symbols were left behind by Hidden

Dragon Sect's ancestor.

Over countless of years, only a handful of people in Hidden Dragon Sect had been able to obtain a serendipitous event from the eight runic symbols. The others had not been able to sense anything, and their numbers were too great to be counted. That was why Gu Yuan Hai had instinctively overlooked it and had instead believed that the things he took away from the chambers were the real treasures.

If he knew about Su Ming's change right at that moment, he would probably be shocked by it.

Su Ming only gave the empty chamber a flat look before he got up to move towards the second chamber. There he focused his full attention on the second runic symbol.

Su Ming, who had all his attention trained on his target, did not notice Sun Shan's widened eyes and his expression of disbelief and shock.

The young man's breathing had sped up some time ago. He had been watching Su Ming all this while, and when he saw the wind runic symbol appearing on the kid's left index finger, the powerful mental blow left behind by what he saw made his heart race, causing him to be unable to believe in what he saw.

'He understood the wind runic symbol within four hours?! Even if the eight runic symbols here are mere copies and not the real ones from our sect in the land of Immortals, but to be able to understand them fully within four hours... This is...' Sun Shan sucked in a sharp breath and only managed to recover after a long time had passed.

When he saw Su Ming not taking even a moment to rest and moving to understand the second stone chamber rain runic symbol, Sun Shan could not help but become nervous. This time, he was not anxious for his own safety, but for Su Ming's actions, because they had completely overturned his beliefs.

Twelve hours later, when the sky outside turned dark once more, Su Ming lifted his right middle finger, and with a bright sparkle in his eyes, he drew out the rain runic symbol on the stone door. At the instant he did so, a runic symbol also appeared on the pad of his middle finger, just like it did for his index finger.

At the same time, the second chamber opened up with a rumble.

Su Ming did not even look inside. He got up and walked towards the third chamber and sat down cross-legged before it. As he looked at the thunder runic symbol, his eyes began shining brightly.

Sun Shan watched the wide-open second chamber with an awestruck face. His mind was completely blank, but before long, when the third chamber, too, opened up with a loud rumble, his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming became filled with terror once again.

He was still not afraid for his own survival, but of Su Ming's frightening comprehensive abilities!

'What's with his comprehension skills?! Just who is he?!'

Sun Shan felt that if he spread what he just saw and Hidden Dragon Sect learned about it, it would stir up his entire sect. In fact, perhaps even the other Immortal sects would be shocked by what they heard.

Two days later, with a slight hint of fatigue on his face, Su Ming drew the lightning runic symbol on his left little finger. One he printed it on his finger pad, the four chambers to his left were open.

Su Ming did not look at them. Instead, he lifted his left hand and cast his gaze on the four fingers on his left hand. Gradually, his lips curled up into a smile, and he had a strong feeling that his left hand had now obtained control over wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. He might only have a small amount of control over these

elements, but that control was like a seed that was buried deep within him!

At that moment, Sun Shan was gradually growing numb towards all the shocking sights he saw during these past two days. As he looked at Su Ming, besides laughing wryly in his heart, he only felt miserable. It did not matter whether it was Su Ming's appearance or his power, he had far surpassed him in both aspects. Even his comprehensive abilities were terrifying. His intelligence was nothing to be scoffed at either. There might just be a simple seal placed around Sun Shan, but the more he thought about it, the more he believed that there was something else lying in wait for him. No matter what it was, there were problems lurking all around for him.

One small mistake, and it would be over for him.

'Either this old monster has been walking down the path of cultivation for an unknown amount of years, or he's a prodigy of some sect. Ah... I might be lacking compared to those prodigies, but the achievements I've gained up to this date due to my upbringing are not something they can compare!' Only by thinking this way could Sun Shan feel a little comforted in his heart.

Su Ming did not immediately head off to understand the four runic symbols of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Instead, he chose to sit down and rest for some time. Once his fatigue disappeared, he opened his eyes and looked towards the first chamber to his right - the spring runic symbol!

"Spring means to have an abundance of life. It is the season where all manner of life wake up from their slumber..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at the spring runic symbol, and this lasted for several days!

All that time lasted only for an instant to him, but he never managed to immerse himself completely within the symbol, and could not copy it down just as he did after understanding wind,

rain, thunder, and lightning.

During those days, the fatigue in Su Ming's eyes appeared once again, and this time, it was stronger than before. He did not go on to try and think about what was happening in the world outside, but poured all his heart and soul into trying to understand the runic symbol and to copy it. Nothing about the world outside mattered to him at that moment, even if it meant that Thousand River Valley was by then occupied by Evil Spirit Sect once the Hidden Dragon Sect was completely annihilated. The valley thus then turned into the location for Evil Spirit Sect's branch, which resulted in the place becoming a line of defense for the eastern front of Eastern Wastelands, and one of the ways to reach the continent's center.

Numerous long arcs flew about in the sky. The members of Evil Spirit Sect were not the only ones occupying the valley, the people from the other Evil Sects also came to the place, causing Thousand River Valley to bustle with life.

Compared to the liveliness outside, Su Ming's cave abode was filled with silence. His breathing was not loud, and even though his eyes were slightly bloodshot, he still continued trying to understand the spring runic symbol.

The difficulty in his efforts to try and understand the symbol this time made Sun Shan breath out a sigh of relief. At least this person was slightly more normal because of this. If he had truly come to understand all eight runic symbols, then this would have become a huge slap in the face of Hidden Dragon Sect.

'This old monster might have extraordinary comprehensive abilities, but our eight runic symbols aren't that easy to understand. These ones might just be copies, but they still won't be easy for him to grasp!' Sun Shan cast Su Ming a glance, and he started laughing coldly in his heart again.

In the blink of an eye, another three days passed. Su Ming's face

was colored in fatigue, and there was even more red in his eyes as he stared fixedly at the spring runic symbol. Over the past few days, no matter how he tried to understand it, he never managed to immerse himself, as if the life force contained within it was out of his element!

'Yin Death Region...' Su Ming closed his eyes for the first time since several days ago. In his mind, the memory of him rapidly aging and fading away as he stood on the ancient bronze sword as he left Yin Death Region surfaced.

Right after this scene was the memory of his blood turning into the aura of death on Fang Cang Lan's finger before it disappeared.

'Spring is the revival of all life, and summer is when all lives reach the pinnacle of their being... Autumn is the decline of life and the beginning of death, and winter... is the cold state of death for all lives!'

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He did not look at the spring runic symbol, but chose instead to look at the fourth runic symbol on the fourth door - the winter symbol that meant the lifeless state of all lives!

'I am in Yin Death Region, and that spirit from Nine Yin World once mentioned that I was dead, and I can also tell that from what I saw. I might not want to accept it, but there is a high chance that his words were true!

'Since I'm dead, then it's natural that I can't sense the life force of spring, but I can try and understand the lifeless state of winter, and I will reverse the flow of spring, summer, autumn, and winter to that of winter, autumn, summer, to spring, and with this order, I will walk down the path of revival from death!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He had been lost for many years, and still could not see the path before him clearly. He had only been walking forward in this path that he could not see with a single-minded thought, and only at this moment, within

this cave abode in Hidden Dragon Sect, did he gain a chance and found the path from death to life!

This path overturned the world, which reversed the flow of the four seasons. This path was a path depicting life and death, and it would start from winter before leading him straight to spring!

If everything in the world started from winter where all manner of life slept deeply in the lifeless state, then when autumn arrived, the snow and ice would melt, and the aura of death would exchange places with the faint traces of life. When summer came about, the aura of death would disappear, and life would erupt forth, which would allow a person to use it to move towards spring, and during spring, he would be fully revived, and he would wake up from his sleep!

Su Ming's eyes shone. At the moment he looked towards the winter runic symbol and came to understand the path of life and death in his heart, he lifted his right little finger and swiftly drew the winter runic symbol!

And with a bang, the door with the winter runic symbol opened!

Chapter 633: Bright Yang's Mystery

When the door with the winter symbol opened with rumbling sounds ringing in the air, a glowing runic symbol immediately appeared on Su Ming's right little finger. A freezing and lifeless air manifested around it as well.

At the same time, Su Ming's gaze landed on his right little finger, and he noticed that it was gradually withering away. The color of that finger became distinctly different from that of his other fingers, for it was the little finger of an old man.

Su Ming lifted his head after staying silent for some time. His expression was slightly different from before, because it was surrounded by a lifeless presence. It was as if his entire being had instantly gained an ancient air.

There was a light sound of someone sucking in a sharp breath, and it came from Hidden Dragon Sect's Sun Shan, whose breathing had become rapid due to his disbelief. He had breathed out a sigh of relief when Su Ming had failed to understand the spring runic symbol even after spending several days on it and had begun laughing at him coldly in derision once again. But once the events at the winter door caught his attention, he felt as if an invisible hand had just slapped him hard across the face.

It made all his cold laughter freeze in his heart and all his derisive words die in his mouth. With his breathing having become more rapid, Sun Shan looked at Su Ming with a dazed expression.

'The winter runic symbol is the last symbol among the eight runic symbols in Hidden Dragon Sect. It's also the hardest one to understand among them... Yet he... actually managed to understand it in an instant!'

The lifeless and dead presence coming from Su Ming's body also made Sun Shan feel as if he was looking at an illusion. In his eyes, Su Ming seemed to have turned into a big tree, a tree that had

withered away and died from winter's biting chill. This sort of tree might just be waiting for spring to arrive, for the instant it would be revived and wake up from its slumber.

Several days passed since Su Ming started trying to understand the autumn runic symbol. Thousand River Valley was by then completely occupied by Evil Spirit Sect, and as they made preparations in secret, the scent of battle became incredibly thick in the air.

But all of these things didn't have anything to with Su Ming at that moment. He stared at the autumn runic symbol, then closed his eyes. When he opened them once again after a moment, he looked towards the summer runic symbol, and finally, his gaze returned to the spring runic symbol.

'I could instantly understand the winter runic symbol due to what I am, but autumn, summer, and spring are each more difficult than the last. With my current abilities, it'll be difficult for me to completely understand them.' There was no hint of dejectedness on Su Ming's face, only tranquility.

'Autumn symbolizes the downfall of death and the appearance of life... Summer is a period where there is a vast amount of life force... and spring... is the time where you open your eyes!' Su Ming had a faint feeling that when the day came when he fully understood the spring runic symbol, then it would mean that he had reversed the seasons, and he had managed to move from winter to spring.

It would mean that the day when he moved from death to life had arrived!

He kept the image of the autumn, summer, and spring runic symbols firmly in his head. He might not be able to understand and fuse them into his body right now, but he could take them away in his memory and understand them in time.

Su Ming stood up and cast a glance at the five chambers that had

been opened up in the cave abode. He had been in this place for most of the month without being aware of it. To him, this empty treasure trove itself was a huge treasure.

As he swept his gaze past the area, he looked towards Sun Shan, who was still pinned to the wall. A glint appeared in his eyes. At that moment, he was still within the winter runic symbol's state, and his entire being seemed lifeless, as if he had withered away.

There was not a hint of light in his eyes, and when Sun Shan saw Su Ming's gaze, it made his heart tremble violently. He could not tell what sort of eyes were those. It was a gaze that could not be described with words, only expressed by what he felt. It was a feeling he would get when he looked at a corpse and it opened its eyes to stare back at him.

Those were dead person's eyes!

There was no spirit within them, no light, no life, no emotions. The hint of aloofness within them was also gone. There was only apathetic calmness, and it would give all those who saw it a feeling as if their bodies were rotting away at that moment.

Sun Shan trembled, and his teeth clattered against each other. The feeling he gained from Su Ming at that moment was too strong, so strong that it made his skin crawl, and he was so afraid that his soul practically left his body in fear.

Su Ming looked at Sun Shan and asked flatly after some time, "Are there any other treasure troves in Hidden Dragon Sect?"

Sun Shan nodded without hesitation, but his expression remained nervous. After that, he shook his head.

"There are, but... they're all empty now."

"What is your status in Hidden Dragon Sect?" Su Ming remained calm and threw out another question.

"A ninth generation disciple..." Sun Shan said with a quivering voice.

"Give me a reason why I shouldn't kill you."

Su Ming remained calm. There was not a hint of killing intent in his gaze, but those eyes that seemed like they belonged to a dead man were more terrifying than any sort of killing intent in Sun Shan's eyes.

"If you don't, then I will return your soul to the land of Immortals."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when Sun Shan saw the withered little finger, his pupils shrank. He trembled, and the threat of death surged madly into his heart, causing his face to turn stark pale. He immediately spoke up in a shrill voice.

"Senior, I'm only a normal ninth generation disciple in Hidden Dragon Sect, I... I..."

Su Ming was still as calm as ever. Lifeless waves of death aura started seeping out of the hand he had lifted in the air, and he pointed towards Sun Shan. Immediately, a wisp of gray smoke drifted from his little finger towards Sun Shan.

"Still spouting nonsense, I see. You lured the three Evil Spirit Sect members here because you wanted to kill them with the Rune in the cave abode, and you also wanted to open it so that you could hide from being killed in this disaster.

"Even if a normal disciple managed to think about this, he wouldn't be able to do it," Su Ming stated flatly.

When Sun Shan saw that the gray smoke was about to touch his body, anguish appeared on his face. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke up.

"I'm a ninth generation disciple who has the potential to search for the dragon. I... I know the way to break most of the seals under sixth rank in Hidden Dragon Sect!

"The treasures here have been taken away, but some of them are hidden. I might not know where they are, but if I can return to the

main Hidden Dragon Sect, then I could bring all of the treasures to you secretly!

"I swear, I can do it, I can definitely do it!" The terror of death seeped into Sun Shan's voice, and as he looked at Su Ming, a pleading expression appeared on his face.

The gray smoke from Su Ming's little finger stopped three inches before Sun Shan. There might be no killing intent or any sort of sinister chill coming from that gray smoke, but the wisps of lifeless air coming from it made Sun Shan's life force run rampant in his body. It was like if that gray smoke touched his body, the fire that was his life would be immediately extinguished.

"Do you know the Hidden Execution of Justice[1]?" A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes before he suddenly asked.

Sun Shan was momentarily stunned, and his heart let out a loud thump against his chest. The Hidden Execution of Justice Art was the top secret Art in Hidden Dragon Sect. Few outsiders knew about it, much less the name of the Art itself, but the person before him had just mentioned it.

"I can only perform a fusion up to the fourth Dao, and I can only bring up a bit of its power..." After a moment of hesitation, Sun Shan explained in a low whisper.

"What is Bright Yang Stone?" Su Ming asked again.

Sun Shan's expression changed immediately and he fell silent. He no longer spoke.

Su Ming did not rush him. He simply waited for his answer.

After some time, Sun Shan cast Su Ming a miserable look and sighed in his heart.

"Bright Yang Stone is the source for us Immortals who descended in this land in large quantities to be able to use our power. We gathered our life force together on that stone so that we could descend in Yin Death Region.

"Each sect who descends in this place would need to prepare a Bright Yang Stone by gathering up souls... This stone is also the item we need if we want to leave this place."

"Bright Yang..." Su Ming's expression was calm, but a thought rose in his heart. Once he analyzed Sun Shan's words with the cause of why Shen Dong would want to snatch that stone, he could tell that most of what he said was true, even though he was still hiding something.

'No wonder Evil Spirit Sect wants to get that Bright Yang Stone. It's practically the same existence as a life stone[2]. It is an item that has gathered all the souls of those who descended here from a sect.

'This is Yin Death Region, and beyond this place we have Bright Yang Emptiness. When they came here from that place, this stone must have been able to prevent the power of Yin Death from permeating their bodies. With its protection, the souls of all those who descended can remain in the state of Bright Yang.

'If Evil Spirit Sect gets this Bright Yang Stone and destroys it, then it would mean that they've killed off a large amount of Immortals who descended here...'

Su Ming's gaze landed on Sun Shan. He had chosen to bring this person into the cave abode earlier because he had his guesses as to why he had lured the trio from Evil Spirit Sect to this place. The interrogation just now had allowed Su Ming to get his answers, even if the man's words could not be fully trusted.

'If I was Gu Yuan Hai, who only had his Nascent Soul left and his sect destroyed, all while I had that Bright Yang Stone the Evil Spirit Sect is set on obtaining, I would definitely not bring it with me... I would instead hide it away. Only by doing so could I save myself!

'If Gu Yuan Hai was a person who was afraid of death, then this wouldn't happen. But during the fight, he had had the guts to

make his physical body explode. He should be a very loyal member of Hidden Dragon Sect.

'If I was him and could split this Bright Yang Stone in half, then I would take a small half of it and leave this place so that I could make myself into a bait and obtain the chance to hide away the other, larger half of the Bright Yang Stone. Then no one would be able to find it.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He had already considered this when Gu Yuan Hai was fighting against Shen Dong earlier, that was why he had chosen to work with Gu Yuan Hai and help him stall for time, even though he knew that there was a chance that there would be no treasures in the cave abode.

Because not only was this act of stalling for time beneficial to Gu Yuan Hai, it was also beneficial to Su Ming for analysis!

'There were two-tenths of a chance that Gu Yuan Hai was afraid of death and my guess was completely wrong, but even so, I wouldn't have suffered any loss! There are four-tenths of a chance that he would hide the Bright Yang Stone away... and there are similar four-tenths of a chance that he would take a small piece with him, while the bigger piece would be hidden somewhere near this place!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes, and a brilliant light shone within them.

'The more important this thing is, the more desperate Hidden Dragon Sect would be to hide it. I wouldn't have bothered if Evil Spirit Sect had truly managed to snatch it away, but if my guess is correct, then once Thousand River Valley regains a little form of peace, Hidden Dragon Sect would definitely wonder whether they should send powerful warriors to sneak into this place and take the stone away. After all, this place is now extremely dangerous to them!

'Perhaps I can create this chance for Hidden Dragon Sect.'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but at the moment these thoughts appeared in his head, Sun Shan looked at him and suddenly gritted his teeth. A determined look appeared on his pale face, and he said, "Senior, if you're determined not to let me go, then how about this? I can give you a huge gift. I can offer up my life and search for the places we keep our treasures in Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Translator's Note:

1. Hidden Execution of Justice: The Art Hong Luo asked from that old man before he went off to fight Di Tian.

2. Life stone (命石, ming⁴ shi²): Might possibly be 本命石, which is either a naturally formed stone, or a polished stone that people place their thoughts within. It is used for remembrance in our world. A life stone contains the memories of a person, and because of it, his existence would never fade away.

Chapter 634: Teach a Fish How to Swim!

Su Ming lifted his head and cast Sun Shan a glance. There was a resolute look on this person's face, making him seem as if he had decided to risk everything for the sake of surviving. Yet even though this Sun Shan was smart and calculative, with the amount of experience Su Ming had gained through his multiple life and death encounters, he still was able to find some clues.

He did not immediately speak, but chose to let his gaze fall on the ground in the cave abode.

'There's a Spirit Vein here, and it's the perfect place for me to swiftly recover my cultivation base, but when I absorb this Spirit Vein, I'll definitely cause a huge ruckus, and I can't immediately absorb it... It'll affect my plans to lure out Hidden Dragon Sect.'

Su Ming fell into a contemplative silence. Most of his analysis was made on pure speculation, and as he thought about the feasibility as well as the gains and losses in his plan, a glint appeared in his eyes.

'I'll first lure out those people from Hidden Dragon Sect. It'll be good if I succeed, but if I don't, then I'll stop thinking about anything else and focus on absorbing this Spirit Vein to recover my cultivation base and reach the Berserker Soul Realm!'

Su Ming made his decision. He waved his arm at Sun Shan, and the gray smoke before him immediately withdrew to return to his right little finger.

"Continue," Su Ming said languidly.

Once Sun Shan his previous words, his heart pounded nervously, but he still kept the determined look on his face and did not dare to show any cracks in his facade. He knew full well just how terrifying this person was, and everything about Su Ming in terms of comprehensive abilities and his cultivation base had surpassed

Sun Shan. Even if Sun Shan tried to deceive him, it would be difficult due to Su Ming's intelligence. That was what he believed.

"I possess the potential to search for dragons and can detect the presence of treasures. The seniors in my sect might have hidden the treasures away, but if I offer up my life, there are eight-tenths of a chance that I would be able to find them.

"I can also crack the seal there slightly. I cannot promise that I will be able to open the seal, but I can weaken it by a large margin so that you would be able to obtain it.

"Doing this is the same as betraying my sect. I will be using my life and this act as a chip in exchange for an oath from you. If I succeed, please let me leave." Not a single hint of deceit could be detected on Sun Shan's face. His despair and desperate expression, coupled with his words and tone of voice all screamed of a desire to continue living.

If it was anyone else, perhaps they would truly be affected by his words, but when it came to Su Ming, he only maintained his cool. After casting a few scrutinizing glances at Sun Shan, he nodded his head.

Sun Shan became even more nervous after he said those words. He kept his eyes fixed on Su Ming, and when he saw the nod, his heart relaxed slightly, but there was not much change to his expression. The determined look on his face only grew stronger.

'I only have one chance. If I succeed, this person will definitely die! If I fail... No, I shouldn't fail. This person might be extraordinarily intelligent, but I'm confident that I didn't slip. He might be suspicious, but no matter who it is, they won't refuse my offer. The most they would do is to agree to it and see how things unfold while remaining skeptical.'

"Senior, please swear an oath, or else even if I die, I will still never submit to you!" Sun Shan looked at Su Ming and spoke with gritted teeth.

Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart, but he remained as composed as ever.

"If you can do as you say, then once I succeed, I will naturally return you your freedom."

"Senior, please swear an..." Sun Shan began speaking again, but his words were cut off by Su Ming before he could finish.

"I'll give you the span of three breaths. Either you look for those treasures, or you die!"

A slight hint of impatience appeared on Su Ming's face. With a wave of his arm, he released the restrain on Sun Shan's body, which returned him his ability to move, and his cultivation base was no longer sealed.

The three breaths went by very quickly. Sweat beaded on Sun Shan's face, and when he saw Su Ming lifting his right hand, he clenched his teeth, and the determined look on his face became even more prominent.

"Senior, please do keep to your promise!"

As he spoke, Sun Shan sat down cross-legged on the ground. Once he formed a seal with his hands, he tapped his ears, and as his body trembled, two trails of blood flowed down from his eyes. Black blood also poured out from his ears at the same time.

Su Ming stood by the side, and a freezing glare shone in his eyes. He wanted to see just what this person was thinking. After a moment, he saw Sun Shan trembling even more viciously, and with a wave of his right hand, four black needles immediately appeared on his palm. Without a hint of hesitation, he stabbed one needle into the center of his brows, another into the top of his skull, the third into his heart, and the last needle went straight to his throat.

At the instant these four black needles went into his skin, a strange light shone in Sun Shan's eyes. A deep wave of fatigue also

appeared within them. He lifted his head, and his gaze seemed to be able to see through the cave and look at the world outside.

'These four needles can stimulate his soul, and the potential within his life force will also burst forth under this stimulation... By the looks of it, the price for the stimulation of this potential is the burning of his life force.

'With this method, his body will become empty. It does somewhat fit into what he said about offering up his life.' Su Ming gave Sun Shan a onceover, and these thoughts passed through his head.

"The treasure trove is... seventy eight li away from Thousand River Valley, and within ten thousand feet of the third barren hill!" Once Sun Shan said these words, with much difficulty on his part, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. When that blood appeared, the four black needles immediately started shivering, and as Sun Shan started breathing rapidly, he immediately brought out two more black needles. He pushed onto into his Dantian region and the other three inches above his navel.

"Senior, please take me there. I will open the seal for you!"

Once the two needles entered Sun Shan's body, his face gained a slightly healthier shade, but there was a sickly red flush on his cheeks. Su Ming could see it clearly. Once the needles pierced Sun Shan's skin, his life force began burning a little quicker, and this was the reason why he could still remain conscious.

Su Ming didn't say a word. With a wave of his arm, he swept up Sun Shan and took a step forward. At the same moment his foot landed on the ground, he cast his Nascent Divinity outward, causing his body to instantly disappear with Sun Shan in hand.

Once he warped out of the cave, he warped once more without even stopping. After doing so several times, Su Ming arrived outside a mountain range filled with barren hills without attracting too much attention due to his extreme speed.

This place was seventy eight li away from Thousand River Valley!

There were seven barren hills in this place. Once Su Ming appeared, he swept his gaze across the mountain range, and his eyes landed on the third barren hill. That hill was empty, and there was not a single hint of green that could be spotted on it. It was very normal, so normal that it would not catch anyone's attention.

"Please place me at the top of the mountain, senior. I will do my best to break the seal for you. Once you successfully retrieve the treasure, please let me go free on behalf of me burning my life and betraying my sect," Sun Shan said, with much difficulty, his breathing labored.

Su Ming cast Sun Shan a glance and nodded. If this person truly did not have any other ulterior motives, then he would return him his freedom as according to his promise.

With one move, he brought Sun Shan to the third barren hill, and once he placed him on a giant rock at the top of the mountain, Su Ming took a few steps backwards and swept his gaze through the area. This place was empty. There was not a sign of anything being hidden here.

'Does he really mean what he said?'

Su Ming was uncertain. He had been observing Sun Shan up to this moment, and right from the moment he began casting his Art to this point, he had not slipped up a single time. All of his actions seemed to be truly of him solely searching for the treasures, and the burning of his life force as well as the burst of his potential were not fake.

It was especially so for his body, which was close to empty at this point. He was like water in an originally full bottle. Due to a fire, he was turning into steam and becoming less as time went by.

Sun Shan formed a seal with his hands once again before he pressed his palms flat on the ground. The entire mountain let out a loud hum, and a large amount of stones broke off. A stream of light could be faintly seen at the center of the mountain.

That stream of light was semi-transparent, and Su Ming could see that there was a door leading to a cave abode right under it!

Sun Shan's face turned pale. As he trembled, his hands flew off from the ground, as if he was bounced off by some sort of energy from within. His body swayed, and he coughed up blood once again before he waved his arms. Eight black needles immediately appeared.

Those needles sank into his body, and once he pushed them all deep within him, his body now contained fourteen black needles. Su Ming could see a large amount of Sun Shan's life force burning in him, and that life force was spreading out of his body.

"Senior, I can only keep it open for the span of a few breaths. I will tell you the time soon. You can choose not to go in and take out the items inside with just your divine sense." Sun Shan's voice was hoarse. His eyes were bloodshot, and sweat poured down his entire body.

Su Ming could not find any sort of problems with his words. If there was really something dangerous in the cave abode, he could simply omit the offer of asking Su Ming to enter the cave abode with his divine sense.

Su Ming frowned and looked towards Sun Shan again. A thought suddenly bloomed in his heart. Most of the young man's body had become empty at this point. The life force he was burning was spreading outwards, and it was gradually disappearing into the air. There was originally nothing strange about it, but his current condition was somewhat familiar to Su Ming.

'Possession! No, he's opening up his body for someone to descend on him!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. Sun Shan's body was entirely empty, and while he was a perfect vessel to be Possessed at that moment, his body was an even better vessel for a Nascent Divinity to descend on him!

To cast the Art for a Nascent Divinity to descend on a body, a person needed to practice a similar cultivation method as what Sun Shan was doing at that moment. When his body became empty like a bottle without any water, other people who practiced a similar cultivation method would be able to arrive swiftly no matter how far they were to fill up that bottle with water again.

When Su Ming remembered seeing him stabbing those fourteen needles into his body, he deliberately observed Sun Shan once more, and he found that there were seven among the fourteen that might have seemed to be stimulating his potential, but in truth, when compared to the seven others, they were clearly used to confuse Su Ming's eyes!

The remaining seven needles were arranged to form a Rune on Sun Shan's body with his veins under his skin serving as the connection between the needles. However, that Rune was still incomplete. Once Su Ming cast Sun Shan a scrutinizing look, he could tell that the Rune seemed to be missing one needle.

At that moment, Sun Shan lifted his right hand, and a black needle appeared on his palm. Without any hesitation, he pushed it straight above his left ear, and green veins instantly popped up on his face.

"Senior, you can enter now!"

At the same moment he shouted those words, the stream of light from the center of the mountain froze for a moment before rapidly fading away to reveal a gap!

The door to the cave abode also opened up a crack with loud rumbling sounds, and a trail of extreme Yang aura seeped out!

If it was anyone else, even if they were dubious towards Sun Shan's words, they would definitely be attracted to the cave abode opening at that moment, and would naturally relax their guard towards the young man. What Sun Shan wanted was this chance that lasted only for an instant. At that moment, he started chanting in his heart.

'The water in the sky contains the beauty that blesses an Emperor, and that beauty... is right at the center[1]! Master, please appear in me!'

Translator's Notes:

1. The water in the sky contains the beauty that blesses an Emperor, and that beauty... is right at the center: Remember the whole entire metaphor of the water in a bottle thing? Now we expand it to a grander scale. Water in the sky is the moisture in the clouds, obviously, and when it rains, the land is blessed, which is good for the ruler in Imperial China, because it means that the gods like him. Right at the center means that the moisture is the most abundant at the center of the clouds.

So here, by that chant, Sun Shan probably means to say that his body is now void of that beauty/blessing, and he needs something to fill him up with that beauty/blessing.

Chapter 635: Mighty!

As Sun Shan shouted that chant in his heart, the presence of his burning life spreading out from his body immediately started changing based on some sort of law in the universe.

This change seemed to be working in accordance to the clouds, the stars, the wind around them, the terrain of the ground itself, and everything else in the world. It also formed a tight connection to the Rune that was formed after Sun Shan pushed the eight needles into his body.

It was as if Sun Shan's body had turned into an invisible black hole at that moment, one that was connected to a place somewhere tens of thousands of li away. It resulted in Sun Shan turning into a medium connecting two points through space, and his body becoming one of the two points. A Nascent Divinity would then be able to descend on him after traveling through the medium!

Sun Shan was laughing coldly in his heart. He believed that this plan he prepared was foolproof. Unless Su Ming absolutely did not believe in him and immediately cut him off at the moment he started casting this Art before killing him, Sun Shan was absolutely confident that he could make him walk straight into his deathtrap.

Everything he had done previously was for this final moment. At the instant Su Ming's attention was attracted by the cave abode opening up, he would make this energy in him explode. He only needed an instant for this to work. Even if Su Ming noticed it later, it would still make no difference!

However... all of these idealistic situations he'd imagined would usually not work as planned in reality. For example one could take the fact that when Sun Shan started shouting the chant in his heart to have his Master's Nascent Divinity descend on his body, he saw Su Ming, who he thought would be looking at the cave abode

opening up... looking at over at him coldly instead.

There was a hint of scorn in that aloof gaze, and once Sun Shan saw it clearly, a shudder went through his body. Su Ming's gaze was like a sharp blade that pierced his body, and he felt as if all his secrets had been revealed under that gaze. He could hide nothing from Su Ming.

'Impossible! He couldn't have possibly noticed my thoughts! I didn't slip up even once!'

Sun Shan's heart let out a loud thump, and his body started trembling, but he no longer had time or freedom to be thinking too much. He swiftly lifted his hands and formed a seal before striking his own body.

Sun Shan started trembling violently with a bang, and a powerful might spread out from his body, as if another divine sense had appeared within him out of nowhere. That divine sense swiftly grew larger, rapidly turning into a Nascent Divinity to occupy Sun Shan's body and take control over it.

Right from the start till the end, Su Ming never tried stopping him. When Sun Shan saw this, his heart went wild with joy, but at the same time, he also grew uncertain. The feeling that he could not see through Su Ming's thoughts rose within him once again.

"Are you done descending yet?" Su Ming asked flatly.

At the instant he voiced that question, Sun Shan's heart started trembling violently. All of the things that he thought had happened to him by luck fell to pieces. He knew that this person had learned of what he intended to do a long time ago, but he still let him complete the entire process of calling his Master to descend on him. This would only have happened if he was either an idiot, or he had complete confidence in himself!

He was confident that even if Sun Shan asked his Master to descend on him, he would still be able to completely dominate

him!

But Sun Shan was a little too slow in his realization. These thoughts had just appeared in his head when his consciousness disappeared with a bang and fell into deep sleep. He had finished casting his divine ability, and the divine sense that had appeared out of nowhere in his body had already expanded and gathered together to turn into a Nascent Divinity.

His eyes fell shut and his head rolled downwards, then all his Qi disappeared with his consciousness. But at the same time that happened, a terrifying might swiftly replaced his Qi and exploded from his body, but the radius of the explosion was limited to only a circular area of ten thousand feet. Clearly, whoever it was did not want to spread that explosion too far away to avoid Evil Spirit Sect's detection.

"Sir, aren't you being a little too careless to just watch me descend...? How should I repay you?" A hoarse voice came from Sun Shan's lips. When he started speaking slowly, his shut eyes swiftly flew open, and a brilliant sparkle appeared in them, like a flash of lightning, before he lifted his head.

When he did so, his body began rapidly aging right before Su Ming's eyes. Almost in the blink of an eye, the young Sun Shan was no longer there, but was replaced by an old person who exuded an ancient air. His skin was filled with wrinkles, and his hair had already turned gray. A powerful presence that did not belong to Sun Shan slowly spread out from his body.

"If you want to repay me, then tell me how many fusions of Dao you can do with your Hidden Execution of Justice," Su Ming's said flatly, his expression remaining calm.

Cracking sounds came from Sun Shan's body at that moment, and Sun Shan's master slowly stood up. His gaze was like lightning as he looked at Su Ming, and he suddenly began laughing.

"So you were after Hidden Dragon Sect's Hidden Execution of

Justice! I can fuse six Daos within that Art!"

At the same time the old man said those words, he took a step towards Su Ming. When his foot landed on the void, powerful waves spread out under it and started sweeping outwards in all directions, as if the air had turned into water, and his foot had turned into a stone that could create ripples on the surface once it fell in.

Those waves seemed normal, but in truth, each one contained the power of the old man's cultivation base. As it spread out and closed in on Su Ming, he also lifted his right foot and took a step forward.

At the instant his foot landed, waves also started spreading out from under his foot and crashed into the waves that the old man had created with his cultivation base. When the opposing waves connected, interconnecting loud bangs rang out continuously. The old man let out a muffled grunt and staggered a few steps backwards. When he lifted his head, his expression changed.

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!" His pupils shrank.

"Early stage in the Ascendant Stage!" Su Ming's body swayed slightly, but he did not back down as he looked at the old man and stated slowly.

"Are you Man Ya? Or are you perhaps Wu Shuang, Xue Sha, Tian Qi, or Chi Lei Tian, appearing before me after you went into hiding and changed your appearance?" The old man stared at Su Ming and blurted these five names in one go. Su Ming was familiar with Chi Lei Tian's name among the five he mentioned, but he had never heard of the other four before.

However, if the old man would say these names when he presumed that Su Ming was a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, then these people must surely have the same level of cultivation as what he presumed Su

Ming to have!

'These five people must be the five Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm within Eastern Wastelands. Besides Chi Lei Tian, one of the names he mentioned should include All Entities Clan's progenitor, who had fought against me across the sea.'

Su Ming did not answer his question. When his foot landed, a glint appeared in his eyes before he took another step. At the moment he moved forward, a vast amount of power erupted from his body and fused into his foot, causing the weather within ten thousand feet to change and a huge vortex to appear in the sky.

At the same time, a huge foot materialized in midair. This one step belonged to a certain divine ability - the God of the Berserkers' Seven Steps!

Sun Shan's Master swiftly moved back. He was cursing in his heart at that moment. He might have come here with his Nascent Divinity instead of his real self, but if his Nascent Divinity was injured or destroyed, it would also be a disaster for him.

He did not expect that his disciple would call him here to face a powerful enemy who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, which was the equivalent of the great circle in Ascendance. If he knew about this earlier, he would not have bothered about a single disciple's call or about his survival, even if that disciple had the rare potential to search for dragons.

Even if the presence of Bright Yang Stone here had allowed him to descend in this place while ignoring the consequences, but all of this was not worth it in his eyes if he had to fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

After all, it did not matter whether it was his disciple or that Bright Yang Stone, both of these things were just external objects. Besides, that Bright Yang Stone did not have his soul, so he did not

have to worry about his own survival either.

As he retreated, his expression turned dark and he lifted his hands while biting down on the tip of his tongue to cough up a mouthful of fresh blood. Once he formed a seal and pointed forward with both hands, the blood swiftly spread out and turned into a humanoid that charged forward.

Immediately after, that blood humanoid's body swayed as it moved forward and turned into two before it swaying once more and splitting into four. When nearly a hundred humanoids were in the air, they moved in unison towards the foot in the sky, and towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not stop moving even for a single instant. He took the seven steps in swift succession. When he completed them, the world rumbled, and a powerful force of impact swept horizontally in all directions, starting from this place itself. Under the loud rumbles, the face of Sun Shan's Master turned stark pale. He swiftly retreated, and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. Shock also appeared on his face.

'He's not in the great completion stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but is halfway into the path to Life Cultivation! He's already equivalent to those in Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang!'

The old man did not hesitate in his retreat. He already did not have the heart to continue fighting. The only thought he had in his mind at that moment was to widen the distance between them and strive for a chance to leave this body!

However, before he managed to retreat up to even some hundreds of feet, Su Ming charged forward like an arrow in the mid of that force of impact and subsequent shattering of space. When he lifted his right hand, wisps of black smoke spread out and turned into the Undertaker of Evil's Spear on his palm. Once he gripped it, he swiftly threw it forward.

A piercing hum came from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear as it

turned into a long black arc that charged towards the old man, whose pupils shrank once again. He was already at a disadvantage because he could not bring with him any Enchanted Treasures when he descended to this place, and there was simply too big of a disparity between their combat abilities. When the long spear closed in on him, he swiftly lifted his hands and formed a strange seal that seemed like a vase before pushing it forward.

A vase that had streams of light flowing from it immediately manifested and crashed into the long spear. With a loud bang, the vase shattered, and the long spear shot through the broken pieces, slicing through the old man's right arm.

With a loud bang, the old man's right arm shattered instantly and turned into a bloody mess of torn flesh. His face turned even paler, but he still gritted his teeth and continued retreating hastily. With each step he took backwards, his presence in the body would reduce slightly.

'Soul's Return in Six Steps!'

The old man no longer had any will to fight. The only thought he had in his mind at that moment was to have his Nascent Divinity return to Hidden Dragon Sect. Once he took three steps back, his presence reduced by a large margin, but just as he was about to take his fourth step back, Su Ming closed in on him!

Translator's Notes:

1. Hidden Execution of Justice: It was mentioned by Hong Luo to another old man in the past, and Hong Luo snatched his eye after the old man casted it.

Chapter 636: A Moth Attracted to a Flame!

Su Ming was slightly faster than the old man. When he chased the old man down, he was like a long arc that was instantly on him. The old man's eyes sparkled. He might only have three steps left before his Nascent Divinity could leave, but he would not be able to complete these them with how quickly Su Ming was charging at him.

His face turned pale. No matter how he turned his head around to think, he could not find a way for him to survive. He did not have Enchanted Treasures, did not have items to help him block Su Ming's attack, his power could not compare to the other's, much less his combat abilities. The wild arrogance he had before he descended had completely disappeared, and it was replaced by a wave of despair.

In the mid of his despair, there seemed to be only one path that remained for him!

Self-destruction!

He could trigger the explosion of his Nascent Divinity, and with his real self having to go through a disaster in Hidden Dragon Sect as well as his power being greatly reduced as a price, he could injure Su Ming... but he did not want to do it!

This would bring no good to him. At that moment, the old man's hate towards Sun Shan was already so great that it was practically burning his soul!

'Damn it! Do I really have to self-destruct?!

The old man fell into despair. Unless he absolutely had to, he would definitely not take this path. This was something he absolutely could not accept.

Even if he could injure Su Ming, his real self's level of cultivation would still fall. He might not even be able to return to the land of

Immortals. He might even die during the chaos that was about to arrive.

He could almost imagine it, for it was not like he did not have enemies in Hidden Dragon Sect itself. If his power fell, then with the slightest careless mistake, he would end up in an incredibly terrible state.

This was a dilemma!

These sort of thoughts were what were reflected on the old man's at the moment, albeit only for a moment. When he saw that Su Ming was getting closer still, he knew that the other would most likely close in on him and interrupt his actions before he could even finish taking his fourth step.

'What should I do?!

The old man opened his eyes. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and anxiety appeared on his face. But just as he was about to attack in desperation, a thought suddenly flashed in his head, like a bolt of lightning crackling in the sky with a loud bang.

'Hidden Execution of Justice! That's right, the first thing this person asked me when I appeared was about Hidden Execution of Justice!' The old man had already reached Ascendant Stage, and his intelligence was naturally of extraordinary standards. When that thought formed in his head, he understood what he needed to do instantly.

And as that understanding dawned on him, misery, too, rose in his heart.

'What a calculative man. With this person around among the Berserkers, he'll surely become a great enemy of us Immortals in the future...

'He waited for me to descend for Hidden Dragon Sect's Hidden Execution of Justice. I don't know where he heard of it, but judging by his looks, he seems to be incredibly familiar with this

Art, and he also knows that everyone can cast it!

'This person must have definitely asked that disciple of mine, and he wasn't satisfied with his answer, that's why I was allowed to descend. All of this was part of his plan, and Sun Shan did not even notice it.

'He waited for me to descend on purpose and even asked that question because he already knew the end result of the battle. He knew that I would definitely not be his opponent and would choose to run. He also knew that I would definitely be conflicted and struggle over my choices right now. Similarly, he knew that I would remember the first question he asked of me at this moment.

'It's clear now. He doesn't want me to self-destruct and get injured either. He will let me leave, but the price is... Hidden Execution of Justice!'

A resolute look appeared on the old man's face, as he was filled with misery. Right at the instant Su Ming was about to close in on him, he lifted his right hand and flung it forward.

"Hidden Dragon Ninth Dao, Autumn Harvest Winter Storage!"

As the old man's voice reverberated in the air and his right hand moved, a murky shade instantly appeared in his right eye.

"Hidden Dragon Eighth Dao, Hidden in Secret!"

While the words swiftly tumbled out of his mouth, he changed the seal in his right hand and pointed at his right eye. Then, the murky shade there started to rapidly gather together, and the edges of his eye began to gain clarity.

"Hidden Dragon Seventh Dao, Covering Tracks in Shadows!"

With these words, he took his fourth step backwards, and when his presence diminished once again, the murkiness and clarity in his right hand fused together, causing his right eye's pupil to look as if it was hidden away by his right eye, as if it was covered in shadows!

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!"

The old man lifted his left hand and changed the seal. When it seemed like there were a few sparks flickering in his sleeves, a flame's glow instantly appeared in his right eye. As that light flickered, his pupil looked as if it had turned into a ball of burning flames. The sparks that had appeared in his sleeve were also immediately absorbed by his eye, making it seem as if there were flames moving in circles before the old man, and they were all surging towards him.

At that moment, his right eye was continuously alternating between four states - murkiness, clarity, flames, and illusions, all of which turned it into a shocking, strange sight!

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon!"

The old man let out a low growl and took his fifth step backwards. At the instant it landed, his presence turned incredibly weak, and his Nascent Divinity in this body gave off a chaotic feel, as if he was about to turn into wisps of divine sense at any moment.

As his voice rang in the air and the seal in his right hand changed, a large amount of afterimages from seals appeared before him. Those afterimages appeared like fog, and as dragon roars echoed among them, the seals connected together to turn into a roaring dragon.

Almost at the same time it manifested, blood capillaries appeared in the old man's right eye, and as they intersected, they formed a clear pattern of a tiger's stripes!

At the instant that happened, the dragon that was swimming about and roaring in front of the old man charged into his right eye and fused with the stripes.

"Hidden Dragon Second Dao, Concealment... in the Void!" the old man shouted out, and the blood capillaries in his eye changed to

form a dragon at the center, with the tiger's stripes around it, and the Eight Trigrams at the edges of his eye. A blood-red ray of light also appeared, causing his right eye to gain a strangely enchanting edge.

He lifted his foot, and when he moved to take his sixth step, he dug his fingers into his right eye socket, and without bothering about the intense pain brought by his actions, he yanked his right eye out of his body, then tossed it towards Su Ming, who was walking towards him slowly with a calm look on his face.

"I have acted rashly today, and now use this Hidden Execution of Justice as an apology for my actions. Let us meet again in the future!"

The old man took his sixth step. He might have understood Su Ming's thoughts and had done things according to his wishes, but he was still worried that the other would change his mind and constantly kept his guard around him. If Su Ming did something else, then the old man would self-destruct at all costs.

At the moment he took his sixth step, Su Ming caught the eyeball and looked towards the old man. The Nascent Divinity in the old man's body had already turned into divine sense, and it was sucked into Sun Shan's body as if he had turned into a black hole. It disappeared without a trace, a clear sign that the old man had left Sun Shan's body and went back to Hidden Dragon Sect, which was located tens of thousands of li away from this end of the connected tunnel.

Sun Shan, who had lost the old man's Nascent Divinity, fell to the side and was trembling violently in a state of unconsciousness. Blood trickled out from the corners of his mouth, and in his weakened state, he struggled to open his eyes, but as even his eyelids shivered, he lost all of his strength and his eyes fell shut once more as he breathed his last.

He did not die because of Su Ming, but because his Master had

absorbed his last shreds of life in a fit of hate before he left.

Su Ming cast a glance at the Hidden Execution of Justice in his hand. Seeing this item's use when Hong Luo was in control of his body was not the only reason why he wanted this. More importantly, he had also come to know from the memories he inherited from Hong Luo that this Hidden Execution of Justice, which was a mysterious, ancient art in Hidden Dragon Sect, had the ability to break many seals.

However, this Art was rather sinister. Not only could a person practice this Art, it could also be snatched from a practitioner, just like what happened just now. Once the right eye of the person who practiced this Art was snatched away, then he would lose all the benefits that came with this Art, but that did not mean that there was no remedy to this situation. The practitioner himself would just need to take it back from that person who snatched the Art from him.

Su Ming did not know the details though. He was only aware of the general idea of how it worked.

He lifted his left hand and swung it at Sun Shan's corpse through the air, and the corpse immediately turned into ashes. Only his storage bag was left behind and extracted from his body before it landed on Su Ming' palm and was then put away into his bosom. With a sparkle in his eyes, Su Ming looked down at the barren land underneath.

The mountain range had already turned into a flat ruin, courtesy of the battle just now, which had caused the entire hill to collapse. Only a small part of the third barren hill remained, and that was because it was protected by the seal placed on it.

Su Ming was just about to take action as he looked at the seal when his expression suddenly changed. He lifted his head and cast a glance in the direction of Thousand River Valley. The waves of power that had appeared in this place just now might have been

limited to only ten thousand feet, but when Sun Shan's Master left just now, the power of the world he had stirred up was clearly no longer just in the range of ten thousand feet, which was why the powerful warriors in Evil Spirit Sect had immediately noticed it.

A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he took a step forward, appearing right outside the door to the cave abode, which was hidden away by the streaming rivers of light. He lifted the Hidden Execution of Justice in his right hand and pushed forward, and the eyeball immediately shone with a strange light. The dragon and tiger inside roared, and the Eight Trigrams manifested. The blood capillaries changed their position, as if they were matching the patterns of the seal, and almost in an instant, cracking sounds rang in the air, and the flowing streams of light outside the cave abode instantly dissipated.

The door to the cave slowly opened up, and a powerful ray of light shot out from within. A presence of extreme Yang instantly spread out, and right at the moment Su Ming sensed that presence, his body started rapidly withering away, but he did not panic. His eyes lit up instead.

He was somewhat familiar with this presence. It was the same presence he felt in the galaxy beyond the vortex when he left the World of Nine Yin with the ancient bronze sword in the past.

By the time the door to the cave completely opened up, there were several long arcs charging forth from the distance. Su Ming stared at the cave, and the thing floating in midair within it.

It was a stone about the size of a fist, made entirely of gold. The light shining from its body was like the sun, and it could make people feel warm in its presence, but to Su Ming, this light and presence was like poison, and it was causing his body to swiftly wither away!

'Bright Yang Stone!'

Su Ming's skin filled with wrinkles, and he looked as if he had

walked through his entire life during the couple breaths since the cave abode opened. A thick aura of death spread out from his body, but when it touched the light from this Bright Yang Stone, it melted away like snow and rapidly dissipated.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but it only lasted for a moment before he stepped forth without any hesitation and faced the light that was making his life disappear head-on. He charged towards the stone, and at that moment, he looked as if he had turned into a moth that was charging straight into a fire!

At the instant he grabbed hold of the Bright Yang Stone, a large amount of black smoke spread out from his right hand, and a sharp pain that went straight to his soul shot through his body, causing Su Ming to almost be unable to bear with the pain, but he did not loosen his grip around the stone. Instead, he wrapped his fingers tighter around it!

"Su Ming, if you can't even handle a small little stone and give up now, then what right do you have to say that you want to get out of Yin Death Region?!" Su Ming growled with a pale face. As he threw that question to himself, he grabbed that stone, took a step forward, stepped into air, and instantly warped away, right at the moment an innumerable amount of long arcs closed in on the area from the sky!

Chapter 637: A Small Yang Stone!

With that step forward, a large amount of black smoke spread out from Su Ming's body. The aura of death from the black smoke was incredibly thick, and it was enough to make all those who saw it feel their hearts trembling in shock. No one would know what would happen if they touched it.

The indescribable pain disappeared when Su Ming walked away, and the cave abode collapsed with a bang and turned into ruins, though there was still a thick aura of death surrounding the place. Almost at the same time Su Ming disappeared, numerous long arcs swiftly closed in on the ruins, and the person in the lead was Shen Dong. Right behind him were all of the powerful Immortals who had descended in Evil Spirit Sect and were currently residing in Thousand River Valley.

"What great aura of death!"

"Who was it? We couldn't see his face clearly just now, but the thickness of this aura of death is terrifying. Could he be a heavenly corpse type monster?!"

"There's also a sign of someone's Nascent Divinity descending in this place!"

Shen Dong looked around the area before his gaze landed in the direction where Su Ming left, and he looked as if he was absorbed in his thoughts. The people behind him were attracted by the strange sights in the place, and as they discussed the phenomena around the area among themselves, they retreated, unwilling to get too much of the aura of death in the place on themselves.

"Progenitor, should we continue chasing him down?"

A middle-aged man walked out from behind Shen Dong. There was a slight hint of wariness on his face. Once he cast a look at the thick aura of death around the place, he wrapped his fist in his

palm towards Shen Dong.

He fell into a moment of pensive silence before he said slowly, "No need. We've already obtained the Bright Yang Stone from Gu Yuan Hai and completed our mission. There's no need for us to bring new problems on ourselves..."

"Indeed. After all, we have to complete the other task given by Sir Ji An next and prepare to fight against the other sects. Judging by the thick aura of death here, the person who left just now must surely have an astounding level of cultivation. There's no need for us to provoke him," an old man in red robes stated in a deep voice.

Bao Qiu was also among the group. At that moment, her heart was pounding against her chest. They might not have been able to see Su Ming clearly just now, but based on her senses, she could tell that the person who let out that thick aura of death just now was him!

The group with Shen Dong as the lead stayed a little longer in the place to search the area thoroughly. Once they did so, they gradually left into the distance and turned into long arcs, flying into the sky.

'The only person around the area who could overpower a Nascent Divinity cultivator who descended in this place might only be him...'

When Shen Dong left, he turned his head around and cast a glance at the place filled with the aura of death. The image of a person who he could not forget popped up in his head, and he cast a glance at Bao Qiu in a seemingly casual manner.

Su Ming warped again once he reappeared after his first warp, and he continued warping until he appeared inside the cave abode with the eight runic symbols in Thousand River Valley. The moment he was there, he staggered. His whole body was surrounded by the black aura of death, and it was especially thick around his right hand. It looked as if it was about to melt.

Sharp pain filled Su Ming's entire body. He gritted his teeth in the cave abode and sat down cross-legged, then stared at the stone in his right hand. The extreme Yang presence coming from it was like a burning sun that wanted to melt all ice.

It was as if he was holding onto a ball of flames that would never die in his hands, one that currently posed a huge threat to him.

Su Ming glared at the Bright Yang Stone in his hand, with labored breathing, and red gradually filled his eyes.

'It's just a small stone, and it's already left me in such a pathetic state... If I truly leave this place and reach Bright Yang Region in the future, I might disappear in just a few breaths...'

Su Ming did not loosen his grip around the stone, but instead curled his fingers tighter around it.

'I don't believe that with my level of cultivation, I won't be able to suppress this petty Bright Yang Stone!'

Veins popped up on Su Ming's face, and his power swiftly burst forth from his body. All his power as a Berserker circulated through him, causing even more aura of death to spread out of his body. After some time, the cave became filled with thick black smoke, and it was so dark that even if Su Ming stretched out his fingers, he would not be unable to see them.

The circulation of his power increased in speed. At that moment, he was circulating all the power he could muster within him so that he could suppress the Bright Yang Stone in his hand!

'This stone is like a ball of flames. It might do nothing to other people, but to me, it's as if it's working against my Life!'

Su Ming lifted his left hand and formed a seal before he pushed it down swiftly on that Bright Yang Stone in his right hand. With it, his left hand immediately showed signs of disappearing, and his body also started trembling, as if all his efforts were in vain and he could do nothing towards the stone.

'I don't believe that I can't do this!' A dark look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'Even if this stone is a ball of flames and even if I'm just a moth before it, I will still use my body to extinguish it! Even if it's the sun and I'm just ice that will melt when it gets close... then I will make it extinguish as I melt!'

Su Ming's body rapidly aged. At that moment, he looked like an ancient old man, and even if a person who was close to him appeared before him at that moment, they would find it difficult to recognize him.

As his power erupted from his body, Su Ming felt like an endless amount of ice sprayed on the sun. He was melting continuously and disappearing nonstop, but he still did not give up. There was a determination within him, along with a refusal to give up.

He refused to believe that he would be defeated by a mere stone. If he could not even suppress this stone, then he did not know whether he would have the courage to move even further and walk out of Yin Death Region!

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, seven days went by. During them, most of Su Ming's body had become indistinct, and even his will was starting to shake as if it could not withstand the constant intense pain. The pain, the gradual disappearance of one's body, and the feeling as if something was directly conflicting with their Life[1] was enough to push anyone going through it straight into the depths of madness.

Su Ming gritted his teeth, but he did not loosen his grip around the Bright Yang Stone. He could put it away and avoid its brilliance temporarily before attempting to suppress it again once his level of cultivation raised a little higher.

But he did not!!

He was not willing to do such a thing. If the thought of pushing

this back formed in his heart and avoidance took seed in his mind, then he would lose his courage to leave Yin Death Region.

He did not believe that one mere stone would be able to kill him!

It was precisely because of this unwillingness to believe that his will remained unshaken, no matter how great of a pain he had to suffer. During the seven days, he had circulated his power madly within his body so that it would completely burst forth to suppress the stone!

'If you are fire, then I am the ice that will extinguish fire!

'If you are the sun, then I am the darkness that will chase away the sun!

'You and I are born to counter each other... but since you are countering me, then I can also counter you!' Su Ming roared in his heart.

On the eighth day, when all his power erupted from his body and his cultivation base started showing signs of weakening after eight continuous days of suppression, for the first time, the Bright Yang Stone in his hand started letting out cracking sounds, and a crack appeared on it!

As that crack appeared, a large amount of aura of death surged inside and crashed into the power within. At that moment, as if fire and water were fighting against each other, the extreme Yang presence within the Bright Yang Stone started showing rare signs of weakening through Su Ming's continuous fight against its might from his disadvantageous position!

If any Immortal saw this at that moment, they would definitely be shocked, because Bright Yang Stones were objects that could allow Immortals to preserve their souls in the state of Yang. That's why they would not be too affected by the land itself once they descended in Yin Death Region, and these Bright Yang Stones were rare even in Bright Yang Region.

It was practically impossible to change the stone, and it was impossible for it to be filled by the aura of death, because wherever it was, it would instantly make all the aura of death disperse!

Yet now... that Bright Yang Stone was showing signs of being changed and suppressed because of Su Ming. These signs might still be far from the stone being truly transformed, but the appearance of these signs was enough to leave anyone who might learn of it in shock.

When the tenth day arrived, Su Ming's cultivation base became even more dried up, but the red in his eyes showed his determination. The extreme Yang presence from the Bright Yang Stone in his hand could no longer compare to what it was ten days ago. It might still be strong, but there was no way Su Ming could be wrong about what he sensed.

It could be said that he had gone through an indescribable metamorphosis during these ten days. He endured through it all despite the extreme pain and madness, and the longer he endured, the weaker the Bright Yang Stone became!

'One of these days, I will be able to change this stone completely and turn all of its life force into an aura of death, and I will turn this Bright Yang Stone... into Yin Death Stone!'

When the stone's might became much weaker and started showing signs of being suppressed, Su Ming lifted his left hand and cut open a gash across his chest. At the instant that wound appeared, he pressed the Bright Yang Stone in his right hand onto the wound.

At the instant Su Ming did this, his eyes became hazy, suddenly lacking focus, but they swiftly returned to normal in an instant. He gritted his teeth and forced the Bright Yang Stone into his wound to fuse it with his body.

This was his counterattack against Bright Yang Region!

He wanted to remember this feeling of being burned. He wanted to remember this feeling of withering away under Bright Yang. He wanted to remember all these things and get used to it slowly. He was going to make plans, make preparations, and get used to this feeling when he left this place in the future!

When the Bright Yang Stone fused into Su Ming's body, he formed a seal with both his hands, and his body instantly turned into something akin to a giant vortex that swept up all the aura of death in the cave and brought it all towards him, while loud rumbling sounds echoed in the air, to seep into the wound on his chest. This process lasted for four hours, and once all the aura of death in the cave was absorbed, the wound on Su Ming's chest closed up and could no longer be seen.

However, there was a Bright Yang Stone in his body that forced him to endure constant pain. But this pain... was something Su Ming wanted to get used to!

'When I no longer feel pain, then the destruction Bright Yang Region will bring to me will definitely be reduced. This is the process of reversing the seasons—winter moving towards spring—which is what I have come to understand!

'To move from death to life!'

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath and closed his eyes. In the mid of the intense pain, he slowly circulated the power in his body to allow it to slowly recover and maintain a balance within him while also suppressing that stone.

He also spread out his divine sense down, towards the depths of the ground. Three days later, he found the Spirit Vein of Thousand River Valley deep within the ground!

Translator's Notes:

1. Directly conflicting with Life: A meek reminder that life + fate = Life, and it came from the idea of birth/natal chart but it has

been changed to Life Matrix in PoT.

Anyway, why bring this up?

Because I thought it might sound a little abstract.

Just think of it this way.

(Below is not a very good example, but it's the quickest way to understand this whole 'conflicting against your life' XD, and also related to this whole birth chart/natal chart/Life Matrix thing, only disgustingly simplified)

Let's say we have a Pisces person, who is supposed to be a romantic.

Then she runs into a Sagittarius, who loves freedom and supposedly lacks tact.

A Pisces would like to be coddled and stuff, but the Sagittarius won't be able to give it, because of his personality (which is somehow determined because of his month of birth, lmao)

And the two of them constantly argue because their personalities don't match.

This part where their personalities don't match and you end up constantly arguing is what you mean by saying 'going against your Life', because the Pisces didn't find a person whose birth chart/natal chart/Life Matrix worked with hers.

So here, we have Su Ming, who is from Yin Death Region, and Bright Yang Stone is obviously from Bright Yang Region.

Both come from places that are binary opposites.

And since there is no way binary opposites can work together, that's why the stone is conflicting with Su Ming.

Chapter 638: Great Completion!

It was a winding Spirit Vein located underneath Thousand River Valley, but it was scattered all around the place. Perhaps more accurately speaking, this Spirit Vein was incomplete and was in pieces. It was as if the words 'Thousand Rivers' were true for this Spirit Vein as well, in the depths of the ground, for it had split up into a thousand veins there.

Each vein was incredibly weak and barely noticeable, but the power of the world formed right at the end of these thousand veins was still able to make Hidden Dragon Sect take a fancy to this Thousand River Valley. Because of that, they chose this location to set up their branch.

This Spirit Vein that was a crystal vein, which gave birth to the stones called Shaman Crystals among Shamans, Berserker Stones among Berserkers, and spirit stones among Immortals, was the most important reason why Su Ming came to Thousand River Valley, besides looting all the sect's spirit medicine, of course.

Several days later, he opened his eyes in the cave abode. His face was calm and not a single different thing could be detected about him; no one could guess what sort of pain he was going through at that moment.

However, Su Ming knew that he had to get used to this pain and familiarize himself with it!

He stood up slowly, and with one move, disappeared from the cave abode. When he reappeared, he was already in the depths of the ground. As he swam through the earth, he saw a layer of crystalline light before him.

It was a crystal vein that was a hundred something feet long running down a winding path. It appeared as a crystal vein, but when Su Ming swept through it with his divine sense, he felt as if this was a small dragon that was buried in the depths of the

ground.

'Let's hope that Hong Luo's Art works.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The power he had spent to suppress the Bright Yang Stone during the past ten days had completely recovered, and when it did so, he had discovered to his surprised delight that his cultivation base had increased a little. It might not be much, but it had made his cultivation base reach near nine-tenths in his path towards full recovery from the injuries he had suffered!

It might still be only nearing that amount, but there was only a sliver of distance left before he would have completely recovered nine-tenths of his cultivation base!

'If this Art works, then I will be able to recover to a state where I've never been before in a short period of time, and I will be able to try and reach Berserker Soul Realm!

'If I can reach Berserker Soul Realm...'

A brilliant glint shone in Su Ming's eyes, but when he narrowed his eyes, it slowly disappeared. He took a step towards the crystal vein before him. His body moved through the ground, though at a clearly slower pace than it usually would, because this sort of movement used up a large amount of power. After a moment, when Su Ming appeared by the crystal vein, his eyes flashed with a light. He lifted his right hand and formed a seal. After he changed it nine times, ripples spread out from his body and traveled outwards in all directions.

As it spread out, Su Ming's body slowly began turning indistinct. This kind of state lasted for about a quarter of an hour before Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the crystal vein, and a strange change began gradually showing up on his body, as he remained in that state.

'In truth, this Art to devour a crystal vein came from... the Ten

Transfigurations from the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice Art! Nine Transformations can increase the strength of any divine ability or skill nine times so that they would reach the limit of their power.

'And Ten Transfigurations is a divine ability that can transform a person. This Ten Transfigurations in Hong Luo's inheritance will only begin the transformation once I fuse into the item I want to change myself into, and once I choose it, I won't be able to turn back.

'The Ten Transfigurations Art allows me to fuse myself into ten different objects... and the first thing I will transform into with my Ten Transfigurations Art is a crystal vein!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. When he sat down, his body continuously turning more indistinct, his legs started slowly changing, and crystals started forming on them. They continued spreading up his legs, and an hour later, his whole body looked as if it had turned into a crystal.

In fact, at first glance, Su Ming looked incredibly similar to the crystal vein. Two hours later, he even completely disappeared to be replaced by an extra section protruding out of the crystal vein in the ground!

That extra section was in the shape of a person, but it looked like it was one with the crystal vein and could not be distinguished clearly. Even if there was someone else in this place, they might not be able to see anything wrong with this crystal vein at just one glance either.

This was the Ten Transfigurations Art. It would allow the caster to choose an item he wanted to transform himself into and fuse with it. Once he was successful, he could turn into the exact same thing as the item he had fused with, and not only would their appearance be similar, even their internal structures would also be exactly the same!

Just like now. Su Ming had chosen a crystal vein as his first transfiguration among the ten. And in a few hours, he had successfully turned into a crystal vein. When not a single difference could be detected between them, it allowed the process of him absorbing the spiritual aura from outside his body to turn into devouring the crystal vein from inside.

He was one with the crystal vein, and their fusion existed within their bodies. Time passed, and three days later, the crystal vein started showing signs of drying up. It gradually turned dark as it lost its spiritual aura. Only the extra, human-shaped crystal vein became brighter.

On the fifth day, this part turned indistinct once again and gradually turned back into Su Ming. He no longer looked as weakened as he was before either, but had recovered a little of his vitality.

A large portion of his cultivation base had also been restored!

'I can use this method!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he disappeared with one move. When he reappeared, he was already on another crystal vein that was a hundred something feet away from where he had been previously. Similar to before, when he touched that crystal vein, he transformed into it and became one with it.

This time, he did not take five days to absorb the vitality, only four, and after these days, the crystal vein turned into dust.

Time passed. As Su Ming continued absorbing the crystal veins while they subsequently turned into dust due to his actions, after a month went by, he managed to reduce the speed of his absorption from five to only one day!

That length of time was also still shrinking. If he continued with this speed, before long, the amount of crystal veins he absorbed in a few days might be equivalent to the amount he had absorbed

over the past month.

The increasingly faster pace of absorption was due to Su Ming's growing familiarity with the Art and his own change!

The absorption of the crystal veins during the past month had let Su Ming see hope and filled his face with enthusiasm, because as he continued devouring, he had finally reach nine-tenths of his cultivation base!

Not only did he achieve that, his cultivation base was also still increasing.

He could clearly feel himself becoming stronger with each moment as he continued devouring the crystal veins. This feeling was incredibly addictive, and it also strengthened his ability to suppress the Bright Yang Stone in his body.

One day, two days, three days... the crystal veins behind Su Ming shattered, and when another half a month went by, the amount of time he required to absorb a crystal vein was reduced to only six hours!

As his speed increased, the thousand crystal veins under Thousand River Valley swiftly disappeared, and gradually, the spiritual aura in Thousand River Valley started slowly reducing. This was bound to catch many people's attention.

Yet strangely, no one came to check, causing Su Ming to be unable to use all the attacks he had prepared beforehand. This was something that puzzled him as he continued absorbing the crystal veins.

However, he was at a critical moment at that point, and it was not convenient for him to venture outside to check. The act of absorbing the crystal veins also rendered his connection with Bao Qiu almost non-existent, which was why he could not find out what was going on outside through her.

To him, nothing outside could be as important as him recovering

his cultivation base at that moment, so he gradually stopped thinking about it. When two months had passed since the start, Su Ming was sitting on a large crystal vein, and in less than two hours, it shattered into pieces. When he opened his eyes, a piercing, brilliant light flashed in them.

'I've recovered ninety-seven percent of my cultivation base! There's only half a step left for me to reach great completion!' Su Ming did not know how many crystal veins he had absorbed, but by his estimations, he should have devoured nearly a hundred of them.

At that moment, while he needed around two hours to absorb larger crystal veins like the ones he had been sitting on, he only needed a quarter of an hour to absorb the small ones like the one he had chosen at the start.

'If I continue with this speed, then in just another month, I'll be able to recover completely! In fact, if I can increase my speed, I won't even need a month!'

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He might have surpassed the pinnacle of his power when he fought against Di Tian in the past, but his body still had yet to recover fully. There were still some hindrances lying about when he circulated his power. Right then, the hope of full recovery made Su Ming to resist feeling a little excited.

'Di Tian, the injuries I sustained all those years ago were because of you...' Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. When he closed them, he appeared on another crystal vein and began absorbing it.

Three days, five days, seven days, ten days!

When another ten days passed, the number of crystal veins Su Ming absorbed had already surpassed the number of all the crystal veins he had absorbed in the past. There were only a small amount of them left from the thousand that had existed at first. Most of them had already been devoured by Su Ming.

With his speed, he only needed a hundred breaths to be able to reduce a small crystal vein to dust by then.

On the tenth day, Su Ming opened his eyes after devouring the vitality of another vein, which shattered and crumbled under him, at his frightening speed. Right then, an indescribably powerful might swiftly burst forth from Su Ming's body with a loud bang.

His cultivation base continued rising without stop, and as he kept on recovering before eventually reaching complete recovery, the hindrances and obstacles that had existed previously when he circulated his power were now gone. The passages within him were like straight lines, which resulted in him reaching completion!

This was completion in its truest meaning. All his flesh and blood had been turned into that of a true Berserker. Every single inch of his bones had been turned into Berserker Bones. Every drop of his blood shone with a faint golden light, and all his organs, everything within his body, had become perfect at this instant!

Su Ming had a strong hunch that there was only one path before him at that moment, and it was to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

As he examined his body, surprised delight rose in him, but it swiftly turned into uncertainty before a variety of expressions started appearing and taking each other's place on his face.

He could sense that once he reached Berserker Soul Realm, then there was a huge possibility that he would be able to move straight from the initial stage to the middle stage, then the later stage, before he reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Because his foundation gave him the right to do so!

However, it also meant that the process of reaching Berserker Soul Realm would be exceedingly difficult. This difficulty might be a hundred times more higher than that of a normal person trying to reach that Realm.

Fortunately for Su Ming, due to the state of his foundation being something that no predecessor of his had ever possessed, even if he failed in trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, he would not be destroyed like the others. However, he could not fail more than three times. Once he did, then he would still die. This was something Su Ming had come to understand naturally once his cultivation base recovered and his body reached completion.

'Should I go for it, or should I not..?' Su Ming did not have an ounce of confidence in succeeding. After a moment of hesitation, a determined look appeared in his eyes.

'I'll do it!'

Chapter 639: My Soul is in the World!

Even if Su Ming had not made full preparations for this and there was a high possibility that he would fail, he still chose to attempt breaking into the Berserker Soul Realm!

Because the completion Su Ming had gained meant that he would no longer be trying to breakthrough into the normal Berserker Soul Realm, but would be heading straight into the great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm. He would be leaping across a huge Realm!

He could not choose to give up on this. Even if he failed, he would need to have the courage to face failure head-on!

Su Ming's eyes shone and he charged deeper into the ground. When he could no longer determine the distance between him and the surface, and when the pressure from the ground grew to a mighty degree, Su Ming sat down on a crystal vein. There was no earth around him, because it had spread outwards due to the pressure, revealing an empty space of around a hundred something feet wide.

It was quiet there. Not a single sound could be detected. Su Ming closed his eyes while in a meditative position, and as he circulated all his power within him, his Qi began rising nonstop.

The speed of that increase was so great that his Qi reached its pinnacle in an instant, and during that moment, the principles Tian Xie Zi had told his disciples regarding trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm all those years ago reverberated in Su Ming's head.

The main idea of Berserker Soul lay in the soul. It was the great completion of the Berserker Mark. A Berserker needed to activate the power of all his Berserker Bones in his body to stimulate his Berserker Mark. Then, once it gained physical form, it would become a soul! That soul would be able to communicate with the

world, allow the person to use the power of the world, and allow them to go through a change in nature!

It could also be called a metamorphosis of the soul!

A Berserker Mark's transformation into a soul would gather up the Berserker's will and all his Qi as well as blood inheritance to form his own statue of the God of Berserkers. Then, with the statue as a reflection of themselves, they would be able to enter Berserker Soul Realm after fusing with it!

'Dark Mountain is my mark... and the ninth summit is also part of my mark!' Su Ming's Berserker Mark formed on his face, and the ninth summit's mark also manifested on his body. The grass, plants, houses, and everything else were reflected clearly on him.

A Berserker Mark was born from the heart and shown on the body. It was the entirety of a person's heart and soul!

"Dark Mountain is my soul," Su Ming mumbled. Immediately, the mountain that seemed to possess five fingers on his face twisted and gradually appeared behind him, as if it had turned into a mountain that was buried underground!

"The ninth summit is my spirit." Right before Su Ming's eyes, Tian Xie Zi, second senior brother, eldest senior brother, Hu Zi... and everything else in the ninth summit showed up.

With a bang, the ninth summit manifested in front of him. It was positioned directly opposite of the Dark Mountain behind him, and both mountains stirred up a series of loud bangs in the depths of the ground.

"My Berserker Soul is my eternal connection with Dark Mountain... and my everlasting gratitude towards ninth summit!" Su Ming lifted his hands and waved them, with a bright light shining in his eyes.

He felt as if could see his elder and everything within Dark Mountain, could even hear the faint moaning sounds of the xun in

his ears, bringing with it an air of sadness and desolation, but at the same time, he also saw the setting sun on the ninth summit.

All of these things gradually fused together before his eyes, and once they overlapped with each other, he could no longer see clearly. Faint cracking sounds rang in his head, as if some sort of seal within him begun to break at that instant!

"Destiny will be my sky."

As Su Ming mumbled softly, the rumbling sounds from the depths of the ground reverberated once again, and the earth all around him started trembling. Right above him, an infant's shadow appeared, but that shadow continuously changed, occasionally turning into a young man with purple hair, and the murderous aura, as well as the aura of death, around him surged into the sky. It was so strong that it made the ground tremble without stop, as if even the earth itself was afraid of this illusory shadow.

"My soul is in the world!"

Su Ming moved his arms swiftly, and his divine sense spread outwards with his movements, fusing into the Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and Destiny. With his will as the center and his soul as the bond gathering them together, Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny's shadow slowly approached each other, and they began showing signs of fusing!

Su Ming started trembling. He could feel that the power pulling these three things closer and fusing them together was the Berserker power stored in all his blood and flesh as well as his Berserker Bones. With everything in his body, he was slowly fusing the three things together.

Once the fusion was complete and the three became one in soul, then it would mean that Su Ming had finished his first step in trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm! The next step would then be a reflection of that soul by forming a statue of the God of

Berserkers and activating the world in his body [1] so that he would enter Berserker Soul Realm!

Forget even the second step, the first step alone was already incredibly difficult for Su Ming. He had already made all his power erupt from his body, but he still could not make the three objects fuse together quickly. He could only make them slowly become one.

In fact, he had a constant feeling that he seemed to be lacking something, but he just could not tell what it was that he lacked.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, six hours went by. Su Ming's entire body was drenched in sweat, and his face was pale, but he still gritted his teeth and persevered. The cracking sounds in his head were becoming more frequent, and the feeling as if a seal was being broken became even more distinct.

He had a strong hunch that once the seal in his mind was broken, then the inheritance Hong Luo had left behind of his Path to Life would completely surge out, and a part of Su Ming's own sealed memories would be activated. He would then be able to see all that had been buried within him!

Almost at the instant Su Ming tried fusing the three objects together and the seal in his mind continued breaking, the spiritual aura in Thousand River Valley started turning chaotic, and the weather in the sky also changed. Thunder rumbled above, and rain would occasionally pour down. At other times, snow would fall, and sometimes dark clouds would sink down as well.

These changes in the weather caused all the Evil Spirit Sect members in Thousand River Valley to feel shocked, and all of them lifted their heads to look.

'These are... the signs of a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm!'

Shen Dong lifted his head and stared at the sky with an

incredibly grave expression on his face. He could tell that this was not just any normal procedure of a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm. This was just the beginning, and it had already caused this amount of change in the sky. By the looks of it, these changes would only become stronger as time passed.

In a mountain range in Eastern Wastelands that was located an unknown amount of distance from Su Ming was an endless amount of great halls standing erect on each of the mountains!

The buildings here seemed endless, and there were even more than a hundred palaces floating in the sky. Each of them shone with a piercing light, and from the distance, a person who saw them would discover to their amazement that there was a giant sword stabbed into the ground right at the center of this area. That sword was a hundred thousand feet tall, and sword aura was seeping out of its entire body to cover a circular area of several li.

On the sword's hilt was a golden palace, and the light shining from it made it seem as if it was a golden sun!

This was where Great Leaf Immortal Sect's headquarters were located in the land of Berserkers!

At the same time these changes in the weather occurred, there were two people sitting directly opposite each other in that golden palace. These two people were different in shape and form, but their clothes were the exactly the same. They were both wearing an Emperor's robe and crown. They both possessed an aloof presence, and their expressions were cold.

One of them was dressed in a golden robe, and the other in a purple robe. The color might be different, but they were both Emperor's robes, and the presences from both their bodies were astonishingly similar.

If Su Ming saw that person in purple robes, he would definitely be able to tell with just one glance that this was the Di Tian that had fought against him in the Dead Sea island!

The person in golden robes... was also Di Tian!

These two people were the two clones Di Tian had sent into the land of Berserkers!

At the instant Su Ming tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm and the seal in his mind showed signs of breaking, the Di Tian in purple robes opened his eyes, and a surprised glare shone in the. He looked outside the palace swiftly and a frown appeared between his brows.

"I can feel his seal breaking..."

"I can't find where he's hiding!" The person who said these words was the clone in golden robes, once he also opened his eyes.

"He has already left our control..."

"Our real self already knows about this, but he still hasn't sent his will to us. He seems to be hesitating."

"Our plans over these numerous years have gone off track because of Hong Luo. This is a crime so great for the royal blood in the land of Immortals that even death cannot pardon their sins!"

"His seal is breaking. It should be caused by him trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm... We cannot let him succeed!"

"Our real self hasn't sent his will over. We can just act according to the original will which he gave to us. The seal that has been placed on him by our real self over the countless reincarnations won't be so easily broken..."

As the two clones spoke calmly, the Di Tian in purple robes lifted his right hand and pressed his palm at the center of his brows. After a moment, when he lifted his hand, he brought out a greenish black stone from within his body.

An incredibly dense aura of death spread out from that stone. The aura of death surrounding it made it seem as if the stone had gathered the essence of hell on itself. It looked similar to the Bright

Yang Stone, but its presence was completely different!

And more importantly, there was a picture on that stone, and it formed the contour of a person... who looked vaguely like Su Ming!

"He does not dare show up and reveal himself before me. He no longer dares fight against me and stayed hidden for many years... I might still be unable to find him... but I can make the seal placed on him stronger!" the Di Tian in purple robes said calmly and lifted his left hand before straightening it and pressing his palm swiftly on that greenish black stone. With it, the aura of death on the stone trembled.

At the same time, a violent shudder wrecked Su Ming's body as he was meditating under the endless depths of Thousand River Valley while fusing Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny together into a soul while the seal in his mind continued breaking.

A sharp stab of pain erupted from his mind, and that pain caused his eyes to instantly become bloodshot. It was as if a wave of power had appeared out of nowhere and caused the seal in his mind to become stronger in a heartbeat. The signs of it breaking instantly vanished.

The pain came too suddenly, causing Su Ming's body to tremble, and the three objects that were fusing into a soul before him immediately started showing signs of dissipating before crumbling with a bang.

Once that happened, Dark Mountain vanished, ninth summit disappeared, and Destiny was also gone without a trace. All these things returned into Su Ming's body once again, causing him to fail in his attempt to reach Berserker Soul Realm...

Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood. As his face turned pale, he endured the sharp pain in his mind and lifted his head swiftly. Red filled his eyes, and a crazed killing intent raged wildly within them.

"Di Tian!"

The murderous intent within Su Ming's voice caused murderous aura to rise from him and surge into the sky. His will to kill Di Tian reached its pinnacle.

At that moment, an incredibly powerful will burst forth within Su Ming's mind.

'I'll kill Di Tian!'

This was the first time the thought of killing Di Tian had appeared in Su Ming's mind, he no longer thought of hiding and dodging his oppressor!

Translator's Note:

1. Body as world: Is what I believe is related to the idea of body as cosmos in Taoism/Daoism. Here is a link, just scroll to "Body and Cosmos"

http://www.goldenelixir.com/taoism/views_of_the_body.html

Chapter 640: Evil Immortals and Immortals

Even if Di Tian had not attacked this time, the chances of Su Ming succeeding in reaching Berserker Soul Realm were still incredibly slim. He had expected this earlier and had felt it deeply when he was going through the entire process of trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm.

However, it did not matter whether he would succeed or fail, Su Ming would still choose not to run from it. Even if he failed, he would still try looking for the sparkle that would lead him to success in his failure, but this time, the reason for his failure was not due to himself, but because of Di Tian's seal!

This feeling where his breakthrough had been cut off by someone else made Su Ming's killing intent towards Di Tian run even deeper!

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips. The red that had filled his eyes only started scattering away after a long time had passed, but even though the killing intent in his eyes was hidden away, it still showed in the dark look on Su Ming's face.

"If I don't kill Di Tian, I won't be able reach Berserker Soul Realm!" Su Ming spat out each of the words, and each one contained his desire to kill Di Tian.

But it did not mean that Su Ming had not gained anything from his failure this time. At the very least, he knew that reaching Berserker Soul Realm could break that invisible seal placed on his memories, and the breaking of it would attract Di Tian's attention, and that person would jump in to interfere with his breakthrough!

If that was the case, then if he did not kill Di Tian, the same thing would happen when he attempted his second breakthrough to the Berserker Soul Realm, and it would also be the same for his third time. This was something Su Ming could not accept. There was only one path lying before him at that moment, and that was... to

kill Di Tian!

But Di Tian was incredibly strong... Su Ming did not have the confidence to kill him.

With a dark look on his face, he closed his eyes and calmed down his cultivation base, causing the power that had turned chaotic in his body due to his failure to reach Berserker Soul Realm to gradually calm down and the chaotic state in his body to slowly return to normal. In the end, all his power fused back together and circulated through his body.

Golden light shone on Su Ming's body. This was the direct manifestation of all his blood, flesh, and bones turning into those of a true Berserker. A powerful presence spread out of his body, causing all the earth around him to fall back and coagulate, and the crystal vein beneath his body to shatter inch by inch before turning into dust.

This presence and the powerful might spreading out of Su Ming's body at that moment was slightly stronger than before he tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm. Once that power completed several circles of circulation and returned the body to normal, the brilliant light that shone in Su Ming's eyes the moment he opened them was enough to pierce through all nine layers in the ground.

The depths shuddered lightly, as if they could not bear the mighty pressure that spread out once Su Ming opened his eyes.

"I failed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm, but not only did my power not dwindle, it increased slightly... With an eight or nine-tenths of my cultivation base, I can fight against a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and not fall behind. I can fight against them on equal grounds!

"With my cultivation base fully restored, I should be able to win against a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! Right now..." Su Ming's gaze was biting cold as he mumbled to himself.

"I'm halfway... to Life Cultivation?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head.

'Only when I succeed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm can I be considered halfway to reaching Life Cultivation. Right now, I'm just infinitesimally close to it, but there are only few who could win against me under Life Cultivation Realm!'

Su Ming stood up slowly, and with one step, his body swiftly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was still in the depths of the ground, and after several warps, he appeared in the cave abode, and Bao Qiu's urgent call emerged deep in his heart.

By the looks of it, this was not the first time she had called out to him, but since Su Ming had been in the depths of the ground recovering his cultivation base and trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, that call was lost in the waves of power and pressure produced during his activities.

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance at the roof in the cave abode. After a moment of pensive silence, he moved towards the entrance to the cave and gradually vanished.

There was a large number of Evil Spirit Sect members within Thousand River Valley looking at the sky at that moment. When the numerous strange phenomena slowly disappeared and the sky returned to normal, these people slowly fell silent while still harboring a large amount of questions within them.

Most of the people here could guess that the change in the weather was due to a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, and it was not an easy breakthrough. There should be some sort of change no one knew about contained within.

Yet no matter what, the strange phenomena in the world had vanished, and no statue of the God of Berserkers had appeared. This meant that the person who tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm had failed.

Reaching Berserker Soul Realm among the Berserkers was a life and death situation. Once they failed, then their bodies and souls would be destroyed. There were few exceptions to this, and that was why most of the people here believed that the person who had failed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm just now had died.

Shen Dong frowned. In the mid of his uncertainty, he believed that this was not what had happened, but this was just a feeling he had, and he did not have too much time to investigate it. That's why he just shook his head and put this matter aside.

The long arcs that had been forced to stop in the distance beyond Thousand River Valley now began to rush back once more. All of the people within these long arcs were Evil Spirit Sect disciples. It was as if they had received some sort of order during the past few days and were all hurrying towards Thousand River Valley in succession to obey that order.

Right then, there were thousands of Evil Spirit Sect disciples in Thousand River Valley. However, there were even more Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance among these people, and they numbered to nearly ten thousand!

It caused Thousand River Valley to become incredibly lively during these past few days, and the sounds of human chatter were loud in the air. If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to find some hints of what was going on. These Evil Spirit Sect disciples who had gathered in Thousand River Valley were mostly solemn, and there was even a desolate air lingering around them, though it was vague and indistinct. The loud human chatter, too, slowly disappeared as the days went by, until all the people eventually fell silent.

Day by day, they quietly trained, quietly polished their Enchanted Treasures and swords, quietly looked at the world, and quietly accumulated the murderous look in their eyes.

Bao Qiu meditated within her hall, located at the top of one of the

mountains in Thousand River Valley. There were plenty of seals placed around her, and most of the time, her expression was sullen when she was in her usual old woman's disguise, making it seem as if she did not want anyone getting close to her. This was one of the reason why the hall where she stayed was incredibly deserted.

At that moment, she was calling out to Su Ming repeatedly in the depths of her heart. This had lasted for an entire week, but every single time she called out, her voice would sink like a stone falling into the sea. No response would be given to her, and it was as if Su Ming had left, completely forgetting this place.

An anguished look appeared on Bao Qiu's face and she sighed.

'There's still two days left until we have to depart, but he still hasn't replied... even though I can sense that he's close to this place...'

Bao Qiu's expression constantly changed. She had a seal placed on her soul and her life was no longer in her hands. When she thought of the great battle that would occur two days later and she remembered that she had to dissipate her soul as one of the members to set up Evil Spirit Sect's Sky Devourer Rune because of all the souls of those who formed this Sky Devourer Rune had to be fused together to activate this powerful Rune, Bao Qiu smiled bitterly.

She wasn't certain whether anyone would be able to find anything off about her once her soul fused with the others. But based on her analysis, the chances of this matter being discovered were quite high. After all, the person who would manage this Great Sky Devourer Rune was Sir Ji An's personal attendant, and that person's level of cultivation was higher than Shen Dong's.

That was why she had been calling out to Su Ming urgently during the past few days, so that they could find a solution to this problem. After all, she would be in great trouble if something wrong was discovered about her when they activated the Great Sky

Devourer Rune.

'Oh well, if he still hasn't responded to my call before I leave, then I will have to go to Sect Elder Shen Dong and tell him the truth... But his seal on me...' Bao Qiu struggled for a moment before she sighed resignedly.

At the moment she heaved out that sigh, a chill suddenly ran down her spine, because right, a cold voice rang in her ears.

"What is it that made you call me so many times?"

Bao Qiu shuddered, and when she turned her head around, she saw that Su Ming had appeared not too far behind her at some point. The familiar sight of his white robes as well as his long hair made Bao Qiu immediately wrap her fist in her palm before she bowed towards him.

"Greetings, Master.

"Master, Evil Sect has issued an order to launch an all out attack. Two days later, the entire combat force of Evil Sect will be fighting against all the other Immortal sects, who will be led by Great Leaf Immortal Sect. At that time, Evil Spirit Sect will be forming the Great Sky Devourer Rune..." Bao Qiu lowered her head and quickly told Su Ming the things that had brought about her anxiety over the past few days.

Yet when she finished speaking, she did not receive any reply from Su Ming. She hesitated for a moment before she lifted her head to look at Su Ming. Then, she saw a pensive look in his eyes, as if he was distracted by some consideration.

When Bao Qiu saw a faint hint of killing intent shining in that pensive look in his eyes, her heart trembled, and she did not dare look him in the eye anymore.

She had a vague feeling that Su Ming was a little different from how he was in the past, but she could not describe what was unlike before. Right now, she felt the same kind of anxiety within her as

she did when she had to meet Sir Ji An in the past.

"Did you just say... Great Leaf Immortal Sect?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly after some time, and his gaze landed on Bao Qiu's face.

This was not the first time Su Ming had learned of the Great Leaf Immortal Sect. In truth, as time passed and he gained more exposure, he had been able to tell from various clues that there were several other huge Immortal sects besides Evil Sect in Eastern Wastelands and South Morning.

Hidden Dragon Sect had clearly targeted the Shamans, and also had an incredibly great amount of influence in Eastern Wastelands.

From the name itself, he could tell that Sky Mist Dao was connected to Sky Mist's ancestor, and Tian Lan Meng was also in there.

As for Great Leaf Immortal Sect, it had occupied the land of Berserkers in South Morning and the most important parts in Eastern Wastelands. Di Tian's servant was from this sect... and Di Tian was clearly also from this sect!

"Yes. This time our major opponent is Great Leaf Immortal Sect. After all, the Emperors from Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao have not descended here. Besides Evil Sect having the presence of Sir Ji An among us in Eastern Wastelands, only Great Leaf Immortal Sect has favorable climatic and topographical elements that allowed Di Tian of the five Emperors to send two of his clones here.

"They are our greatest enemy!" Bao Qiu quickly said, and when she mentioned Great Leaf Immortal Sect possessing favorable climatic and topographical elements, she instinctively cast Su Ming a glance.

"Two clones!" A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes, and his mood grew even more sullen. He could tell that Bao Qiu

was not lying, and neither was there any need for her to lie about this. If that was the case, his guess had been slightly wrong. Di Tian had not sent one clone to this place this time... but two!

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming's eyes shone with a strange light and he suddenly asked, "How confident are you to win this battle?" .

"With Sir Ji An around, its fifty-fifty on who wins," Bao Qiu said softly, after hesitating slightly.

"Ji An..." Su Ming mumbled. He had heard this name multiple times when he was in Evil Spirit Sect. Gradually, a dark smile curled up on his lips.

Chapter 641: There Can Be No Failure in this Battle!

'The time limit to gather ten million li blood light from Eastern Wastelands Tower is only a thousand days... and the more this drags on, the more disadvantageous it would be for the Immortals. This would mean that they're just giving a perfect chance for Berserkers!

'That's why Ji An is in such a hurry to launch a full scale battle between Evil Sect and all the other sects, and this must also be the other sects' intention as well. They want to determine who would win and lose with just one battle!

'Perhaps there's some form of trade going on behind the scenes beyond Yin Death Region. Are they going to determine who will be the ones taking charge and who will be the ones who can only follow when they enter Eastern Wastelands Tower with this battle...?'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he started analyzing the situation. He might not have concrete evidence to back up his guesses, but he should be close to the truth. After all, this was one of the few methods that could resolve the plan the first God of Berserkers had set up for Eastern Wastelands Tower.

'The main part of this battle is the fight between Di Tian's two clones and Ji An himself, only then will come the fight between the disciples from the other Immortal sects.

'But since Ji An would dare to launch this battle, then he must have some sort of confidence. If that's the case... Di Tian, you will die!' The killing intent in Su Ming's eyes shone brighter. He wanted to kill Di Tian, but due to his level of cultivation and Di Tian's great strength, it was difficult for him to fulfill his wish.

But if Di Tian did not die, then it would be impossible for him to

reach Berserker Soul Realm. Because of this, his desire to kill Di Tian grew even stronger.

'I'm not your opponent if I face you head-on, but if I hide myself and mix with the cultivators from Evil Sect... then when you fight against Ji An and think that I will absolutely not choose to attack during the battle, my chances of killing you will raise to the highest possible level!

'Ji An from Evil Sect will surely not give up that perfect chance either!' Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart. After mulling over this particular thought carefully in his head, a determined look appeared on his face.

"With me around, I won't let anyone be able to see any sort of problems on you when you cast that Great Sky Devourer Rune. When you leave two days later, I will go with you and fight against those Immortal sects!" Su Ming waved his arm in dismissal and no longer paid any attention to Bao Qiu, disappearing without a trace from the hall with a single step.

Only Bao Qiu remained in the hall with a stunned look on her face. After a moment, a puzzled expression appeared on her face, but she soon seemed to have remembered something. A shudder ran through her body, and she whipped her head around and looked at the entrance to the hall, her breathing picking up in speed. She only managed to recover after a long time had passed.

'Could it be... that the rumors about Di Tian and Destiny are real?!

With Di Tian's strength, it was difficult to judge the possibility of anyone ambushing him while his two clones fought against Ji An.

Even for a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, it would still be difficult for him to be useful unless he self-destructed. At the very most, he would only be able to provide a few chances for Ji An to be on the offensive.

If it was a low leveled Immortal in Ascendance, then he would not even need to bother about attacking, because he would be completely useless. Unless a person's power had surpassed that of Ascendance and they could fight against one of Di Tian's clones on his own, only then would things be perfect for Ji An.

Su Ming did not possess this sort of power. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he did somewhat have this power, but compared to that, what was even better was that he was familiar with Di Tian's divine abilities! After all, when Hong Luo was in control of his body, he had fought against Di Tian, and after Hong Luo disappeared, Su Ming had killed one of them himself!

In fact, just a few years ago, he had engaged in a shocking battle against one of Di Tian's clone on the Dead Sea island. During that battle, Su Ming might have needed the old xun maker's help to escape, but if he did not possess the ability to force Di Tian's clone into a pathetic state, then even with the old xun maker's help, Su Ming would have still been unable to escape.

Su Ming had not died in all three battles against Di Tian, and now, he was about to take the initiative and launch the fourth one!

'I can't depend on Ji An for the success of this battle...'

Su Ming appeared at the edge of Thousand River Valley. This was the place where most Outer Sect disciples gathered. He searched for a slightly more remote place before he sat down and sank into his thoughts.

He touched his storage bag. He had retrieved the God of Berserkers' spike after he had used it all those years ago, and while that spike could still be used, he had to be much more careful with his timing this time compared to the past, or else it would not make much of a difference.

A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and he patted his storage bag with his right hand. A ray of dark light appeared before it instantly vanished into Su Ming's mouth, and it immediately

began receiving nourishment in his body. That light had contained the spike!

'All of my Enchanted Treasures were destroyed during that battle... One of the only things I can still use is the might of the one mountain Han Mountain Bell absorbed from Eastern Wastelands Bell. The bell's power has increased by quite a large margin because of this, so at least I'll be able to use it.

'And then there's the divine lightning Di Tian was incredibly wary of in the past!' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. The powerful strength that had erupted from the nine-holed cauldron that day was something he still could not forget up to this date.

'Aside from this, I have three other divine abilities with me which Di Tian's clone hasn't seen me use before. They might prove useful!' In silence, the first thing Su Ming thought of was the grass knot puppet Art he had learned!

'It's a pity that I'd need Di Tian's hair or a personal belonging of his to cast this Art... Hmm?' Su Ming's pupils constricted. A thought had suddenly struck him.

As that thought popped up in his head, Su Ming's heart immediately started racing and pounding against his chest.

'Perhaps I won't need his hair or his personal belongings... As long as Di Tian's mind exists in something and he has an incredibly close connection to it, then I might be able to use it...

'And even if that something is a person, I can still use it! As long as that person is someone close to Di Tian and is mentally connected to him, then I should be able to do it!' A cold sneer curled up on Su Ming's lips. He had just remembered Di Tian's servant!

The old man in black Su Ming had captured in the World of Nine Yin was still in his possession. He had originally wanted to learn about Destiny from that old man's mouth, but now, he would be

the best possible tool in his plot against Di Tian!

'This person is Di Tian's servant and he was sent here to keep an eye on me, so clearly, he is a trusted subordinate... He could also communicate with Di Tian and was protected by Di Tian's clone in the past, had even fused with him. That's why... this person is definitely mentally connected to Di Tian!' In the mid of such thoughts, Su Ming began laughing coldly in his heart.

'Di Tian, you placed a seal on me and could even bring about my failure through a long distanced attack when I tried to reach Berserker Soul Realm. Today, I will use this grass knot puppet Art and have you get a taste of your own medicine!' A ruthless look appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but it quickly vanished.

'There's also the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. This is Shen Dong's divine ability, but since he's not from Yin Death Region, he couldn't reach completion in this Art. I copied it that day, and I'm quite certain I can execute it.' Su Ming closed his eyes, and once he mulled over that Verdant Abyssal Seal, he blinked them open. His desire to kill Di Tian grew stronger.

'The last one is...' Su Ming lifted his left hand and looked at four of his fingers. The indistinct runic symbols shining on their pads caused Su Ming's eyes to slowly be surrounded by brilliant light.

'Wind, rain, thunder, lightning... and winter!' Su Ming's gaze fell on his right little finger.

'Two days...'

Su Ming stood up and disappeared without a trace. When he disappeared, a shifty looking person walked out from the alley beside where he'd been sitting. When the stranger walked over, he started looking all around him, sighing without end.

"What should I do...? What should I do...? I'll definitely die in this battle... Qian Chen, oh Qian Chen, are you really going to die young...? Ah, the heavens really do hate talented people!"

That person was, of course, Qian Chen. He sat down right, with a sigh and a miserable look on his face, where Su Ming had been previously sitting and started daydreaming while looking at the sky.

"Ah... If I had known about this before, then I wouldn't have wasted all my efforts to descend here in secret. It would have been so much better if I had stayed up there... I could have gotten all the girls I wanted and all the spirit stones I wanted... It's my fault for being greedy. I thought I could get an easier life if I descended to the land of Berserkers." Qian Chen pulled his hair and his face was twisted in distress. Judging by his words, this person was an Immortal who had descended to the land of Berserkers!

But perhaps... he was the weakest cultivator to have ever descended.

While he was sighing, Su Ming had already returned to his cave abode. Once he sat down, he swung his arm, and a black ball of fog immediately appeared before him. Within it was the old man in black robes - Di Tian's servant. However, the area around him had already been sealed up, causing his presence to be unable to spread out.

Su Ming stared at the old man in black, and with a glint in his eyes, he immediately brought out a blade of grass before he started tying knots on it. With each one, he would extract a little piece of the old man's soul...

His killing intent and hate towards Di Tian caused all of the knots Su Ming tied to be filled with Curses, killing intent, and all sorts of sinister Arts. Within them were also madness, destruction, suppression, death, and all sorts of other thoughts he wished upon Di Tian.

As he tied those knots, wisps of chilling air spread out and absorbed the old man's soul before fusing it into the knots. Then, with the power from the knots, Su Ming started stirring up the

faint connection between Di Tian and the old man in black robes.

With this connection, he would use this old man as a medium to Curse and plot against Di Tian! As Su Ming continuously played with this idea in his mind, he gradually found the dots connecting Di Tian and the old man, and slowly, he began to have a feeling as if he was looking at Di Tian when he stared at the grass-knot doll in his hand.

'If I don't kill Di Tian in this battle... I will definitely not be satisfied!

'If Di Tian doesn't die in this battle, then it will be me who will die!

'I cannot lose this battle!'

Su Ming held the doll, and the murderous aura on his face grew so thick that it caused a layer of frost to instantly appear in the cave abode.

Time passed, and two days were gone in the blink of an eye. Two hours before Evil Sect marched out, the sky was getting bright, and a faint green mark appeared on Su Ming's right palm.

There was a wave of death contained within it, one which wasn't dissipating. This was the key for Verdant Abyssal Seal, which Su Ming had gathered during these two days besides making that grass-knot doll. It was the key he had obtained when he copied Shen Dong's Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. It might not be complete and he would need to bear certain consequences when he activated it, but Su Ming still chose to use it.

He had seen the Art's might with his own eyes, and he had the confidence that the power of Yin Death from this Verdant Abyssal Seal activated with his own aura of death would be greater than what Shen Dong had managed to achieve!

Besides this green mark, Su Ming also held a grass-knot doll in his left hand. The old man in black robes had already disappeared,

but there were wisps of chilling cold air coming from the doll. If anyone stared at it for a prolonged period of time, they would be able to hear shrill screams of pain coming from inside it.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Once he put away the doll, he stood up and disappeared from his cave abode.

Chapter 642: Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors!

The disciples were still flying on something like the giant flying Feng Shui compass they used when they came to Thousand River Valley, but this time, there was not just one, but nine of those things!

The amount of Evil Spirit Sect disciples sitting on those nine gigantic Feng Shui compasses numbered to thousands. These disciples were all from the Outer Sect or were Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance.

They looked like a large mass of black, and their sheer numbers gave off a feeling that there was great strength lying within them, simply because of just how numerous they were.

Beyond these nine Feng Shui compasses were eighteen gigantic Yin Dragons. They were formed by vengeful souls, and each of them were tens of thousands of feet long. They surrounded the Feng Shui compasses, and as they flew forward, their roars echoed in the air.

Nearly ten thousand people could be counted sitting on the Yin Dragons, and all of them were the elite disciples from Evil Spirit Sect. Their expressions were ghastly, and there was a wave of killing intent reflected off their aloof faces. As they sat on the gigantic dragons formed of dead spirits, they charged through the air.

There were two or three people sitting on each of the Yin Dragons' heads. Most of them were the powerful monsters within Evil Spirit Sect, and Shen Dong was standing on top of the head belonging to the dragon right in the front of the army. As for Bao Qiu, she was on the final Yin Dragon.

The presence alone from the army in the sky right then far

surpassed what they had when they invaded Thousand River Valley. Clearly, the fight in the valley had just been a warmup, and the real battle had yet to begin.

Right behind these Yin Dragons were nine huge carriages. Each of them was thousands of feet big and covered by a large amount of runic symbols. No one could tell what was contained within them, but the slight waves of pressure spreading out from there allowed everyone to tell that there might be incredibly powerful murderous weapons contained within!

These carriages formed a vertical line and were dragged through the sky as if they were following the dragons' lead.

But that was not all. This might be able to show just how powerful Evil Spirit Sect was, but it did not show how domineering the sect was. However, once the churning dark clouds in the sky turned into gigantic skulls, it made Evil Spirit Sect's army look terrifying.

It was especially so when there was a large banner placed on the two Yin Dragons traveling at the left and right outermost edges of the army. These banners were larger than the dragons themselves, and were nearly a hundred thousand feet long. As the dragons charged through the air, the banners danced in the wind, causing all the people to definitely take notice of them when they caught sight of Evil Spirit Sect!

There were only three words on the left banner.

Evil Spirit Sect!

There were also only three words on the right banner, and they were words that would give off a bloodthirsty feel to anyone who saw them!

Massacre all lives!

The flapping sounds coming from the banners, as they danced in the wind, fused with the moaning cries in the air from the

charging Yin Dragons' roars, turning into a strange, piercing sound that traveled in all directions as Evil Spirit Sect's army rushed forward.

Wherever they went, everyone on the ground would fall silent. It did not matter how strong the wild beasts were, they would all feel inferior and lower their heads as if they did not dare to look at the army. The numerous Berserker tribes on the land, too, fell silent.

Su Ming sat on one of the nine Feng Shui compasses surrounded by the eighteen Yin Dragons and looked at the sky before him with a calm face. He was circulating his power in preparation for this battle that would surely shake the skies.

Evil Spirit Sect could be completely destroyed and the Immortal sects could also be annihilated for all he cared. These things were none of his concern. The only thing that he cared about was Di Tian's death!

Di Tian had to die in this battle!

"Senior, we're really fated together! I didn't expect to see you again here. Senior, you have to save me this time..." At the moment killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes, a whimpering sound reached his ears.

Su Ming did not even need to turn around to know that it was Qian Chen.

The man was holding onto the handle prepared for everyone on the Feng Shui compass so that he would not be swept away by the wind pressure. He was circulating what little amount of cultivation base he had within his body rapidly, and once he managed to stabilize himself, albeit with much difficulty, he slowly moved around the eighth Feng Shui compass and started asking for help from a large number of people. Once he saw Su Ming, surprised delight immediately shone in his eyes, and he crawled over to him in desperation, looking at him with pleading eyes.

He knew that Su Ming was definitely not some ordinary person and was surely someone who had hidden his strength. Qian Chen also remembered how Su Ming had disappeared during the battle in Thousand River Valley.

"Senior, all four great sects in Evil Sects are going to march out this time, but we don't know where the gathering point is. However, all the prodigies in Evil Sect are definitely going to appear this time...

"It doesn't matter whether they're the old monsters or the new generation prodigies, all of them will appear... like Sikong from Evil Dust Sect. This person is the strongest among all the younger generation in Evil Dust Sect!

"He is someone who is equal to Shanhen from our sect..."

A thought appeared in Qian Chen's mind as his eyes twinkled, and he immediately started speaking about these things. He knew that he did not possess any valuable qualities for Su Ming to take care of him, but once he thought about why he would hide his power and come to Evil Spirit Sect, he knew that it would be best for Su Ming to know as much as possible about Evil Sect. At that moment, Qian Chen's life was in peril, and he really could care less about keeping the information about Evil Sect a secret from outsiders. He simply spilled whatever he knew to Su Ming.

He was an Immortal who descended to this land, and hence, no normal disciple would be able to compare to his status. It was also the reason why he knew a lot more things compared to other disciples.

"Sikong..." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he turned his head sideways to cast the speaking man a glance.

Qian Chen's spirits were immediately lifted. He felt that he had just found his chance to show how useful he was, and he immediately spoke up.

"Senior, please look at that biggest man on the third Yin Dragon, he's Evil Spirit Sect's Shanhen!" Qian Chen pointed towards the third Yin Dragon in the distance, and when Su Ming looked over, he also saw the man standing at the top of the Yin Dragon's head.

That man was incredibly built, and as he stood there, he looked like a small hill. The waves of power coming from within him were not weak, and the vengeful souls surrounding his body gave off a feeling that would cause all those who saw him feel their hearts tremble against their will.

"Shanhen..." Su Ming looked at that man. In truth, when he first came to Evil Spirit Sect, he had already noticed this person, who had been feeding the vengeful souls at that time.

"Shanhen... Shan Hen..." If that matter with Bei Ling and Chen Xin had not occurred, Su Ming would not have thought too much about this. Yet now, he had already come to understand quite a large number of things, which was why he hadn't behaved strangely when they first met. He only cast the man a deep look before he averted his gaze.

'With my current appearance, all those people with these familiar names will be unable to recognize me,' Su Ming thought silently in his head.

"That Si Kong you mentioned just now, how do you spell his name?" Su Ming asked slowly.

"Sikong, without any space between the syllables [1]." Qian Chen was momentarily stunned. He did not know why Su Ming would suddenly ask such a question, but he quickly answered it anyway.

'Si Kong... Sikong...' Su Ming fell silent.

"Speaking of which, the strongest among the younger generation in Evil Spirit Sect isn't Shanhen, but Wu Shen[2]! But Wu Shen went out to train many years ago and he's not in the army right now. Still, I believe that the sect must have contacted him, since

this is such a huge matter. We should be able to see this person when we reach Evil Sect's gathering spot." When Qian Chen saw that Su Ming was no longer asking any questions, he started talking about everything he knew once more.

"The strongest disciple in Evil Lust Sect is called Bi'su [3]. Er... The su in her name is pronounced softly[4]. Bi'su's a girl, but she's incredibly talented and has an incredibly shocking talent... Bi'su, Wu Shen, and Sikong can be said to be incredibly famous among all the Evil Sects in the land of Berserkers."

'Interesting...' A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes.

'So Wind Stream Tribe's Wu Sen from my memories is the strongest disciple in Evil Spirit Sect! And that Bi Su from my memories is a girl called Bi'su!'

Su Ming remained calm though. This was not really a secret. It would not be difficult for him to learn about it if he really wanted to know it. What Qian Chen had told him was not really that valuable.

Perhaps it was because he had seen Su Ming's composure, but after a moment of hesitation, Qian Chen gritted his teeth and got closer to him whispering the next few things.

"There's also Sir Shen Dong from Evil Spirit Sect. Senior, you should be familiar with him, but you definitely wouldn't know that he has an extraordinary status in the land of Immortals. He's one of the three Apogeas in the three inferior sects in Evil Sect!

"Evil Sect is divided into three superior sects and three inferior sects in the land of Immortals. The three inferior sects are Evil Spirit, Evil Dust, and Evil Lust, and as for the three superior sects, they are Evil Sky, Evil Dao, and Evil Immortal!

"This time, the one that descended to the land of Berserkers is one of the three superior sects, Evil Immortal Sect, and they brought with them the three inferior sects..."

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked towards Qian Chen.

When the man saw his interest, he quickly continued whispering to him.

"Sir Shen Dong is one of the three Apogeas in the three inferior sects, and the other two Apogeas are Sir Shihai[5] from Evil Dust Sect, as well as Bitu[6] from Evil Lust Sect!

"These three people have all reached great circle in Ascendance, and all of them possess the constitution to be able to descend to the land of Berserkers with their full form. The limitations set by the laws of Yin Death in the land of Berserkers are practically nothing to them!

"They're unlike the Immortals who descended thousands of years ago, who had been suppressed to the point where they could only use a bit of their power..."

Su Ming stared at Qian Chen. He did not expect that this person would know about these things, and by the looks of it, he was not making it all up.

"The Evil Immortal Sect is one of the three superior sects, and it's incredibly powerful. The people there might not be able to descend with their complete power, but with Sir Ji An's presence, they could still fully make up for their losses.

"Sir Ji An is one of the three Sovereigns in Evil Sect!" Qian Chen was not going to stop unless he managed to shock Su Ming with his words. He continued pouring out everything that he knew so that the other would think that he had some qualities worth protecting.

"Three Sovereigns?" Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"That's right. The Immortals might only have occupied a third of the galaxy in Morning Dao World, but we are one of the greatest forces there... There are three Sovereigns and five Emperors [7] among us Immortals. The three Sovereigns belong to the Evil Sect,

whereas the five Emperors come from the Immortal Sects!

"Sir Ji An is the Sovereign of Destruction among the three Sovereigns! As for that Di Tian in Great Leaf Immortal Sect, he is the Heavenly Emperor among the five Emperors," Qian Chen whispered softly.

Su Ming's heart trembled in shock. This was the first time he had heard about things in the land of Immortals. If someone who had a great level of cultivation would have told him about all this, he would not have been too surprised, but the person who was informing him was Qian Chen!

"What are the levels of cultivation of the three Sovereigns in Evil Sect and five Emperors in those Immortal sects?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"I'm not certain of the details... but it's rumored that besides Sovereign Chi, the other two Sovereigns have already reached the Third Step."

"As for the five Emperors, besides the Yellow Emperor [8], the other four are all almighty people who have reached the Third Step... but these are just rumors. I cannot tell whether they are true or false with my status."

'The Third Step...' The description of the Immortals' cultivation methods Su Ming had inherited from Hong Luo appeared in his head.

"If that is the case, then Evil Sect's influence in the land of Immortals is weaker than that of the Immortal sects! But since they can fight on equal grounds, then there must be something that allows them to do so," Su Ming stated languidly.

Qian Chen winked at him and grinned. Once he swept his gaze across the area, he started speaking in a hushed tone as well as a voice that gave him a mysterious air.

Translator's Notes:

1. The original version for all those interested, also lost in translation.

Su Ming: What does the Si mean in Si Kong's name? (At this point he is using the character 司, which is a surname/family name)

Qian Chen: That Si means deep thought. (The Si he refers to is 思)

2. Wu Shen and Wu Sen: Wu Shen is 邬申 (wu1 shen1). Wu is a surname, and Shen means to explain/express. His counterpart is Wu Sen, the bald guy from Wind Stream Tribe who was supposed to be the third strongest in that tribe before he got his power stolen from Su Ming before the stair climbing contest and fell to the twelfth place. Wu Sen is 邬森 (wu1 sen1). Wu is a surname and is the exact same character as the Wu in Wu Shen, while 森 is forest. If you look at it closely, you will notice that the 'Sh' for Shen in Wu Shen's name is pronounced as ʃ and the 's' in Sen is s.

3. Bi'su: The Bisu mentioned in chapter 575 is another person. That Bisu is Bi Su's counterpart. Su Ming misunderstood and thought Bi'su is Bi Su's counterpart. 毕+素 = Bi' + su = Surname + white.

4. Lost in translation original text version:

Qian Chen: Er... The su in her name means white.

5. Shi Hai/Shihai: Shi Hai is the old man from Wind Stream Tribe who had brought Su Ming to Wind Stream Mountain. Shi Hai = shi2 + hai3 = 石 + 海 = stone + sea. Shihai = shi3 + hai3 = 史 + 海 = history + sea

6. Bitu/Bi Tu: Bitu is 毕沚 (bi4 tu), and Bi Tu is 毕图 (bi4 tu2). Bitu is surname + another surname, and Bi Tu is surname + picture. Bi Tu is the elder from Black Mountain Tribe.

7. Three Sovereigns and five Emperors: Is a group of mythological rulers in ancient Northern China. Some of their titles are used from the legends, some are made up. Here is a link to give

you a general idea, you'll have to go through multiple websites to really know about all of them though:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three_Sovereigns_and_Five_Emperors

Di Tian's Heavenly Emperor title came from Tiandi teachings, by the way: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tiandi_teachings

8. Yellow Emperor: The original title over here is 軒帝 (xuan2 di4), and this title just happens to be the other title for Yellow Emperor, who is one of the mythological deities in China. Remember that Rho Leonis Disaster? Yeah, it's from him. Here are the links promised.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yellow_Emperor

<http://www.ianridpath.com/startales/leo.htm>

Chapter 643: The Place Where Immortals Descend!

"Senior, you are wise. That is indeed the case, because the Yellow Emperor, who is the strongest among the Immortals, went into isolation many years ago and still hasn't come out up to this date. It is said that the Yellow Emperor has already died... There are also rumors that the Yellow Emperor has been killed after Di Tian used some unknown method on him!

"But these are just rumors. After all, the difference between their levels of cultivation is simply too great... But ever since the Yellow Emperor went into isolation, his royal bloodline was divided. Even his son, Hong Luo, went mad and was subdued by Di Tian. No one knows where he was sealed.

"From this alone, we can tell that something unexpected happened to the Yellow Emperor...

"And even though Sovereign Chi, who is the strongest among the three Sovereigns, would occasionally send his divine sense sweeping across the land of Immortals to intimidate the Immortals, he is mainly in isolation. That's why this current state of balance was formed." Qian Chen put on a mysterious look, and when he saw Su Ming listening to him intently, he regarded him in great disdain.

He mocked Su Ming in his heart for still being just a Berserker in the end, despite having a high level of cultivation. All he needed to do was reveal a little of what he knew about the Immortals, and he could already leave Su Ming stunned.

"You are one of those people who descended here." Su Ming closed his eyes, and once he opened them after a moment, he uttered his words slowly.

This was something that could be easily deduced. Qian Chen

never thought about hiding it either. He quickly nodded, and he grew even more disdainful towards Su Ming, thinking that any person who was not an idiot would definitely be able to tell in the blink of an eye that he was someone who had descended to the land after hearing him say so many things about the Immortals. Clearly, this person had already fried his brain while training, for he actually needed to close his eyes and think about this sort of thing.

However, Qian Chen did not dare to show any of his thoughts on his face. Instead, he merely put on an expression of awe towards Su Ming's wisdom.

"The method you used to descend is different from the rest," Su Ming said calmly.

Qian Chen blinked before he nodded again. However, he was feeling slightly nervous in his heart. When he thought about his low level of cultivation, his status that was distinctly not close to that of a prodigy among the Immortals, his failure to fulfill the requirements of descending to the land, and his knowledge towards the Immortals, he found that there was only one explanation about how he would have come to this place. Once he thought about it, he felt his worries fade away, and while he still harbored disdain towards Su Ming, that feeling had lessened slightly.

"You are also not from Evil Sect," Su Ming stated flatly, still calm.

Yet when he said those words, Qian Chen was momentarily stunned, and a slight change of expression could be detected on his face. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded his head slowly, and he began to feel anxious and doubtful.

"Neither are you an Immortal!" There was a ghost of a smile on Su Ming's lips as he stated that slowly.

Qian Chen eyes went wide and he almost leaped to his feet. His heart also started racing in his chest, as disbelief showed itself on

his face and a loud bang rang out in his head. Each of Su Ming's words had brought him greater shock than the previous one, and the sentence he had uttered just now had struck him completely dumb with astonishment. At that moment, there was no longer any hint of disdain in his heart. Finally, he knew exactly what this man had been thinking of when he closed his eyes just now, and that was definitely not about figuring out that he was a person who had descended to the land of Berserkers.

"Um... Senior, don't scare me now. How could I not be an Immortal?"

The disdain in Qian Chen's heart turned into anxiety. That faint smile on Su Ming's lips right before his eyes gave him a feeling as if everything about him had been seen through with just one glance, and as if all his secrets had been discovered by his gaze and expression.

He had never experienced this kind of thing before, and right then, the more he looked at Su Ming, the more he felt that he was impossible to figure out, and it made his anxiety increase even further.

"Where you come from has nothing to do with me." Su Ming cut off Qian Chen's words, and once he cast a deep look at this person, he said these words languidly.

"I can protect you and let you have the highest possible chance of surviving during the battle between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects... The likeliness of whether you will end up surviving will depend on your value though." Once Su Ming said these words, he stopped speaking.

A large variety of expressions passed one after another on Qian Chen's face. He had naturally heard the meaning behind Su Ming's words - the higher his value, the greater his protection would be...

In silence, Qian Chen cast his gaze around the area before sighing in his heart. He knew that if he lost Su Ming's protection, then he

would only be able to depend on his luck to survive through the battle. Yet once he remembered how rotten his luck had been previously, a shudder immediately ran down his body, and a wary expression appeared in his gaze when he looked back at Su Ming.

"Senior, I've had enough of living in the land of Berserkers... If you can keep me alive during this battle, then I will tell you how the Immortals come to the land of Berserkers, and how different my method is compared to theirs...

"In fact, I'll even tell you how to leave this place... I'll let you see with your own eyes how I leave the land of Berserkers and return to my land!" Qian Chen looked at Su Ming with a pleading look and a face full of sincerity.

Su Ming was also looking at Qian Chen. After some time, he nodded.

When Qian Chen saw him accepting his offer, he let out a huge sigh of relief, and a large variety of emotions rose in his heart. He remembered how he had gone to the land of Immortals and how he had arrived in the land of Berserkers. Sometimes, he would feel very satisfied, but there were certain things that made him feel disappointed, and this life and death situation he was about to face soon especially made him feel miserable and agonized.

The urge to return home caused Qian Chen to make this sort of promise to Su Ming.

At that moment, he did not know just what sort of disaster he would bring to all Immortals and just how long the sky would remain red because of it...

Neither did he know that if Su Ming saw how he left this place and returned to the land of Immortals, it would be a set-back to Di Tian's plans like none before it, and it would all happen due to Qian Chen's promise. Because of this, Su Ming would bring an even greater amount of shock to Di Tian that even compared to the time Hong Luo woke up!

All of these, he did not know.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, a few days went by. Su Ming sat on the Feng Shui compass calmly. Since he was an Outer Sect disciple, almost no one paid any sort of attention to him. Besides, even though he had physically grown up a little more, his current appearance was still that of a fourteen to fifteen year old boy; he looked little different to how he was before.

There was still a hint of youthfulness on his face, and because of that, it was easy to for him to be ignored by other people.

During these past few days, the eighteen Yin Dragons had dragged the nine huge carriages behind them, practically shooting through a small half of Eastern Wastelands. Their traveling speed was so quick that it even made Su Ming narrow his eyes when he occasionally lowered his head and looked down.

Another three days went by, and a large piece of flatland appeared before Evil Spirit Sect...

Perhaps it was not accurate to describe this place as a piece of flatland, because the ground here was black, and there was an air of decay coming out from it. There was also a large amount of deep pits on the ground!

These pits came in a variety of size, and all of them looked as if they had been formed by the stars from beyond this world crashing down. Some of the larger ones were several hundreds of thousands of feet in size, but even the smallest ones were thousands of feet wide.

There were some places that did not have any pits but were filled with gigantic stones. They filled the cavities, and the part of them that was revealed outside gave of a shocking feeling of age.

These stones also came in different sizes and were scattered all over the land. When Su Ming looked over... he found that the number of stones was as countless as the ground was endless...

Overall, the number of pits on the ground was about the same as the number of stones on the land.

There were several hundreds stones that were each hundreds of thousands of feet in size, and if anyone stood on them, they would find that they were all incredibly tiny in comparison.

The land here was strange, and the sky, too, was also unusual. There were no clouds above. In their place were stones just like the ones on the ground, and they were all floating in the sky on their own. It was as if there was some form of power from a Law that existed between them and the ground that allowed them to not fall nor move, just remain floating in the sky.

This spot was close to the center of Eastern Wastelands. The area of this desert was incredibly big... and it was also not too far away from Eastern Wastelands Tower!

This was the battlefield that had been chosen by both Evil Sect and the Immortal sects for their battle!

Over here, they would be able to determine who would be the ones taking the lead when they entered Eastern Wastelands Tower, and who would be the ones who had to follow. The ones who lost would have to deliver a sufficient amount of Immortals' souls so as to light up that ten million blood-red light from Eastern Wastelands Tower and in turn fulfill the requirement to enter the tower.

This decision was clearly not made in the land of Berserkers, but had been made by the three Sovereigns and Five Emperors in the galaxy of the Immortals.

When Evil Spirit Sect's army charged down to the land from the sky, they became the first sect to arrive in this place, because Thousand River Valley was the closest one to the battlefield, compared to the spots where the other sects were built upon.

Thousand River Valley could become a transfer point that would

make it easy for those in Evil Sect to advance and retreat. This was also one of the reasons why Evil Spirit Sect had been sent to occupy this region before the battle.

The Yin Dragons' roars echoed in the world and stirred layers of ripples that caused the sounds in the area to move, albeit slowly and only slightly.

As the eighteen Yin Dragons descended, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciples on them turned into long arcs and leaped down. They took over several dozens of the meteors in the sky and a dozen something stones filling up the pits in the ground.

The nine carriages were positioned horizontally on the ground, and there were quite a large number of disciples sitting on them and exercising their breathing quietly as they waited for their orders.

With Shen Dong in the lead, the old monsters all sat down on a gigantic stone of a hundred thousand feet instead of choosing to stand on one of the meteors in the sky. They did not say a single word but merely waited silently.

Only the two gigantic banners continued floating in the air, causing all those in the distance to be able to see the words 'Evil Spirit Sect' sprawled on one of them, as well as the other three words 'Massacre all lives' shining in bloody red light.

Including Su Ming, the thousands of Outer Sect disciples along with the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance were cut off from these groups of people. They were not told where they were supposed to go, hence most of them split up and went off on their own. Su Ming chose a thousand feet stone on the ground, and when he sat down there, Qian Chen followed him, all while looking around himself nervously.

"Senior, I know what this place is... This is the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands! The law of Yin Death is the weakest here, and it's the perfect place for Immortals to come.

Most of them in Eastern Wastelands had chosen to descend here!"

Qian Chen sucked in a deep breath, and once he swiftly swept his gaze around the area, he lifted his head again and looked at the sky.

'Could it be... that there will be new Immortals coming here during the battle? If that's the case, there's absolutely no need for them to fight here!' Qian Chen's heart let out a loud thump in his chest. He had a vague feeling that the battle this time might be greater than what he had imagined.

Su Ming remained calm. Once he cast a glance at the sky, he narrowed his eyes. He could feel the ripples of power from the Rune in the sky.

Chapter 644: Chen Chong, Wu La!

The ripples from that Rune were not strong, but due to the unique environment, it seemed like it had fused with the world, forming a strange absorption force in the place.

'There must be a reason why the Immortals chose to descend in this place!'

Su Ming averted his gaze. He was not concerned with whether there would be any new Immortals descending during the battle. From the moment he stepped out of Thousand River Valley, all his thoughts had merged into one single thought, and that was... to kill Di Tian!

This thought would not change because of any illusion, any power, or anything else. It represented Su Ming's mind and spirit, as well as the determination lying in the depths of his soul!

'Di Tian's real self might be strong, but his clone is not unbeatable in the land of Berserkers... Besides...' A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. Aside from all the things he had prepared, he also had a bold plan towards killing Di Tian!

The possibility of success for this plan might not be high, but it was still high enough. Once it succeeded, then the possibility of him killing Di Tian would rise out of nowhere, and this increase in that possibility would practically seal Di Tian's fate!

Su Ming remained seated on the rock quietly, as a dark, cold smile formed on his lips.

Those from Evil Spirit Sect were the earliest to arrive, and two hours after they saw the first signs of others. Numerous long arcs came charging towards them from the sky in the distance.

Those long arcs seemed to form a gigantic kirin. As it charged forth in the sky, the sounds the people made sounded like the roars of a beast. That kirin was an illusion that had manifested from a

Rune that was formed by 9,999 people. All of them worked together in the Rune, causing the kirin to look incredibly mighty and alive!

The roars that came from the kirin caused all the Evil Spirit Sect members to lift their heads and look towards it coldly, even before it had arrived. Wind swept up the sand on the ground, making it seem as if it wanted to lift up the dust and cover up the sky.

Right behind that giant kirin were seven huge mountains several, each of which was tens of thousands of feet tall, charging through the air, but this was not what shocked the Evil Spirit Sect's disciples. The real thing that caused their pupils to shrink were the seven giants under those seven mountains.

These seven giants were like abnormalities in the world. Each of them was several thousands of feet tall. They had no expressions on their faces, and waves of power that could cause fear to rise in the hearts of all people were spreading out of their bodies. Their eyes were shining with such bloodlust and madness that no one would dare to look them in the eye!

Each of them was carrying a mountain and taking huge strides in the sky as they followed right behind the kirin.

If anyone took a closer look, they would then be able to tell that these half-naked giants had skin like metal and stone. Clattering sounds came from their bodies and rang in the air. They... were not real living beings, but were puppets that had been created with some sort of unique method!

"This is the Hidden Dragon Sect's kirin formed with sacred thoughts... and there's also... their Galactic Warrior Immortals!" Qian Chen sucked in a sharp breath. His face turned even paler and his teeth chattered, but he gritted his teeth and told Su Ming everything he knew.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's kirin is formed through the sacred thoughts gathered from ten thousand people activating the

methods of their special cultivation. If there is one person among the ten thousand that can cast most of the divine abilities in Hidden Dragon Sect, then the kirin would even be able to communicate with spirits!

"There're also these... Galactic Warrior Immortals. Hidden Dragon Sect actually sent seven of them here... This... This shouldn't be possible. From what I know, these Galactic Warrior Immortals are the most valuable treasures in Hidden Dragon Sect, and each of them possesses power equivalent to the peak of the Second Step!" Qian Chen's breathing quickened and disbelief appeared on his face.

"These seven giants are known as Galactic Warrior Immortals?" Su Ming's eyes sparkled, but after a moment, he shook his head slowly.

"They all have power equivalent to Berserkers who attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and each of them have a Berserker's presence within their bodies...

"I get it now! These seven Galactic Warrior Immortals were created using the flesh and blood of the Berserkers in the land. They didn't descend here." Qian Chen sucked in a deep breath and mumbled his last words under his breath.

Su Ming did not speak. He had already managed to tell this before Qian Chen even said anything.

A loud bang echoed in the sky, and the kirin charged through the air, descending on one of the giant stones on the land. At the instant it landed, it seemed as if the stone could not withstand the weight and a large amount of cracks appeared on it, along with cracking sounds. Eventually, it fell to pieces with a bang.

There was a wave of hate and enmity in the kirin's eyes. Once it cast a glance at the people from Evil Spirit Sect, it closed its eyes. At the instant it did so, the creature's body dissipated, and right at that moment, ten thousand Hidden Dragon Sect disciples spread

out to occupy the area around them. They were all standing right opposite the Evil Spirit Sect in the distance.

The person in the lead was a fair middle-aged man without any beard. He held a dragon staff in his hand, and once his gaze met that of Evil Spirit Sect's Shen Dong, a bloody red light seemed to shine in his eyes.

Right behind that middle-aged man were eight people. Three of them were women, and the other five men. All of them possessed outstanding power and their aura as Immortals surrounded their bodies. Anyone would be able to tell with just one glance that these people were Immortals who had descended in the land of Berserkers.

The other Hidden Dragon Sect members spread out like a fan around this group of people. On the left were a dozen something young men and women with sullen looks on their faces. Murderous aura filled the air around them.

Among these Hidden Dragon Sect members were two people who made Su Ming fall into a moment of absent-mindedness when he saw them.

One of them was the first powerful Berserker he had seen in the Awakening Realm. He could still remember that feeling of shock he had experienced at that time all those years ago. That person... was Wind Stream Tribe's Elder... Jing Nan!

Right then, Jing Nan was the beardless middle-aged man standing right in the middle of Hidden Dragon Sect. From his spot on that stone and the instinctive respect the people around him showed, it was not difficult for Su Ming to tell that this person had an incredibly high position in Hidden Dragon Sect!

And his level of cultivation... Su Ming could see the faint ripples belonging to those in Ascendancy on him.

"Jingnan[1]... He was originally one of the Sect Elders in Hidden

Dragon Sect when he was in the land of Immortals. He was appointed the Sect Master of the Hidden Dragon Sect here, once he descended in the land of Berserkers. Even after his power was suppressed, he still possesses the power of those in the great circle stage of Ascendance," Qian Chen immediately whispered.

Su Ming remained silent. After a moment, his gaze fell on the second person. The man from his memories was now standing among one of the young men and women to the left.

Chen Chong, as Su Ming remembered him, was a slightly plump person he had met before they climbed up the Wind Stream Mountain. He was a person who had been slightly comical but had incredible talent that was only second to Ye Wang, and he had also left a deep impression on Su Ming.

He was still the same. His current appearance as he stood among the crowd was no different from the person in Su Ming's memories.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong[2]... This person is rumored to possess the most shocking amount of talent among the younger generation in Hidden Dragon Sect. It is said that while he cannot compare to Ye Wang, he can still somewhat put up a fight to him. But... it is also said that he's lazy and does not like training... Instead, he likes making friends, and he apparently has close friends all over the world." When Qian Chen saw the direction where Su Ming looked, he immediately whispered what he knew.

Chenchong might not be laughing and talking with the people in his crowd just as how Su Ming remembered him, but the aloof gaze he cast towards Evil Spirit Sect and the manner of the people gathered around him, as if they were stars surrounding the moon, reminded him of the past. He could still recall how he had stood in the crowd quietly, while standing next to Wind Stream Mountain, and watched as people lavished praises on Chen Chong.

At that time, Su Ming had been completely inconspicuous... just

like now. He was just as unnoticeable in Evil Spirit Sect as he had been back then.

He did not know whether this was a coincidence. The scene in his memories seemed to have found a similarity with what was happening right then that allowed Su Ming to overlap his memories with what he was seeing.

Once the seven giants in the sky descended, they threw the mountains in their hands on the ground, and the deafening booming that rose into the air caused even the ground to shake. Right before everyone's eyes, the seven mountains crashed onto the ground and surrounded the territory occupied by the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples like a Rune formed by seven mountains!

After that, the giants stepped on their own mountains and glared at Evil Spirit Mountain while crouching down.

The forces of Evil Spirit Sect—the eighteen Yin Dragons—started roaring and howling. The members of the two sects seemed to no longer be able to contain their desire for battle.

Yet right at that moment, howling came from a distance. Nine gigantic blue shooting stars sliced through the sky from the direction where Hidden Dragon Sect had come and charged towards them, causing the world to tremble in their wake.

At the same time, three dust devils, which seemed to have connected the sky to the earth, came charging forth with loud booming sounds from the direction where Evil Spirit Sect had come, as they swept up everything in the world. The shooting stars and the dust devils that came from two different directions did not slow down even a single bit as they approached the future battlefield. Instead, the closer they came to the spot, the faster they traveled.

At that moment, the world roared, dust flew in the air, and the universe was cast in shadow!

The dust devils and shooting stars immediately made all the people from Evil Spirit Sect and Hidden Dragon Sect lift their heads to look. Almost at the instant both parties looked over, the nine shooting stars crashed into the three dust devils in midair, right above the spot where the Immortals descended.

Deafening booming sounds shook the sky, and earth rang in the air, and large amounts of ripples appeared in the sky. Waves of impact spread swiftly in all directions, causing the entire sky to start distorting, as if it was about to shatter.

In the midst of these rumbling sounds, the nine shooting stars fell backwards and landed by Hidden Dragon Sect before they turned into nearly ten thousand cultivators. All of these people had dark expressions on their faces, and quite a number of them coughed up blood once they landed on the ground. Among the people in front, Su Ming saw Sky Mist's ancestor!

He also saw Tian Lan Meng, Tian Lan You, and a face he remembered clearly from his past - Wu La!

At the same time, the three dust devils that seemed to have connected the sky and earth too fell backwards due to the crash and descended on the ground, disappearing and turning into nearly ten thousand cultivators. Once they landed on the ground, there was also quite a number of them who coughed up blood, but an even stronger murderous aura erupted forth from their bodies.

Evil Dust Sect!

Sky Mist Dao!

"Nine Stars of Sky Mist. This is Sky Mist Dao's renowned Rune. It can be formed with just nine people, and it's very famous among all Immortal sects. This sect has the greatest enmity with Evil Sect's Evil Dust Sect, and whenever Immortals fight against each other, those two will always fight each other to the death right from the moment they run into each other!

"Evil Dust Sect's overall power is the same as that of Evil Spirit Sect, but the people in that sect are more skilled in commanding the powers of earth. Their skills are completely different from Evil Spirit Sect's Arts to control vengeful souls..." Qian Chen might be a bundle of nerves by then, but he still continued introducing the sects in a low whisper.

Translator's Notes:

1. Jing Nan/Jingnan: Jing Nan is 荆南 (jing1 nan2), surname + south, and Jingnan is 荆楠 (jing1 nan2), surname + Nan/Phoebe zhennan (a type of tree).
2. Chenchong: First mentioned in 'The Immortals' Prodigy'.

Chapter 645: Si Kong, Bi Tu!

Qian Chen's words echoed in Su Ming's ears as his eyes followed the few familiar faces standing among Sky Mist Dao. He wanted to retain his composure, but some ripples had still stirred up in his heart, which eventually turned into a sigh.

He saw Tian Lan Meng, the woman he had gotten to know in Freezing Sky Clan...

He saw Sky Mist's ancestor, the man who had forced him to leave the land of Berserkers all those years ago. All these things were like memories of a past life. They were rather blurry, but he would never forget them.

There was also that woman that looked exactly as Tian Lan Meng. Su Ming remembered her vaguely, knowing that she was Tian Lan Meng's sister.

However, it did not matter whether it was Sky Mist's ancestor or the sisters, all of their images gradually faded away from Su Ming's eyes, along with the near ten thousand other people of Sky Mist Dao. All of them turned into blurry images... except... for hers.

It was a woman who could not be considered incredibly beautiful, only somewhat pretty and a little more attractive than an average looking person. She wore a blue dress and stood among the crowd with her short hair as if she was just another person in the crowd.

Yet while she was standing among the crowd... her position was right in front of the sisters and beside Sky Mist's ancestor!

"So she didn't pass away..." Su Ming mumbled softly, in a voice that only he could hear. He looked at the woman, Wu La. In his memories, she had called out to Mo Su before she closed her eyes and died in his arms.

She was still the same as she was in his memories. Nothing had

changed about her, and neither could he detect much difference in her... Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, he looked towards the old man standing behind Sky Mist's ancestor, right before Wu La, among the ten thousand cultivators from Sky Mist Dao.

The old man was of average looks, but the light in his eyes made it seem as if there was lightning circling his eyes, causing no one to be able to look him in the eye.

"Sky Mist Dao's Zhou Fang. This person was in charge of dealing out punishments when he was in the land of Immortals' Sky Mist Dao. He has killed an endless amount of people, and the murderous aura on him is troublesome even for those in Evil Sect. This person... has been appointed the Sect Master in the land of Berserkers' Sky Mist Dao, otherwise known as the Grand Sect Elder!

"I don't know the old man behind him, but the woman beside him is a rare prodigy in the land of Immortals' Sky Mist Dao. Her name is Wu Le!"

When Qian Chen's voice fell into Su Ming's ears, he looked away silently and turned his gaze towards Evil Dust Sect, who was located not too far away from Evil Spirit Sect on the side of the battlefield belonging to Evil Sect.

The first person he saw there was a young man full of pride and whose presence was like the sun itself, as he stood among the Evil Dust Sect. Most of the disciples avoided his spot, causing the place where he stood to be incredibly eye-catching. It was as if he was afraid other people did not know of his status and his position in Evil Dust Sect.

He wore an extravagant looking purple long robe and had fair skin, like that of a white jade. He was incredibly handsome, but the aloof gaze and the arrogance on his face caused him to exude a presence that kept the others away from him.

"Evil Dust Sect's Sikong!"

Su Ming heard Qian Chen's words, but even if the other had not introduced him, he would still have been able to recognize him with just one glance. After all, this person was the Si Kong from his memories, the person from Dark Dragon Tribe, a member of the same tribe as Bai Ling.

The prideful and arrogant look on his face was the exact same as in Su Ming's memories, and it brought an incredible amount of dislike within his heart at the moment he first saw him.

Su Ming moved his gaze and looked towards the most powerful person in Evil Dust Sect. It was also a familiar face, for it was Wind Stream Tribe's Shi Hai, the old man who had taken him to Wind Stream Mountain.

His power in the great circle stage in Ascendance had allowed him to be one of the three Apogeas, along with Shen Dong.

He stood there with a cold sneer on his lips as he looked at the people from Sky Mist Dao. The killing intent shining in his eyes was already so strong that it was practically surging out of him.

Su Ming had saw far too many familiar faces on this day. If his past self from many years ago had been here, then there would have surely been a huge storm raging in his heart at the moment. He would not have been able to calm down, and would have been in a huge state of confusion in the midst of his shock.

But Su Ming had already gone through far too many things. He had already found his answers from Beiling and Chenxin. Still, he did not want... He really did not want to find his elder and Lei Chen in the crowd...

In the midst of silence, Su Ming closed his eyes. After some time, when a loud roar rang in the sky and the world's might fell on them, he opened his eyes and looked towards the sky to see... a sea of blood coming towards them!

This was a sea of blood about several hundreds of feet wide, and it was churning as if it possessed life. Some corpses would occasionally show up within it, and they were of men and of women, of young and of old. There were also some babies as well, but all of them were dead. They were all corpses now, and there was no longer any blood within them. They were submerged in the sea of blood and brought to this place.

At the instant Su Ming saw those corpses, killing intent shone briefly in his eyes, and a dark, cold look gradually appeared within them. He clenched his fists tightly. His sudden reaction was due to the fact that he had managed to tell that all the corpses came from people that came from Berserker Tribes, and there was more than just one tribe among the dead...

It was clear to Su Ming that those Berserkers had not died too long ago, and it was also equally apparent to him that Evil Lust Sect had killed all the tribes they saw on their way to this place to form this sea of blood that surged in the sky.

This monstrosity was still closing in, and a thick, bloody stench came crashing into everyone's faces before surrounding the entire flatland, refusing to dissipate even after a long time had passed. As the world roared, the sea of blood arrived in the blink of an eye, and once it took a full circle in midair, a strange laughter traveled from within it.

Eventually, the sea of blood crumbled with a loud bang and turned into a bloody rain that poured down on the ground. Once a drop fell, it would merge together with others, and as the bloody red light shone in the air, causing everyone's vision to turn blurry, nearly ten thousand people descended beside Evil Dust Sect. The bloody rain that had gathered together rapidly closed in on these people and turned into blood-red long robes on their bodies.

The person standing in the lead was an old man with a dark look on his face. He wore a blood-red long robe and held a black wooden staff in his hand. Once he swept his gaze across the area, a

bloodthirsty smirk curled up on his lips.

Almost all of the Evil Lust Sect members standing behind him spotted the same look. There was also a woman behind him dressed in a red robe. She was incredibly beautiful, but the murderous aura coming from her body gave off an incredibly threatening air. The blood-colored robe on her body and the bright red shade on her lips caused all those who saw her to be unable to tell whether her robes and lips were just dyed in that shade of brilliant red... or whether it was really blood!

"Evil Lust Sect loves killing and collecting blood the most. Their Grand Sect Elder, Bitu, is one of the three Apogees, and his power is on par with that of the other two, but if we talked just about the number of people killed, then he's definitely the one in the lead among the three!

"The woman behind him is Bi'su, the prodigy who is equal to Wushen and Sikong! This woman has incredibly high potential, and she is one of the prodigies in Evil Lust Sect. She also has an older brother by the name of Bisu. The su in Bi'su's name is pronounced quietly, and as for Bisu's name, both syllables are accented[1]!

"Her older brother is in Evil Immortal Sect, and is the strongest among all the prodigies in Evil Sect. His potential surpasses that of all the others. He is the person Evil Sect is training and developing in hopes that he would be able to stand up against Justice Heaven Dao's Ye Wang," Qian Chen immediately explained.

As Su Ming sized up Bitu, a killing intent that was on par with the one he harbored for Di Tian lit up in his eyes. It appeared beyond his control, because this Bitu was the Elder from Black Mountain Tribe that had caused Dark Mountain's destruction in his memories... Bi Tu!

He was the person who had transformed himself into a half-human half-bat hybrid and whom Su Ming had fought in the sky

above Dark Mountain!

'Most of the people in my memories have already appeared. I didn't expect I would be able to see them in the battle between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects...'

When Su Ming swept his gaze past these people, a ray of light that outshone all others appeared in the world, and it was charging forth from the sky behind Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao.

It was a sword glare that outshone all the light in the world!

And it came from a huge sword that was several hundreds of thousands of feet long. The only other sword that was bigger than it was the ancient bronze sword Su Ming had seen in the World of Nine Yin. Besides it, no other sword could compare.

The sword glare separated the sky and earth. As it charged forward, it made all those who saw it feel their hearts tremble against their will. All those from Hidden Dragon Sect stood up, and the cultivators from Sky Mist Dao did the same thing. At the instant they looked towards the sword, the heads of the two sects, Jingnan and Zhou Fang, cast each other a look before they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the incoming sword in the sky.

"We of Hidden Dragon Sect greet the Heavenly Emperor!"

"We of Sky Mist Dao greet the Heavenly Emperor!"

Once these two people spoke, all the cultivators from Sky Mist Dao and Hidden Dragon Sect wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the sky. Their voices as they paid their respects were shockingly loud, echoing in all directions.

However, even when the voices of those tens of thousands of people rang in the air, they still could not cover the whistle of the sword as it traveled through the air. They merely served as a contrast. Soon, the sword arrived at the battlefield!

Su Ming's pupils constricted and killing intent raged within his

body, but he would not show even a single hint of it. Instead, he just looked over with a freezing glare.

Once the sword closed in, an innumerable amount of people from atop it turned into long arcs and charged towards the ground. Each of them stood on a sword, and they numbered not to ten thousand, but were near thirty thousand. They spread out across the sky and earth, and with just the power of their sect alone, they could completely put down all the three inferior sects of Evil Sect!

At the same time, two figures appeared on the sword in the sky. They were two people wearing crowns on their heads, and even though the sword glare made it so that no one could see their faces clearly, the waves of power coming from their bodies could suppress all those in Ascendance. This was definitely no longer the power that belonged to those in the First Step!

It was incredibly rare for any Immortal to possess the power beyond the First Step due to the Laws in Yin Death Region set in the land of Berserkers. Almost at the instant Su Ming saw these two figures and sensed that familiar power, a brilliant light immediately shone in his eyes.

At the same time, his heart also sank.

'Two of them!'

Immediately after, he saw Beiling and Chenxin among the thirty thousand cultivators that descended on the land, as well as two other people who caused certain faces to emerge in Su Ming's memories.

One of them was Bei Ling's father, Dark Mountain's Head of the Hunters!

The other was Chen Xin's father, Dark Mountain's... tribe leader!

These two well-built men were now dressed in purple robes and stood right in the front of all the cultivators under the sword. Their expressions were cold and aloof, and a power that belonged

to those in the great circle stage of Ascendance spread out from their bodies. Clearly, this was not their original level of cultivation, but what they possessed after their powers had been suppressed!

Su Ming was certain of it because the feeling of threat from them surpassed what he felt from Shen Dong!

With calm eyes, he looked towards the two people in Emperor's robes on the sword in the sky. At that moment, there was not a single thought distracting his mind. He had already set out what he must do, and no matter what sort of price he had to pay, his desire to kill Di Tian would never waver!

He swept his gaze past Beiling, Chenxin, Sky Mist Dao's Wu Le, Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong, Evil Lust Sect's Bi'su, and Evil Dust Sect's Sikong.

'All these people are the prodigies off of their respective sects in the land of Immortals. I'll ignore why they appeared in my past for now... They lost to me when we were in Wind Stream Mountain, and now... they will lose to me again in this place!'

Translator's Notes:

1. Original: "Her name is Bi Su... She has an older brother by the name of Bi Su. One of them means white, and the other means morning."

Chapter 646: The Battle Begins!

"The person on the sword is the Heavenly Emperor... Di Tian!" Qian Chen's voice quivered slightly and he went a little nearer to Su Ming before he spoke up again in a whisper.

"There is a rumor circulating about the five Emperors in the land of Immortals. It is said that if the strongest Yellow Emperor truly died, then his death is definitely related to Di Tian, because Di Tian was the Yellow Emperor's disciple, and the Yellow Emperor's children have all been sealed off and divided by Di Tian!"

Su Ming did not speak. He merely sat on the stone and kept his gaze fixed on Di Tian in the sky, refusing to look away even after a long time had passed. He knew that he had one advantage over Di Tian at that moment - he could see Di Tian, but Di Tian did not know that he was here!

While Su Ming was being silent, his gaze fell on Beiling and Chenxin, and a complicated look appeared in his eyes.

"That is Di Tian's disciple, Young Lord Beiling... This person's potential is said to be just right under Ye Wang's and is on par with Chenchong's. He is also said to be a serious and staid person... The woman beside him is his junior sister." Qian Chen looked towards the direction of Su Ming's gaze and immediately started introducing the people he saw.

"The two people behind Beiling and Chenxing were Dharma Protectors when they were in the land of Immortals' Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Right now, they're the Sect Masters of the land of Berserkers' Great Leaf Immortal Sect. It is said that they followed Di Tian around all the time when they were in the land of Immortals, and they are all incredibly trusted subordinates of his..."

This Qian Chen seemed to know everything. From his mouth alone, Su Ming could already understand the whole world that

belonged to the Immortals.

Almost at the moment Qian Chen finished speaking, rolling black fog immediately appeared out of nowhere in the sky from the direction of Evil Sect. That black fog filled the entire sky, and piercing screeches could be heard coming from within it.

The black fog tumbled in the air and looked as if it had covered the whole sky. It seemed endless, for no one could see any light in the distance. This darkness had come incredibly suddenly, along with the piercing screeches that sounded as if they possessed a power to pierce through the soul. It caused almost all the people in the land where Immortals descended to feel their hearts shudder. As if needles had stabbed into their bodies, they all started shouting together as if they could not withstand the pain and were almost pushed to the brink of madness because of it.

Evil Sect was in a better state though. Besides the weak ones, most of the disciples were fine, but most of the people among the Immortal sects instantly turned pale once those piercing screeches rang in the air. Black shadows even swiftly appeared between some of their brows. As they trembled, their bodies started rapidly withering away. Their flesh and blood did not disappear, but were being swiftly absorbed by the black shadows between the center of their brows. It was as if there was some sort of malicious spirit contained there, and it was absorbing these people's flesh and blood to be able to charge out.

Almost at the moment these Immortals could no longer bear with the piercing screeches, a cold harrumph echoed in the sky, and once it fell into everyone's ears, they felt as if they were listening to a sword humming. It sounded as if there was a sword crashing against stone and metal, and it was a clear sound that exuded a biting, chilling air!

All the disciples from the Immortal sects who heard that sound as it echoed in the air immediately started shivering as if they had just woken up from a dream. Expressions of wakefulness appeared

on their faces, and their bodies stopped withering away. The black shadows at the center of their brows seemed let out silent screams of pain and then were wiped off.

Su Ming's pupils constricted. At the moment the evil sound had rang shrilly in the air, he had already lifted his right hand and pressed it against Qian Chen's shoulder, causing him to only tremble under that piercing screech while remaining uninjured. However, the reason behind Su Ming's pupils constricting and a slightly grave expression appearing on his face was because he had vaguely seen an illusory sword slicing down from the sky on the Immortal sects as that cold harrumph rang in the air.

There were few who could see that sword in the battlefield. Even Bao Qiu and the others around her could not detect it. Only those who had reached the great circle stage in Ascendance like Shen Dong would be able to see some clues hinting at its existence.

That sword seemed like a mere illusion, but it seemed to have executed the Law of the World and separated the spot that the Immortal sects resided. It might only have been separated for an instant, but it had made the evil sound lose its targets, wiping away the inner Devils that had been born among the Immortal sect disciples due to that evil sound!

More importantly, the person who had let out that cold harrumph was not the Di Tian in purple robes, who Su Ming was familiar with, but instead the other clone in golden robes. The power that of that harrumph had immediately allowed Su Ming to make his judgment.

'Two clones... And the clone in the golden robes is stronger than the one in purple!'

"Immortals and Evil Immortals' Curse." Qian Chen's face turned pale and sweat beaded on his forehead as he mumbled.

"This is the great divine ability of Evil Immortal Sect, and it is also one of the Ji An's favorite great divine abilities. In the past, all

those who heard this Immortals and Evil Immortals' Curse would find Evil Neonates emerging in their bodies, and they would then absorb their flesh and blood, causing their bodies to wither away. Then, once their bodies died, the Evil Neonates would be born.

"These creatures would then act as Ji An's powerful killing moves, and they could even merge together to form Immortal Neonates," Qian Chen explained in a quiet voice.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and looked towards the endless black fog charging towards them from the sky in the distance.

The black fog got increasingly closer as it tumbled about in the sky. The people on the battlefield could vaguely see an innumerable amount of people within the clouds, but they were nothing compared to the fog's appearance, which was the sight that had truly brought shock to all the people in the Immortal sects!

As it closed in, the portion right in the front merged together and turned into a gigantic human face. It looked incredibly ferocious, with the black fog as its body and the threads by the side its hair. As this creature approached the area, a dark voice rang in the air with such strength that it shook the sky and earth.

"Di Tian!"

This voice echoed in all directions, causing all the cultivators on the ground to feel their hearts tremble. Even Shen Dong and the others were the same. As for Sikong and Chenchong, their faces turned pale.

Su Ming sat on the rock, and the brilliant light shining in his eyes moments ago was hidden away. He looked at the black fog in the sky. After having heard this man's name for so long, this was the first time he finally saw him.

Su Ming's gaze seemed to be able to pierce through the fog and look within it, where he saw twenty thousand people in black

armor, wearing aloof expressions on their faces while dark light shone in their eyes. Right before them was a boy dressed in black robes!

That boy was incredibly handsome. His black hair danced in the air, and he held a black fan in his hand. If the black fog and all the people in black armor were not around, then this boy would have definitely looked incredibly elegant and graceful!

Almost at the instant Su Ming looked towards the boy, the boy also seemed to have noticed his gaze and immediately lowered his head, but Su Ming had already averted his eyes by that time. The boy looked at the ground for a moment and a light crease appeared between his brows. But he stopped paying any attention to the ground after that.

"Ji An!" slowly called out the Di Tian in golden robes, as the rolling mass of black fog hovered directly opposite of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's giant sword in the sky.

"Today, the Immortals and Evil Immortals will fight, and the winner will take control of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As for the one who loses..." the Di Tian in golden robes said in a low voice. But before he could finish speaking, the rolling black fog immediately exploded and spread out, instantly filling up the entire area on the ground, as if it had separated the sky from the earth!

Immediately after, the twenty thousand people in black armor lifted their heads and turned into long black arcs that charged towards the fog on the ground.

"Why are you being so talkative? Di Tian, are you old and senile now?! Disciples of Evil Sect, kill them!"

Once the fog filled the area on the ground, none of it could be seen in the sky any longer, causing Ji An's figure to be revealed in the air. The boy in black robes put on a sinister smile on his face, and his eyes shone with killing intent in his chilling glare. He was

completely unbothered and not the slightest bit wary of the two clones. With a step forward, he charged towards the sword where the Di Tians were.

The eyes of both the clones shone, and the one in purple robes took a step forward, with a cold sneer on his face.

"You might be slightly weaker than our real self's magical body, but you still have to bear with the limitations set by the laws in Yin Death Region. I'd like to see how you will fight against two of our real self's clones!"

Rumbling sounds instantly echoed in the sky, but no one on the ground could see what was happening above, because the fog that filled the sky had blocked off all the gazes directed upwards. The rumbles then turned into waves of impact that swept towards Great Leaf Immortal Sect, Hidden Dragon Sect, and Sky Mist Dao.

The battle suddenly erupted at the instant Ji An arrived!

Almost the instant the fog spread outwards and covered all the people's gazes, Su Ming stood up and struck Qian Chen's shoulder. With it, a faint ray of golden light immediately surged into Qian Chen's body through his hand.

"Close your eyes and fake death. As long your luck isn't too rotten, then as long as you have my power protecting you, you will be fine!" Once Su Ming said that, he took a step forward.

Qian Chen was taken aback for a moment, but then immediately let out a shrill scream of pain.

"Ah...! You ambushed me... you... bas... tards..." As he screamed, he started looking everywhere, and once he fell down, he quickly crawled under the stone beside him and laid down under it while his heart raced in anxiety in his chest.

Su Ming moved like a ghost. As he charged forward, he moved about in the fog. He did not immediately rush out but instead spread his divine sense outwards. The fog around him might be

thick, but it was practically non-existent within his perception.

Almost at the instant the fog spread out, Su Ming lifted his right hand with an aloof expression and swiped at the fog to his right. A scream of pain rang out, and a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple was grabbed by the throat. Shock and despair appeared in the disciple's eyes. Up till this point, he still didn't understand why the target he had singled out before the fog appeared would suddenly become so terrifying.

The spot where he stood in Evil Spirit Sect was clearly one the belonged to an Outer Sect disciple...

A pity, but he no longer had any chance to think about that question. Su Ming squeezed with his right hand and a bang rang in the air. The Hidden Dragon Sect disciple's head exploded, and Su Ming continued walking forward.

He could clearly see a woman in white where the three Immortal sects were gathered in his divine sense. She had multiple layers of protection placed on her and would occasionally send out jade slips to the people. These jade slips were like orders that caused the fifty thousand cultivators among the Immortal sects to quickly organize themselves in the fog after only a short period of chaos.

As for Evil Sect, they were clearly incredibly familiar with this black fog. As if they had been prepared for it beforehand, at the instant it appeared, they started swiftly killing the Immortals under the lead of the twenty thousand people in black armor!

Su Ming calmly lifted his left hand. The green mark on his left hand was shining rapidly at the moment, and wisps of aura of death started charging towards his left hand from all directions.

"The true way to use this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal... is not to transfer the power of Yin Death, but... to offer the aura of death to the seal!" Su Ming said flatly, and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 647: Sinister!

If Su Ming had enough aura of death to deliver to this Verdant Abyssal Seal, then he would be able to trade in even more power of Yin Death from the world. Then, with this power of Yin Death, he could bring up an explosion that was even greater than what Shen Dong had managed to summon.

This was the epiphany he had gained when he was examining the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. There was an innate difference between him and Shen Dong, which was why Shen Dong had been unable to understand this Art fully, but once it was in Su Ming's hands, he would be able to make it shine brilliantly.

'A fight between ten thousand people... In terms of numbers, they can't compare to the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, but the power within each of these people here is much stronger compared to the Shamans and Berserkers... If that's the case, since the aura of death's thickness will increase because of a person's level of cultivation, then even if there aren't many people fighting on both sides, the aura of death will still be great because of the Immortals' power will cause it to increase by multiple fold!'

Su Ming walked in the black fog at a moderate pace. Roars and the sounds of battle rose and fell in his ears. However, he no longer had the hot-blooded fervor he had during the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers. His heart remained cold.

He had no reason to be fired up for this battle!

This was an internal strife among the Immortals and a scramble for power between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects. Su Ming was just a guest in this battle, a stranger who came to this battlefield with his own goals.

He only had one really, and that was to kill Di Tian. To accomplish this goal, others had sprung up. It was just like building a tower. Several layers needed to be built upon each other

before a tower could be formed!

'I'll need at least half of the people to die to complete the Verdant Abyssal Seal. It'll be even better if I could get more...'

A glint appeared in his eyes. With his divine sense, he saw the three Immortal Sects slowly finding their way in the fog as the woman in white led them, issuing her orders with the jade slips. Instead, they started shrinking back, and with the woman in white as the center, they slowly looked as if they wanted to form a formation of three rings.

A squad was formed with nine people, and a platoon with nine of these squads. With nine platoons, a brigade was formed. The dozens of brigades then started retreating in an organized fashion continuously, and as they set up their formation, the Evil Sect teams that were rushing at them were like fierce tigers that had run into hedgehogs and could not swiftly slaughter a large amount of them, unlike what they had managed to do at the start.

The leaders were the ones who had a crucial function within these brigades, and the people with this position were the ones who would directly receive the woman in white's orders. Then, they would send these orders to the platoons in their brigades, and these platoons would then send the orders to the squads. This then resulted in the three Immortal sects looking like a single being that could not be separated, yet one that was also capable of dividing itself into several dozens of groups at any time it wanted!

On the other hand, the charge led by the twenty thousand Evil Immortals clad in black armor was now like the last flickers of a dying flame. Once the three Immortal sects started fighting back, they gradually lost the advantage they'd had at the start.

Aside from that, powerful Immortals in Ascendance like Shen Dong and Shihai had been detained by other Ascendant cultivators in the fog. Booming sounds kept coming continuously from their direction as these people fought against each other.

Even Bao Qiu was fighting against another cultivator in Soul Transformation Stage from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. They would not allow any person who had a high level of cultivation join in the charge between both armies.

It was the same for the Immortal sects. Once they had been marked by those in Evil Sect, they were also held back by their enemies.

'By how things usually progress, they should be heading into a stalemate very soon. Both sides will each bring out all the powerful Enchanted Treasures against their opponents that are of the same level of cultivation as theirs, and then, they will try to gain the upper hand again and continue with the slaughter!'

Su Ming's gaze occasionally fell on the fog before him. Once he could vaguely see ahead, he started observing the world outside with caution. The sky above him was not bright. There was a faint layer of purple fog there. It was not thick, and in that thin layer he saw three figures crisscrossing each other as they fought. Loud booming sounds that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air.

The ripples coming from the Rune above these three people were becoming stronger, and it seemed that new Immortals would descend to the land before long.

'I can't afford to wait for such a long time. If I let those from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects act according to their plans, then not many of their people will die, and it'll be slow. The Rune in the sky also seems rather strange.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. When he saw that Evil Sect had already reached the end of their slaughter and looked as if they were about to retreat, he took a step forward and charged forward like a specter towards one of the brigades that were setting up their formation.

This was a brigade of a thousand people filled with boundless

vitality at that moment. It was composed entirely of people from Sky Mist Dao, and a murderous air filled the area around them. The eyes of each person here from Sky Mist Dao were burning brightly. The leaders of the platoons among them were all cultivators who had reached the Nascent Soul Stage. Some of them were in the Soul Formation State. The leader of the brigade, who was surrounded by multiple layers of people, was a cultivator in the Soul Transformation Stage.

This Immortal brigade, which was the closest one to Su Ming, was retreating continuously, as if all the wills of the people inside had become connected to each other. They were retreating swiftly to complete the formation. Right before them were numerous Evil Sect disciples and a large number of people in black armor who were bringing with bloodlust and madness as they continued raining down their attacks on the brigade.

Shanhen was right in front of the team, among the people leading the charge. A mighty force burst forth from his well-built body at that moment, and his power spread out while nine black blades surrounded his body. As he charged forth, he was like a whirlwind sweeping across the land... but the thousand man brigade did not show any signs of dispersing despite being in the midst of the charge. They continued retreating in an organized manner, causing those in Evil Sect to feel incredibly helpless against them, because another brigade had appeared in the direction where these Evil Sect members were, and it was clear that they had been surrounded at some point without being aware of it.

In the midst of that helplessness, these Evil Sect disciples began thinking of retreating. Bloodlust shone in Shanhen's eyes, but after letting out a cold harrumph, he, too, started withdrawing.

After all, this was something that could not be helped. They were not the only ones retreating at the moment. The entire Evil Sect army was retreating to widen the distance between them and the

Immortal sects.

This was something that was part of their plans to begin with, and they were quick on their feet as they began retreating.

However, almost at the moment Shanhen started withdrawing, a wave from the fog that would only be formed when someone was charging forward suddenly appeared not too far away from where he was. As those ripples spread out, a faint silhouette of a person could be seen within, and that person was so quick that he seemed like a shooting star charging through the fog as he rushed towards the thousand man brigade.

Both sides clashed in an instant, and a shocking bang swiftly erupted into the air. The will formed together by the thousand people started showing signs of crumbling once that silhouette charged into them. At the same time their will started crumbling, the stranger made his way into the thousand man brigade. Wherever he went, shrill screams of pain would travel out and blood would spill everywhere. Naturally, that silhouette was Su Ming!

With just three steps, he appeared right before the leader of a platoon. That person was a cultivator in the Nascent Soul Stage. The man's pupils shrank and shock appeared in his eyes. He knew that unless it was a cultivator in Ascendancy, then no person would be able to break into this thousand man brigade where he was right at that moment.

Yet, all the cultivators in Ascendancy within Evil Sect already had someone of equal level from the Immortal sects fighting against them... So how did an additional cultivator in Ascendancy suddenly appear in Evil Sect?!

And he was clear that this was a cultivator in Ascendancy Stage, not someone in any other stage of cultivation. Besides, more importantly, this sudden addition was incredibly fatal to one side of the battle among low-leveled cultivators!

It was a pity, but this man no longer had any time to think about this. Su Ming did not stop. With one step, he closed in and lifted his right hand. When he moved past that person, he seized his throat, and once he dragged him a dozen steps, he crushed the man's throat and shattered his Nascent Soul.

Once he let go, he moved towards the leader of the brigade - the old cultivator in Soul Transformation Stage.

That old man was dressed in green robes, and his eyes were as wide as saucers at that moment. There was also shock in his gaze, and he immediately fell back without any hesitation. A strong life threatening sense of danger shot up like a sharp needle piercing his heart, causing the only thought in his mind in the midst of his nervousness to be that of hastily fleeing for his life.

Yet with Su Ming's speed and power, the old man's speed as he fled was simply too slow. Almost at the moment he started retreating, Su Ming had already turned into a long arc and moved past him in a flash. Blood gushed out like a fountain in the air, and in Su Ming's hand was the old man's head, who could now no longer close its eyes.

There were no screams of pain nor shrieks. There was only stunned silence, for the thousand man brigade whose purpose was to suppress those from Evil Sect had their brigade leader and several of their platoon leaders killed in a short span of time, courtesy of Su Ming. After a short period of silence, cries of surprise erupted from these thousand people.

At the same time, Shanhen and the others who had been retreating nearby were also momentarily shocked, but immediately after, they let out excited roars and no longer retreated. Instead, they rushed into the thousand man brigade that was near breaking point like murderous demons and fiends.

"I am Shanhen. Thank you for your help, senior. May I know which Evil Sect you came from?" In the midst of his crazed

slaughter, Shanhen spoke up, but he did not obtain an answer. Su Ming had already left.

He moved like the god of death in this piece of land filled with black fog. As he weaved about, he would charge swiftly into one of the brigades and kill its leader and numerous platoon leaders, with his greatest speed and amount of power he could muster. It was as if he was cutting through knots with a sharp knife.

While he had only dealt with eight brigades and not all of them, the effect he brought to the battlefield was still incredibly apparent, causing the originally retreating Evil Sect to stop moving for a moment before they charged forward to kill once again. The eight crumbled brigades were gaps in the Immortal sects' formation, and they were continuously being torn wider!

Su Ming did not tear open more gaps for Evil Sect. He did not want a single side to win in this battle. He wanted... a complete annihilation of both armies when their strength became equal once again. Only when that happened would he be able to gain a large amount of aura of death within a short period of time. Only then would the might of his Verdant Abyssal Seal reach a terrifying level!

Green light surrounded his left hand at that moment, and the aura of death there was rising exponentially at a maddening pace.

"Go on, kill... The more you kill, the better," Su Ming muttered under his breath.

Suddenly, he whipped his head to the side and looked towards the Immortal sects' direction. He saw a woman's gaze locking onto him, and it belonged to the woman in white who had been setting up the formation for the Immortal sects.

"She can actually find me?" A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 648: Don't Provoke Me!

"How can this be!"

"There are eight powerful warriors in Ascendance from Evil Sect besides the three Apogeas from the three inferior sects... But these eight people are just in the early stage of Ascendance... From the information we received, one of them died in Thousand River Valley, so there should only be ten people from Evil Sect that are in Ascendance!"

"We already sent people to handle these ten, and by the looks of it, all of them are still held back by our plans, so who is the new one who appeared?"

There were some old men standing beside the woman in white behind the multiple layers of protection created by those in the Immortal sects. These old men's faces were filled with shock, and they were all speaking out of surprise. They might be standing in a circle, but none of them possessed the power of Ascendance. They were at most in Soul Transformation Stage, yet all of them were in possession of divine senses that had surpassed the limits of their current level of cultivation.

They were four old men, and they were originally sitting cross-legged on the ground with their divine senses spread outwards to gather on the woman in the middle. Due to the change in the battlefield at that moment, grave expressions appeared on their faces.

"Could it be that the information we obtained was wrong, and that cultivator in Ascendance who we learned was dead didn't truly die?!"

"This is the only explanation..."

The woman in white remained calm as she looked at the rolling black fog in the distance. After some time, she uttered softly, "He

noticed me..." There was an airy and ethereal quality to her voice, as if it did not belong to this world.

"Notify Hidden Dragon Sect and send a Warrior Immortal to kill this person. If it won't be able to kill him, then at least have it tie him down!"

The woman in white had a flat expression on her face. Once she finished speaking, the four old men behind her used some sort of unknown method and contacted Hidden Dragon Sect, and one of the seven Galactic Warrior Immortals crouching down on the mountains spotted a brilliant light flashing in its eyes. It stood up, and when it took a step forward, it grabbed the mountain with its right hand and left into the black fog with it as loud booming sounds echoed behind them.

The woman in white rubbed the center of her brows and no longer bothered herself with this matter. To her, this was just an unforeseen accident, and once she sent a Warrior Immortal over, she would be able to wipe it clean.

She placed her gaze on the battle, and a light crease appeared between her brows for a moment before disappearing. She waved her right hand, and dozens of jade slips instantly appeared before her. Once her orders were placed on those slips, they immediately spread out.

Su Ming started retreating within the fog. As he moved about, he avoided the Evil Sect disciples around him. He narrowed his eyes and hid away the chilling glare in his eyes.

'That woman can see me... This doesn't fit into my plans... By the looks of it, the old men beside her fused their divine senses together and lent her their power. That's why she was able to locate me...'

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. When he turned his head to the side, he saw a Galactic Warrior Immortal leaping in the air, and as a loud bang echoed from the ground and the earth trembled,

the puppet landed several thousands of feet away from him.

At the same time, a piercing howl sliced through the air. Right before Su Ming's eyes, when the huge Galactic Warrior Immortal landed on the ground, the mountain it brought with it came charging towards him with loud rumbling sounds.

The mountain was several tens of thousands of feet tall, and the force with which it was flung into the air was astonishing. It made all the Evil Sect members around the area to instantly turn pale and quickly avoid the place. The mountain approached Su Ming, making all the fog in the area it passed through to scatter in all directions, which resulted in a gigantic empty space!

The howling sounds were piercing to the ears. With a strange pressure on it, the mountain came charging towards Su Ming. When it closed in and was about to ram into him, the giant that had landed nearby lifted its head and let out a shocking roar. The clattering sounds increased in frequency, and it sounded as if there were some sort of gears turning in the giant's body, causing it to lift its foot swiftly and step on the ground before it rushed at Su Ming.

With each step it took, the ground would tremble and the fog would scatter. A monstrous wave of murderous aura came crashing towards Su Ming.

There was a mountain descending on him from above, and a Galactic Warrior Immortal closing in on him from the front, but Su Ming did not dodge. Instead, his lips curled up into a cold sneer.

This was just a mere Galactic Warrior Immortal, and it was even created in the land of Berserkers to boot. It only possessed the cultivation base and power of a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. When Su Ming had recovered just eight-tenths of his cultivation base, he could already fight against those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. At that time, he was already halfway

through to truly reaching Berserker Soul Realm. Once he started circulating all his power, killing one person or creature at the equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was nothing to Su Ming!

Not only was he going to destroy this Galactic Warrior Immortal, he was also going to destroy the woman in white's power that allowed her to keep her gaze fixed on him. Only then would he be able to continue moving about in the darkness, without anyone being able to see or find any traces of him.

Only then would his plans work as intended!

Almost at the instant the Galactic Warrior Immortal took its first step and the ground started trembling, Su Ming lifted his right hand and stomped on the ground. With it, he shot up from the land like a long arc that had erupted from the land and charged towards the mountain crashing down at him from above.

He was so quick that he appeared in midair in almost the blink of an eye, which meant that there was less than hundreds of feet between him and that gigantic mountain. A great wave of pressure fell on his body, but as Su Ming circulated all his power, that pressure instantly crumbled and shattered.

With a calm expression, he lifted his left hand and pushed against the sky. At the instant he did so, the mountain fell and crashed into his lifted left hand with a bang!

Booming sounds immediately resounded around Su Ming's entire body. It sank down swiftly, but right when it sank three inches downwards, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and the power that belonged to the ancient Berserkers erupted from his left arm!

The Berserkers' cultivation methods and inheritance came from the first God of Berserkers, but the source of their power lay in their blood, and it was the blood they inherited from the ancient Berserkers, the people who were born with the power of Berserkers during the time before history was recorded! The first

God of Berserkers had found a method for Berserkers to awaken the blood inheritance coursing through their veins so that they would no longer be barbarians and savages. Instead, they would be able to walk down the ways of cultivation, just like other people and make their race shine with a brilliant light!

A normal Berserker had very little of that ancient blood flowing through their bodies. Only when they reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm would they be able to gather up power and form the spine that belonged to the ancient Berserkers, who were also the true Berserkers. At that point, they would be in possession of extraordinary power.

Yet when it came to Su Ming, he had turned all the bones in his body and even his flesh as well as his blood into those of a true Berserker. It could be said that his body was already like those of the ancient Berserkers that existed before the recorded history!

This was something that even the first God of Berserkers had been unable to do when he made this cultivation system. That was why, as of then, what right did this puny mountain have to try and crush Su Ming's body?!

When the power of the ancient Berserkers erupted from Su Ming's left arm, the mountain was forced to a stop in midair with just one hand. Su Ming was barely noticeable under that ten thousand feet tall mountain, but he, who was seemingly unnoticeable and insignificant, was holding the entire mountain with just his left hand. He spun his body slightly, causing the mountain to shift to his right hand, and then, he threw it swiftly towards the spot where the woman in white was surrounded by the numerous Immortals!

Piercing howls that shook the sky and earth rang in the air, and the mountain charged straight towards the woman in white, while loud rumbling sounds shot up into the sky!

This scene was incredibly shocking, and before the woman in

white had time to react to what was happening, Su Ming had lowered his head swiftly. A sneer revealed itself on his face, and killing intent shone in his eyes when he charged down towards the ground.

He was so quick that before anyone could see what was happening, he had already completed the entire process of descending from midair to the ground. When he appeared there, he took a huge step forward and appeared right before the Galactic Warrior Immortal that was roaring ferociously.

One punch!

Su Ming's abrupt appearance was as if he had forced his way into the empty space before the Galactic Warrior Immortal. When he appeared, his body still remaining as an indistinct blur, his fist landed on the Galactic Warrior Immortal's body with a loud bang.

Loud booming sounds shook the world, and even the powerful Immortals in Ascendance who were fighting against each other in the fog felt their hearts shake, but they did not have any time to take a look at the source of the tremors. They were all fighting, and could not afford to be distracted.

With that one punch, the light within the Galactic Warrior Immortal's eyes instantly vanished, and cracks started spreading rapidly throughout its body from the spot where Su Ming's fist had landed on its chest. In a span of a breath, the gigantic Galactic Warrior Immortal shattered into pieces with a bang, turning into a large amount of torn pieces and gears that tumbled backwards. At that moment, Su Ming's body was fully revealed in the air. He took a step forward, and with a piercing screech that signaled of the air being sliced apart, he shot through the crumbling Galactic Warrior Immortal and flew into midair.

He was fast, so fast that when he was done killing the giant, the mountain he had tossed from midair was still charging down its trajectory and hadn't yet fallen to the ground!

In a flash, Su Ming caught up to the mountain and swiftly landed on its top. As the mountain charged forward, his image as he stood there became the center of attention for all those who saw him, and dazed expressions appeared on their faces.

The person on the mountain had long robes that danced in the air and long hair that moved with the wind, and it was an image that filled the stranger with an indefinable, elegant air!

It was a pity that there were not many people who were paying attention to Su Ming at that moment. The place was filled with fog that had caused even the divine senses of everyone to be slightly blocked off, making it seem as if it sealed off all the people's gazes. However... there were still people who managed to see the sight.

The woman in white's pupils shrank, and an incredibly rare expression of intense solemnity appeared on her face. In fact, her breathing had even paused for a moment. The four old men beside her could no longer find it in themselves to remain seated. All of them stood up and looked towards the sky as they sucked in sharp breaths. Their faces were filled with shock and astonishment.

"He killed a Galactic Warrior Immortal with just one punch!"

"Who is he?!"

"When did such a powerful person appear in Evil Sect?! Why didn't we receive any information about him?!"

A glint appeared in the woman in white's long and narrow eyes. When she lifted her right hand, the four old men immediately formed a seal with their hands. Immediately, their divine senses joined together and surged into the woman's body. She swiftly widened her eyes, and her divine sense immediately grew several times in size. As if it had gained physical form, it charged towards the incoming mountain, as well as towards Su Ming who was standing elegantly on its top.

A loud bang shot into the air, and it turned into an endless

amount of echoes. Once the mountain crashed into the woman's powerful divine sense, it instantly shattered into pieces and crumbled apart. A large amount of broken stone pieces shot outward, and for a time, it looked as if female deities were throwing down petals from heaven. It was a dazzling sight to behold.

Once the woman in white cut off Su Ming's charge, exhaustion appeared on her face, but immediately after, her expression changed drastically.

"Something's not right!"

The mountain was destroyed too easily. Once that thought appeared in her heart, she whipped her head around and saw a shadow flashing past two of the four old men behind her. Then, their heads were separated from their bodies, and shock appeared in their eyes as their heads flew into the air.

That shadow was originally going to disappear, but it stopped for a moment and turned its head around to look towards her. It opened its mouth and moved its lips, but no sound appeared, neither were there any thoughts sent to her.

'He didn't come to kill me. He just wanted to destroy the support I had that allowed me to cast that divine ability to keep my gaze on him...'

The woman in white's face turned pale and she staggered a few steps backwards. There were multiple layers of Immortals surrounding her, yet none of them had noticed anything. This made a chill creep through her entire body despite the fact that she was surrounded by a crowd.

"Don't provoke me, huh...?"

The woman bit her lip. She had been able to understand the words Su Ming had mouthed before he left.

Chapter 649: The Person From Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

Su Ming left.

No one could stop his arrival, and neither could anyone stop his departure. If he wanted to kill that woman in white, he could do so with ease, and no one would be able to stop him.

The woman was rather beautiful and would make others pity her, but in Su Ming's eyes, it did not matter whether his enemy was a man or a woman, they were nothing to him! Su Ming was not concerned with the woman's survival, but she could not die at this point, because if she died, then perhaps other forms of change will appear in the Immortal sects, and the goal of making both sides fight against each other until they died would not be accomplished.

He only came here to destroy the focus the woman in white had on him. It was just like destroying one of the eyes on a person, so that he or she will be unable to continue sensing him. From there, Su Ming could fuse back into darkness and make sure no one noticed him.

The woman in white shuddered lightly and watched Su Ming's shadow disappear. The focus she had on Su Ming had also disappeared without a trace and she could no longer find him.

The two old men beside her had incredibly dark faces, but they did not do anything extreme. The power in their opponent had completely stunned them to their feet.

Only at this point did the Immortal sect disciples that had provided them with those multiple layers of protection notice what had happened. As their hearts trembled in shock, expressions of astonishment appeared on their faces.

A light breeze blew past the land. That wind could not blow away

the fog, but the bloody stench in the area was swept up and started spreading outwards. The two headless corpses on the ground started giving off a presence that chilled others to the bone.

The woman in white remained silent for a moment. When she closed her eyes and reopened them shortly, calmness returned to her eyes. She continued sending out the orders on her jade slips to the other Immortals, but she no longer did anything against Su Ming.

To her, the death of the two old men in the sect was a warning. The voiceless words Su Ming had sent to her before he left also gave that warning a bloody air.

If she continued provoking him, then the ones who would die next would be her and the remaining two old men.

She was not a part of the three sects and was only invited here to organize this battle. She had no reason to give up her life for this.

As Su Ming left, the sounds of battle continued reverberating in the air and grew more intense as time went by. There were few who could see Su Ming's actions due to the fog. Even if they did notice it, they would still lose track of Su Ming's presence as Su Ming hid himself away from the fog once again.

At that moment, Su Ming stood on one of the corners of the battlefield. Fog surrounded him, and with an aloof expression on his face, he spread out his divine sense and watched the changes in the battlefield. The Verdant Abyssal Seal on his left hand was absorbing all the aura of death coming swiftly towards him from all directions.

Screams of pain and booming sounds crisscrossed with each other and reverberated in the air throughout the entire battlefield. The battle between both sides were intense and there seemed to be no end to it. The Evil Sect's charge in the start and Su Ming's attack had caused the Immortal sects to remain on passive, and this had caused them to pay an incredibly large price.

Most of those who died were the disciples from the Immortal sects.

However, once the woman in white fell into a brief moment of silence and started sending off her orders again, Su Ming noticed something different in the corner of the battlefield. He saw a change. He saw the brigades in the Immortal sects suddenly change. They were no longer brigades formed of a thousand people, but were brigades formed of three thousand people. Once they fused together, they seemed to have formed a new formation, causing the momentum of the battlefield to abruptly change, and once the brigades that had lost their leaders fused together with the others, they turned into a fan shaped formation and started retreating.

In Su Ming's eyes, the actions of several tens of thousands of people doing such a thing was an incredibly grand thing. As the ground continued shaking and rumbling, Su Ming's eyes immediately started shining when he saw the Immortals doing such a thing.

'There has been quite a lot of deaths in the Immortal sects... Now, it's Evil Sect's turn!' Su Ming did not want any side to obtain a kill count that would decide the tide of the battle, or else there would not be too many people who died at the end. He wanted both sides to suffer huge losses and wanted both Evil Sect and the Immortal sects to be completely annihilated.

A cold smirk appeared at the corners of his lips. With one step, Su Ming moved, and he immediately began swimming about in the fog. There were a few Evil Dust Sect disciples not too far away from him. All of them were surrounded by sandstorms, and they were all charging towards the Immortal sect brigades in the distance, but as Su Ming closed in and a loud rumble rang in the air, those sandstorms collapsed, the Evil Sect disciples within them widened their eyes. A bloody hole appeared at the center of their brows. A cold shadow from the fog in the distance also appeared in

their eyes before it swiftly disappeared.

He stopped the charge from Evil Sect and gave a chance for those in the Immortal sects to change from being on the passive to taking the lead in the attack. Su Ming believed that even if the people from those Immortal sects would be hesitant and doubtful, they would still walk down the path for the plan he had after they after having so many of their own die.

At that moment, Su Ming moved about the fog at an extremely fast pace. He lifted his right hand and seized a completely Evil Lust Sect disciple charging past him while roaring in bloodthirst, completely unaware of his presence. At the moment he was taken aback, Su Ming had already pressed his right hand on the top of that person's skull. He did not kill him, but that Evil Lust Sect disciple started trembling viciously. A dead look appeared in his eyes, and veins started popping up on his face, as if he was suffering through an unimaginable pain.

But he could not make a single sound. His skin grew dark, as if a layer of black smoke had appeared on him, and it was continuously spreading through his entire body. With the person in hand, Su Ming started moving through the fog like the wind.

Wherever he went, Su Ming would not hesitate even a single bit and point towards all the Evil Sect disciples he met on the way. All those people from Evil Sect who he touched with the tip of his fingertips would shudder and their life force would immediately leave their bodies before they breathed their last.

The limitation on their power caused all the people Su Ming killed to have no possibility of defending themselves against his attacks.

However, there were far too many fights in this place. Su Ming might have a high level of cultivation, but it was still difficult for him to kill all these people with just his power alone. However, the slaughter he rained down as he moved like a fish in water in that

fog made his existence become like that of a nightmare in this battlefield.

This nightmare continued. Su Ming moved freely like flowing water in the fog. The path he chose leaned close to the front of Evil Team's assault team. Wherever he went, blood would fill the area, and shrill screams of pain would immediately reverberate in the air.

When Su Ming rushed to the middle of Evil Sect's team and he pulled back his left hand right before the confused gaze of an Evil Sect disciple. At the instant that Evil Sect disciple fell down, the Evil Lust Sect disciple who Su Ming was still holding onto in his right hand had already turned completely dark. All his hair fell off from his head, and it was the same for his teeth. The bones in his body also became soft and limp, and his entire body had already withered and shrank into a bundle.

There was a strange and enchanting air within this darkness, causing all those who saw it to be unable to help themselves but feel their hearts tremble. There was also a faint fragrance coming from this person's body, and all those who breathed in that fragrance would feel relaxed and happy, but if they breathed in that scent for too long, they would started nauseous and would want to puke out even all their organs.

This strange smell and sensation... came from the Curse!

As Su Ming's level of cultivation increased, his ability to utilize the Curse also became much stronger than before. The Curse he cast at that moment was another way to use this Art. It was a cursed person formed after he fused the Curse with Shamanic Spells, causing the person to be in a state of being alive and dead, like a living dead person, and like a dead living person!

As the power of the Curse continuously fused into the person's body, he would turn into a cursed body, and the more Curses he contained in his body, the level of destruction would be greater

once he self-destructed. In fact, it would even bring a disaster to the area!

This was also the first time Su Ming used this method. As he grabbed that cursed person in his right hand, he moved about in the fog until the vague shadows of nearly a hundred people from Evil Sect appeared before him. Without any hesitation, Su Ming jumped up, then threw the Evil Lust Sect disciple in his hand to the ground with one powerful throw.

The Evil Lust Sect disciple's eyes began shining in a strange and enchanting light. At the instant he fell on the ground, his body exploded with a bang, and a layer of fog that was similarly black in color instantly swept towards all directions with loud rumbling sounds. Wherever it went, all those Evil Sect disciples that were touched by this fog would immediately start trembling viciously, and a large amount of black spots would appear on their skin.

Su Ming was still in midair. Just when he was about to turn around and leave, his heart suddenly leaped in his chest. He clenched his right hand into a fist and hurled a punch straight towards the air to his left. A loud bang rang in the air, and the fog to Su Ming's left instantly disintegrated. A person was revealed in the fog, and he coughed up blood as he fell back. When his face was revealed, Su Ming recognized him with just one glance. That person was Sikong, and his face was filled with shock and disbelief at that moment.

Su Ming turned his head around and cast Sikong an aloof gaze.

"Who are you?!" Sikong's voice was rather piercing to the ears. Almost at the same time he said these words, blood trickled down the corners of his mouth once again and sharp pain shot up in all his organs. His cultivation base had even begun showing signs of instability. The jade pendant hanging over his chest also shattered as cracking sounds shot into the air.

A small black patch had also appeared on his skin due to the

Curse seeping into his body, and it was still spreading continuously while spreading out a presence that made Sikong's skin crawl as terror filled every fiber of his being.

'What is this divine ability?! It has a power that surpasses those in the great circle stage for Ascendance!! This is...' Sikong sucked in a sharp breath. His jade pendant could withstand one full powered blow from an Immortal at the great circle stage in Ascendance, but it had shattered just now, which meant that the punch this person delivered just now had already surpassed those in the great circle stage in Ascendance.

He was shocked. The black patch on his body was already the size of a fist, and while there was no pain coming from it, when Sikong swept his gaze towards that black patch, he could feel a strong threatening presence from that patch. It made him nervous, and he swiftly retreated. As his heart pounded in fear, he almost reached the fastest speed he could muster while he retreated. Su Ming narrowed his eyes. There was a pair of powerful cultivators in the great circle stage in Ascendance from Evil Sect and Immortal sect fighting in the direction where Sikong retreated. Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silent before he let out a cold harrumph. He did not chase after Sikong. Killing or sparing Sikong was a small matter to him. Turning the battlefield into chaos was more important to him right then.

"How dare you try to ambush me, who came from Great Leaf Immortal Sect, with your puny power," Su Ming spoke flatly, then turned around and disappeared from the spot.

'Great Leaf Immortal Sect! He's a person from Great Leaf Immortal Sect!' Sikong could not control himself and coughed up blood once again. As he swiftly retreated, he saw that the person did not chase him down, and when he saw this, he clenched his fist. Hatred as well as madness appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 650: Clues About His Eldest Senior Brother's Whereabouts!

As the power of the Curse spread out from the spot where Su Ming was, black patches immediately appeared on quite a large number of Evil Sect disciples. Panic descended on these people, while Su Ming left into the distance.

Two more rapidly darkening bodies appeared in his hand, as he moved without a sound. After a moment, once the sounds of two explosions spread out, the Curse's presence became thicker in the air.

The Curse did not act fast, but looked incredibly terrifying. It did not matter who it was, when they found a large amount of black spots appearing on their bodies and smelled the sweet but nauseating scent while feeling the black patches on their bodies continue spreading and rotting away, terror would crawl up from deep within their hearts.

After a moment, Su Ming went past between some Evil Sect's assault teams. The fear creeping in their hearts exploded, resulting the teams becoming more and more chaotic as time passed .

This chaos was immediately discovered by the Immortal sects and spotted by the powerful warriors in Ascendance from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects fighting against each other. However, it was difficult for them to break off from the life and death battles they were engaged in at the moment, so they could not pay too much attention to it.

A glint appeared in the woman in white's eyes. She could immediately see that this chaos was a perfect opportunity to turn the tides of the battle. She lifted her right hand, but just as she was about to send her orders, she instinctively paused.

She was incredibly hesitant. This chaos was clearly man-made,

but who exactly would create such an opportunity for the Immortal sects...? The first person that came to her mind was Su Ming. She had originally thought that he came from Evil Sect, but due to her survival after his attack, she began to have other thoughts regarding his origins.

When she saw the chaos among the Evil Sect, there was no way she would be unable to guess what was happening with her intelligence.

She sighed softly. Even if she was able to tell that the person had intentionally caused this, she still had to seize this chance. She no longer hesitated. She swung her arm, and a dozen something jade slips flew into the air.

"Have all the remaining six Galactic Warrior Immortals from Hidden Dragon Sect attack. You must absolutely change the tide of this battle right now, when Evil Sect is in chaos!"

One of the woman in white's jade slips flew towards the direction where Hidden Dragon Sect was. It was caught by Chenchong, who was standing on one of the big stones. His eyes sparkled, and when he formed a seal with his left hand, loud booming sounds that shook the sky reverberated in the air. The six Galactic Warrior Immortals lifted their heads from the mountains and roared.

As they roared, the six giants flew into the air with a bang. The six huge mountains also rose up and followed right behind them, slicing through the air with rumbling sounds in their wake.

When the six bangs connected with each other and echoed in the air while the ground trembled, the six mountains crashed into Evil Sect's army. The pressure that spread out from them caused all those who were enveloped within it to feel as if their bodies had been bound. They could not dodge, only stare as they were crushed and turned into minced meat as they screamed in pain.

The ground trembled once again, and this time, it was because the six Galactic Warrior Immortals had landed from midair. Once

they descended, a bloodthirsty, murderous aura spread out from their bodies. These giants' eyes were bloodshot. Roaring, they charged forward into six different directions. Wherever they went, the Evil Sect disciples would be completely unable to retaliate. From the giants' mad charge, these disciples would usually either have their bodies broken, or be ripped apart and tossed away once grabbed.

"Go on, kill. Kill more, then my Verdant Abyssal Seal will become stronger..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He cast a glance at the green mark on his left hand. It was now letting out an enchanting light, which made it look incredibly strange. At that moment, Su Ming's gaze fell on his right palm.

There was a black bundle there, which was letting out a sweet scent. Naturally, that was the Curse. Su Ming had come up with this form of the Curse on the spot - to use nearly a hundred thousand bodies to provide nourishment so that the Curse would become more terrifying as time passed.

When the six Galactic Warrior Immortals started their counterattack in the fog, once chaos became apparent in Evil Sect, the Immortal sects received orders to no longer retreat but instead turn around. All of them transformed into long arcs with loud roars. They brought out their divine abilities and Enchanted Treasures and charged against those from Evil Sect. The tables had been turned.

The booming sounds from Arts and divine abilities rang loud within the fog. The waves of power from the spiritual aura in the world continued spreading outwards, but it still could not make the fog show any signs of disappearing.

Su Ming no longer paid any attention to the battle. He rose into the air until he reached the edge of the fog. When he was there, he lifted his head and looked at the sky. At that moment, clouds were tumbling about, and the three figures within were executing a

series of divine abilities. Ripples spread out from it, making it seem as if the sky was about to shatter, and it was a shocking sight to behold.

However, there were two spots in the sky where the ripples and waves of impact would immediately dissipate when they closed in on them. Those two spots were two vortexes that were showing faint signs of their existence!

These two vortexes were spinning slowly at that moment, and when Su Ming saw them, he had a strong feeling that these they were the spots where the Immortals descended!

He shifted his gaze away and finally looked towards the three fighting figures in the clouds and fog. Su Ming saw Di Tian's clones. One of them was casting that Art to mend the sky, and the other was casting the Art to submerge the sun [1]. As the two clones executed these two divine abilities, the world lost its color, causing Su Ming to narrow his eyes.

He looked towards the boy in black. Ji An's magical body was still holding the fan in his hand. His expression could not be seen, but his movement of swinging the fan was clear. Immediately, a huge ghost-face appeared before him. It was ten thousand feet big and looked incredibly ferocious. It opened its mouth wide before it snapped its jaws shut, as if it wanted to swallow the whole entire world.

The sight made Su Ming's pupils shrink for an instant.

After some moment, he closed his eyes and suppressed the urge to attack. When he reopened them, he cast a deep look toward Di Tian's clones. Su Ming knew that he could not be hasty in this. Only when Verdant Abyssal Seal and the Curse became stronger as the people from both sides continued dying would the time come for him to truly attack.

Besides, this was not the time for him to launch any sort of ambush, either. The moment he walked out the fog on the ground,

he would be immediately discovered by Ji An and the two Di Tians in the sky, and more importantly...

'Their battle has just started. There's no heat to it as of yet... and neither are they injured!'

Su Ming suppressed the urge in his heart. He knew that if he made a single mistake he would be easily revealed. He had to continue hiding, and when the time came for him to launch his attack, he would burst forth with a will to kill even the nine heavens!

"The Seven Abyssal Yin Death Art and the Curse are the first burial gifts I've prepared for you, Di Tian..." Su Ming mumbled softly. He still had a few burial gifts he had in store for Di Tian in the depths of his heart, and they were all gifts aimed to take them man's life, all fit to bury an Emperor!

At that moment, booming sounds from the ground shot through the fog and arrived near Su Ming, breaking his thoughts. He looked down, towards the direction of that sound.

There were now only three of the Galactic Warrior Immortals left on the land.

The six giant mountains shattered, one by one, and the booming sounds he heard just now were due to them exploding. The cause for their destruction and the reason behind the deaths of the three Galactic Warrior Immortals were the eighteen Yin Dragons from Evil Spirit Sect within the fog.

However, there were no longer eighteen of them. Only nine remained. These still alive Yin Dragons roared and swept through the land within the fog, charging straight towards the last three Galactic Warrior Immortals.

Most of the Evil Sect disciples had already recovered from the chaos, and the ones who were injured were sent to the rear. The main body then organized itself into a formation with those from

Evil Immortal Sect, clad in black armor, right at the front, those from Evil Lust Sect in the middle, those from Evil Dust Sect to their left, and those from Evil Spirit Sect to their right.

They were fighting against the Immortal sects in the land where they descended.

Su Ming saw Chenchong, Shanhen, Bi'su, Beiling, and Chenxin... in different locations within the fog fighting against their enemies! He also saw the Tian Lan sisters, as well as the woman who he knew as Wu La and Wu Le. They were all in the fog, and as booming sounds rang from both sides, each of these people showed off their brilliance.

They were prodigies and geniuses of their sects. Even among the crowds their talents still shone brilliantly, causing all those who saw them to be able to see their breathtaking abilities.

They were either skilled with Runes, or with divine abilities, or with seals, or were in possession of shocking Arts, or were skilled in laying out defenses. They had all sorts of abilities, and Su Ming was able to tell them apart with just one glance!

Besides them, Su Ming also saw the Evil Immortal Sect members clad in the black armor while he was in the sky. One of those people positioned near the frontline of the army hurled his fist against the ground, causing it to tremble and explode. The earth gathered together into an earth sword before it went rushing towards the Immortals before it.

That cultivator in black armor let out a shrill roar towards the sky and yanked off his helmet, revealing long black hair that danced in the air. It was a man, and he looked incredibly similar to Evil Lust Sect's Bi'su. However, the hard lines of a man on his face let Su Ming know... that he had the exact same face as Bi Su in his memories!

He was the Bisu from Evil Immortal Sect, the person Qian Chen had mentioned earlier!

But that was not all. What made Su Ming feel anguish was that he saw an old man standing to Bisu's left among the cultivators clad in black armor. There was no way Su Ming would forget that old man's face... It was Nan Song [2].

There was also an old woman to Bisu's right. Su Ming still remembered her... She was Bai Ling's grandma and Dark Dragon Tribe's Elder, Le Su!

'It doesn't matter whether they are real... or fake...'

Su Ming closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath. When he reopened his eyes, he quelled the emotions in his heart. At that moment, a voice that echoed throughout the battlefield appeared from the Immortal sects' side.

"Bring out Sky Mist's Battle Corpses!"

At the instant that voice traveled through the entire battlefield, nine shooting stars appeared out of nowhere from the direction where Sky Mist Dao was located. With a shocking boom, they charged towards the battlefield, and they were so quick that they closed in on the war zone in the blink of an eye. Loud rumbling sounds shot up into the air and the nine shooting stars disappeared...

Instead, nearly a hundred shadows appeared in the battlefield!

There were ninety-nine of them, and all ninety-nine of these shadows exuded a powerful presence that belonged to Shamans. And one of them... made Su Ming's head roar right at the instant he saw them!

That shadow... served under his eldest senior brother, and he was the bald man who had fought with Su Ming in Phantom Dais Tribe in the past!

Translator's Notes:

1. These Arts appeared in 'Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel!'.

2. Nan Song: The old man who had teased Su Ming when he was about to go into the herbal storage in Dark Mountain Tribe. Later on helped during Dark Mountain Tribe's migration and died during the last stand.

Chapter 651: Is It a Coincidence?

'It's him!'

Su Ming froze for a moment and his breathing quickened. His gaze was fixed on the bald shadow. He could see the empty look in his eyes, as if he had lost his soul. Right then, he was only a walking corpse.

However, the presence that belonged to a Shaman had not diminished on him. Instead, it had become stronger. He seemed to have reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but there was something different about him as well, and that difference caused Su Ming to immediately look at the shadows around the bald man.

Each of those shadows was similar. They were filled with the presence of Shamans, which was incredibly thick, and because of it attracted a large amount of attention from those in the battlefield. It was like a stone had been thrown into a lake, bringing up a large amount of splashes and ripples in its wake.

'All of these are eldest senior brothers three hundred Shaman Souls... By the looks of it, their minds are being controlled now... If that is the case, then eldest senior brother is...' In silence, Su Ming whipped his head towards Sky Mist Dao, and killing intent shone in his eyes.

This was an incredibly important clue to Su Ming, a clue that would help him find his eldest senior brother!

Almost at the instant the ninety-nine Shamans appeared, their presence erupted from their bodies and they charged into the distance. They did not seem to possess any corporeal form as they moved forward and looked rather indistinct, just like illusions. This made all the Shaman shadows... to possess undying and imperishable forms, even though their power was only that of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Su Ming saw these Shamans fighting against people from the Evil Sect, and even when they shattered under divine abilities, their crumbled bodies would immediately merge back into one after a moment.

But that was not all. In truth, every single time they merged back, the waves of power coming from their bodies... would also become stronger!

Right at that moment, a shocking roar suddenly came from Evil Dust Sect. A sandstorm abruptly appeared in its location and swept out in all directions. It might not be able to move the black fog on the land, but it managed to gather up a large amount of dust and earth to form three huge Dark Turtles!

These three Dark Turtles were the color of earth. Once they appeared, they let out roaring sounds and charged forward.

There was a person standing on each of the three Dark Turtle's heads. These three people wore yellowish brown long robes, and their bodies swayed along with their rides' movements. Almost at the moment the Dark Turtles leaped up from the ground, the three people immediately formed seals with their right hands and lifted their left hands and swung them in the air before themselves.

With it, nine yellow pieces of paper were immediately tossed out. There were no runic symbols drawn on these yellow papers, but they had instead nine young boys drawn on them!

"Let the Emperor clear the path, let Heaven's Howler [1] destroy everything, let the Dust Stallions become the steeds... to bring forth the bodies for the nine beings!"

Once the strange words tumbled out of the mouths of the three people, the nine yellow pieces of paper immediately started burning. As they burned, piercing howls came from the fires, and nine boys appeared, tearing through the flames to emerge in to the world.

Once they came out, they immediately let out a shrill scream towards the sky and charged towards the Shaman warrior souls.

The entire battlefield was immersed in the battle between Enchanted Treasures. All of the sects possessed incredibly destructive Enchanted Treasures. As they continued fighting against each other, they started bringing all these items to the table.

Su Ming still remained silent in midair. Most of the time, his gaze would go over towards the Shaman warrior souls, and during those times, he would have to suppress his urge to save them.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had more important things to do at the moment, and that was to kill Di Tian. Before he managed to do this, he could not attack too frequently, or else he would attract the attention of Di Tians in the sky, and then he would have to pay with his life.

The number of deaths on the ground continued increasing. The ninety-nine Shaman souls and the nine paper boys were engaged in an intense battle with each other on the battlefield. The three Dark Turtles also split into three different directions and trapped the Shaman souls within as if locking them up in a cage.

Not too far away, the nine remaining Yin Dragons were fighting against the three Galactic Warrior Immortals, with booming sounds ringing in the air.

In all the other directions around Su Ming, the people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had already descended into a killing frenzy. Blood filled the ground under their feet, and torn limbs as well as mangled corpses could be found everywhere.

This battle would have originally not accelerated to this point so quickly. By the leaders' plans, they should have held back a little. After all, the main role of this battle did not lie with them, the ones of the ground did not have too much of a deciding factor towards the end result. The real deciding factor was in the sky.

However, for some unknown reason, this battle had accelerated with such an explosive force that it had exceeded everyone's expectations.

It seemed as if there was an invisible hand that was slowly pushing everyone forward, causing the number of deaths to increase exponentially... That hand, was Su Ming!

He was standing in midair at the moment, all while watching the ground and looking at the massacre he had personally caused. His eyes were aloof, and the green light on his left hand shone brighter than before. The power of the Curse in his right hand also grew stronger.

"Kill them. The more you kill, the greater my chances to kill Di Tian will be," Su Ming mumbled.

However, not all of the people had lost their rationale. At that moment, when the intensity of the battle had exceeded the expectations of both armies, the powerful warriors in Ascendance who were fighting against each other spotted changes in their expressions. Shrill screams of pain were traveling continuously into their ears, each one possibly belonging to the members of their own sect.

The battle should not be like this!

The person fighting against Evil Dust Sect's Grand Sect Elder, Shihai, who was one of the three Apogeas of the three inferior sects, was Jingnan, the Sect Master of Hidden Dragon Sect. These two people had already reached the great circle stage in Ascendance. At that moment, both of them were attacking each other, and their divine abilities were clashing against each other nonstop. A long series of crashes and rumbles rose into the air. The spot in which they had chosen to fight was closer to the center, and they were the first to notice that a change that could not be controlled had happened in the battlefield.

'There's something wrong...'

Shihai's eyes shone, and once he formed a seal with his right hand, he pushed his palm forward so that the seal he formed would crash against Jingnan's divine ability. As booming sounds rose into the air, he took a few steps backwards and formed a long series of seals with his left hand before he seized the air. Immediately, a jade slip appeared on his hand, and once he threw it backwards, that slip charged straight into the fog.

Jingnan, too, frowned, but he was still somewhat uncertain in his heart. With a cold harrumph, he also chose to throw out a jade slip before he reengaged Shihai in battle.

Questions had also formed in Shihai's heart. He could not tell just what was the reason that had caused both sides to lose control over the battle and whether the Immortal sects truly wanted to destroy Evil Sect.

Despite their uncertainty, the duo did not stop attacking each other. After all, their power was too great, and even if they had a feeling that something had happened to the battlefield, they could not personally check the situation. Their presences would easily incite more chaos. That was why they chose to throw out those jade slips.

In the midst of the rumbling sounds, their jade slips went in the same direction. There, two cultivators in the early stage of Ascendance were fighting against each other. One of these cultivators came from Evil Dust Sect, and the other was from Hidden Dragon Sect.

When the two jade slips charged towards them, the two people began retreating while still fighting. Once they grabbed those jade slips, they swept past their contents with their divine senses at the same time, and their expressions immediately changed. These two people cast each other a glance that was still filled with killing intent, and without exchanging a single word, they stopped attacking and swiftly left in two different directions.

Su Ming saw this scene clearly from the sky. A freezing glare shone in his eyes, and he disappeared without a single sound, turning into a dark shadow that charged through the fog.

His target was that Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator in the early stage of Ascendancy. That person was incredibly quick, and he was rushing towards the Immortal sects' base. He had received Jingnan's orders to check what was wrong within the battlefield.

Yet before that person managed to close in on the base, his pupils shrank and he came to an abrupt halt. Right before his eyes, Su Ming walked out from the fog in front of him, then turned into a shadow that closed in on him in an instant.

Booming sounds immediately rose within the fog. They were incredibly powerful but lasted for only ten breaths before Su Ming walked out. In his hand he held a head, and right behind him, the headless corpse of that cultivator in the early stage in Ascendancy was slowly falling down. Su Ming seized it through the air and it flew up on its own, following him.

Su Ming's expression was cold and dark. While holding the head, he moved into the fog. This time, his target was the Ascendancy cultivator from Evil Sect, but before that, Su Ming had his own plans. With a single move, he disappeared into the fog.

Chenchong, the prodigy of Hidden Dragon Sect, leading nearly a hundred Hidden Dragon Sect disciples, was fighting against the disciples from Evil Sect in the fog covered battlefield. He did not notice that there was a shadow flashing past him in the fog around him.

That shadow was Su Ming. With his speed, he had located that Evil Dust Sect cultivator in the early stage in Ascendancy in the blink of an eye. While charging forward, Su Ming swiftly closed in on him, about to launch an ambush.

Yet at the moment he neared him, that Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendancy swiftly turned around, positioned two of his fingers

into the form of a sword, and slashed towards the fog behind him resolutely.

A muffled groan came from there, and a shadow appeared, staggering a few steps forward before he rushed deeper into the fog in an attempt to flee. The Evil Dust Sect Ascendance cultivator's eyes shone, and he let out a cold harrumph as he gave chase.

The two of them charged forth, one after another. After pursuing him for some distance, the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance immediately noticed the shadow before him disappearing. At the same time, a strong gust of wind with the ripples of an Art contained it within came crashing towards him.

That Evil Dust Sect cultivator smiled coldly. He lifted his right hand, positioned his palm vertically into the shape of a blade, and swiftly cut towards that wind!

A scream of pain came from the fog, and Su Ming's body disappeared without a trace. Yet when the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance looked over, he saw a headless corpse and a head falling down before it landed by his feet.

When he saw the head's face clearly, his expression immediately changed drastically. He well-knew that there was no way that the slash he delivered just now would have been able to bring about such an effect. There was no way he would be able to kill a person with the same level of cultivation in an instant.

Someone had definitely orchestrated this scene before his eyes secretly! A chill rose from the depths of his heart, and at the same time, his gaze suddenly fell on the storage bag that was exposed on the dead Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator's body.

Right at that moment, Chenchong brought the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples and showed up in the fog before that Evil Dust Sect cultivator!

Then, as if everything was just a coincidence, Chenchong saw the

corpse of the Great Sect Elder from Hidden Dragon Sect who was second only to Shihai, along with the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance who was standing beside the corpse and was clearly looking at the Grand Sect Elder's storage bag after he had killed him.

Translator's Notes:

1. Heaven's Howler, otherwise formally known as Tianwu, 天吴 (tian1 wu2): A legendary water deity in Shan Hai Jing/Classic/Guideways of Mountains and Seas, in Classic of Regions Beyond the Seas: East, and also Classic of the Great Wilderness: East. This is a creature with eight human heads, eight feet, eight tails, and the body of a tiger. The hair on its back is green flecked with some bits of yellow. Tian meaning heavenly/sky, and Wu is later used as a surname/family name/land name, but its very original meaning, as listed here: <https://baike.baidu.com/item/%E5%A4%A9%E5%90%B4/10946233> (all in Chinese, by the way), means a person running and hollering while looking back at the same time. Now, I could just use Tianwu, as is with everyone else translating this, but then... I quite like translating everything besides human names and unless there is absolutely no other way for me to translate the word because it is just a surname. Since I found the original name for this word, I thought I could give it a spin and call it Heaven's Howler. Absolutely NOT discrediting anyone's previous work.

Chapter 652: Sowing Discord!

Chenchong's pupils shrank. Without any shred of hesitation, he quickly withdrew. The eyes of the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples behind him turned red, but they forced down the madness raging in their hearts and ran, intending to leave the place.

Right behind them was that cultivator in Ascendance!

Almost at the same time the group with Chenchong at the head started retreating, the Evil Dust Sect cultivator turned his head towards them with an incredibly sullen face. After a moment of hesitation, a murderous glare appeared in his eyes. He could not offer any sort of explanation on the battlefield, and even if he did, it would be of no use.

The only thing he could do right then was to kill all those who saw this to prevent more chaos.

Once he killed all these people, then even if they investigated this matter in the future, he would still have a way to avoid it. After all, if he let these people escape due to a moment of hesitation, then while the other people's words might not be that believable, he knew that a single one from Chenchong would be much more credible, because he was Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy!

And even though he knew that this was someone's scheme, he could do nothing about it!

In frustration, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the storage bag from the corpse flew up. Once he caught it in his hand, he started chasing after Chenchong and the others.

However, he was only giving a small amount of his concentration to Chenchong and the others in the front. Most of his attention was directed towards the fog around him, where that mysterious person who had killed the Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator in

Ascendance was.

He might not be able to see him, but he knew that the person was definitely still lurking around.

Yet now, besides chasing down Chenchong and his group, he no longer had any other solutions to this problem. Once he let Chenchong escape, then no matter how he tried to explain his actions, it would be useless.

Besides, this was war. If he ended up killing someone... then that was that!

Chenchong's expression was incredibly dark. He might have seen that scene just now with his own eyes, but there was a sliver of doubt in his heart. No matter what, he was a man with extraordinary wit, and if he thought about this carefully, he would find something off about the situation. However, everything had happened too quickly, and he had too little time at hand. He had to think about this carefully before he could figure out the whole situation.

After all, before the war began, Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had arrived at a silent consensus - no powerful warriors in Ascendance were allowed to die in this battle.

Even for the prodigies, they would only be in slight danger and might even be exposed to possible death, but the possibility of that happening was slim to none.

Deaths could occur in this war, but they had to be controlled!

After all, it did not matter whether it was Evil Sect or the Immortal sects, they were all Immortals. They had all naturally understood the first God of Berserkers' blatant plot against them. That was why they had come to an agreement to control the deaths among their people.

Yet the chaos in the battlefield right then seemed to have caused an accident to happen in this controlled situation... the death of

the cultivator in Ascendance. It made Chenchong's heart tremble in shock, as well as filled him with uncertainty.

However, all of these disappeared when the Evil Dust Sect cultivator started chasing after him, and a sense of danger rose within Chenchong's heart. He could sense other's killing intent, and because of that, all his uncertainties and questions disappeared like a puff of smoke, to be replaced by rapid thoughts of fleeing.

'Could it be that Evil Sect really wants to destroy all those from Immortal sects here?!'

A glint appeared in Chenchong's eyes. Several shrill screams of pain came from behind him, all of them belonging to his fellow sect members from Hidden Dragon Sect. When he turned his head around to look, he saw that the powerful Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance was killing his sect members.

Time flowed by quickly. The face of the person from Evil Dust Sect turned incredibly dark, and frustration filled his entire body, but he quelled it. This was not caused by anyone's Art, but was due to his own heart becoming increasingly filled with anxiety.

He could not catch up to that Chenchong!

It was not because he did not have enough power, and neither was it because someone was interfering with his actions. Instead, it was because Chenchong had executed the Fleeing Blood Art and even possessed a plethora of endless Enchanted Treasures that he used without stop. This resulted in not only his speed reaching an extremely fast pace, but he had also managed to not die after being hit with three strikes!

'Just how many defensive and escape treasures did Hidden Dragon Sect give this boy?!' The Ascendance cultivator from Evil Dust Sect gritted his teeth and gave chase once again. 'Damn it, why did this happen?!'

He had to continue chasing Chenchong. Things had already

progressed to this point, and he could not give up right then, or else he would be unable to explain his actions, especially since he knew full well of the agreement in this battle.

As these two people continued their game of cat and mouse, Su Ming moved about in the fog and watched their antics. Most of the time his gaze fell on Chenchong, and he had the same feelings as the Evil Dust Sect cultivator when he saw just how many Enchanted Treasures he possessed, as well as how quickly he moved.

He had originally decided to help Chenchong in secret, but by the looks of it, there was no need for him to do anything. All of the things happening at the moment were just allowing his plan to come to fruition even more perfectly.

Chenchong was in an incredibly pathetic state. All of the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples around him had either scattered or been killed by his pursuer. At that moment, there was no longer any doubt in his mind. He had only one thought in his head, and that was to run as fast as possible while holding back the person behind him so that the scattered disciples could notify their sect.

Evil Sect wanted to destroy the Immortal sects in this battle!

Yet as shrill screams of pain sounded around him, his heart trembled, and his eyes became bloodshot. He was familiar with those screams. They all came from his fellow sect members who had chosen to split up and escape... All of them were being killed in an attempt to silence them.

Whenever Chenchong heard a scream of pain coming from a certain direction, he would instinctively choose to avoid that place. He charged forward in a manner of following some kind of path, one he was completely unaware of.

If there was an incredibly skilled hunter watching by the side, he or she would definitely be able to tell that Chenchong was escaping like a trapped animal who had its entire path controlled. Every

single one of his actions were decided by the hunter who had hid himself in the fog.

This was an advanced hunting skill, and Su Ming had mastered it in Dark Mountain when he was still a teenager.

When he was in Dark Mountain, the first Black Mountain Tribe member he killed had died because he had his every move controlled by this skill!

'I can't die! I have to tell my sect about this!'

Chenchong bit his tongue again and coughed up blood. His speed increased and he shot out in a dash. A loud boom rose into the air behind him, and a layer of yellow light appeared around him. Vague outlines of nine golden dragons surrounded him, but once the booming sound reached him, three of them instantly died.

But his speed increased exponentially due to his crazed dash and his attitude of not caring about his injuries. In the span of a breath, he charged into the area before him. The Evil Dust Sect cultivator behind him was giving close chase. The two of them rushed ahead, one right behind the other, and they ran straight into the center of the battlefield. Over there... was the spot where Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan and Evil Dust Sect's Shihai were fighting.

When a loud bang reverberated in the air, Jingnan let out a cold harrumph and fell back. He was feeling heated up due to his fight, but he still managed to control himself and did not truly fight with the intention to kill. Yet when the bang shot into the air and he took a few steps backwards along with Shihai, something suddenly seized his attention, and he swiftly turned his head around. In a glance, he saw the prodigy of his sect, Chenchong, rushing over from not too far away!

"Grand Sect Elder, the Great Sect Elder has died. I saw him killed by an Evil Dust Sect Ascendance cultivator with my own eyes... He's chased me all the way to here, and all my fellow sect members were killed by him on the way!"

Right at the instant Chenchong saw Jingnan, he immediately shouted with agitation brimming in his heart and soul. Once he finished delivering his words, it looked as if he had spent the last ounce of his strength and fell headfirst to the ground after coughing up blood.

Jingnan was momentarily stunned by the news, and Shihai's pupils also narrowed because of it.

Right at that moment, the Ascendance cultivator from Evil Dust Sect appeared in the area in a flash. When he saw Shihai and Jingnan, his face instantly turned pale.

"This is..."

He instinctively turned towards Shihai, wanting to explain his actions to his Grand Sect Elder, but immediately after, true killing intent appeared for the first time in Jingnan's eyes. With one move, he charged towards that cultivator.

Shihai's expression was as dark as thunderclouds. He could vaguely tell that there was something off about this, but he was also uncertain. After all, the person who said these words was Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy, Chenchong. The extent of his injuries also made it clear that he had been on a desperate run here... and this Sect Elder from his own sect had chased him down to this place.

Yet even so, Shihai could not just stand by and watch a powerful Immortal in Ascendance from his own sect being killed. With a single move, he immediately blocked off Jingnan's path by standing in front of him, and for the first time, the two of them brought out their full power that crashed against each other.

As loud booming sounds surged into the sky, Jingnan's rage-tinted laughter immediately echoed through the entire battlefield.

"Shihai, your sect killed my Great Sect Elder, and you even wanted to kill our top disciple to silence him! How dare you try and

stop me?!"

Once his voice resounded through the entire battlefield and everyone heard it, the land fell silent for an instance.

Moments later, a furious roar came, immediately shattering the silence!

"How dare you kill our Great Sect Elder?! We will absolutely not forgive this!"

This voice was filled with an infectious power. Once it burst forth into the air, it caused a completely different wave of rumbles and fights to swiftly stir up in the entire battlefield!

The woman in white staggered and her face turned pale. She had finally managed to see through the mysterious person's plans, and when she wanted to stop this, a chill suddenly appeared in her heart. She had a vague feeling that there was a pair of eyes looking at her coldly from the fog in the battlefield, and if she did anything at all, then she would die on the spot, just like how the old men in her sect had done long ago.

"Don't provoke me, right...?" The woman in white closed her eyes in silence. She was not part of the three sects, and did not want to die because of this.

The battle instantly reached an intense state due to the death of Hidden Dragon Sect's cultivator in Ascendance. Su Ming watched it coldly from midair. The Verdant Abyssal Seal on his left hand was becoming richer in color, and the power of the Curse in his right hand was also increasing swiftly.

"The more you kill... the better," he mumbled softly. His gaze fell towards the spot where Hidden Dragon Sect was on the ground. At that moment, there was a shocking roar resounding from that spot. That roar did not come from a cultivator, but... a dragon that had been summoned by some unknown method!

This was a real dragon, due to the presence of flesh and blood. It

might only be ten thousand feet long, but right at the instant it appeared, a powerful pressure swiftly spread out through the area.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. Once he cast a glance at the dragon, he lifted his head and looked towards the sky beyond the fog. Over there, Ji An and the Di Tians' battle had already reached an intense point. The waves of power stirred up by the booming sounds were much stronger than before, and in fact, not long after Su Ming began watching them, he saw one of Di Tian's clones wiping the corners of his mouth.

'Is he injured...?' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 653: A Shout to Stop!

The battles on the ground were growing more intense at an incredibly fast pace. The sounds of battle were mostly hidden within the fog, but some also traveled outwards, causing those who heard the muffled roars and howls to be able to feel just how terrifying was the situation below.

When the dragon from Hidden Dragon Sect roared and moved, Su Ming lowered his head and looked. A barely noticeable freezing glare shone in his eyes. He saw that the instant the giant dragon roared and moved forward, Evil Spirit Sect finally brought out the nine giant carriages they had taken with them.

Cracking sounds came from the nine carriages in the fog. A large number of Evil Spirit Sect disciples formed seals and chanted under their breaths, and the carriages immediately shattered to reveal what was within them!

They contained... ten giant rocks. Their surfaces were uneven, and they were purple in color, but the shades of it changed between darker and lighter ever so often. At the instant pressure spread out from these rocks, they flew up on their own and, with piercing whistles, charged straight towards that ten thousand feet dragon.

Some subtle changes manifested instantly in the battlefield's atmosphere once those ten giant stones appeared. Su Ming's divine sense also detected some raised voices ringing in the air.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon! That is Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon... They actually had a true dragon descend in this place?! It's said that Hidden Dragon Sect has five true dragons, and each of them possesses incredible power. This one might seem weak, but it has had most of its cultivation base limited. Now that it has appeared, it will only become stronger with each passing moment!"

"It's really a true dragon, but those things from Evil Spirit Sect are..."

"They're the Grand Sky Stones, the sacred items from Stone Soul Nebula! Evil Spirit Sect must have obtained these stones after occupying Stone Soul Nebula!"

"You're right. They're indeed Grand Sky Stones. It's said that these stones are unique to Stone Soul Nebula and possess unfathomable power..."

In the midst of all the outbursts made by those watching, Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He watched the giant stones charging towards the huge dragon. Once they crashed into each other, loud rumbling sounds reverberated through the air, mingling together with the dragon's roars. The nine giant stones connected together and turned into a colossal giant on the ground!

The giant was made up entirely of purple stones, and looked as if it possessed unlimited power. It was a full thousand feet tall, and it continued clashing with the dragon, keeping Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon locked in place, unable to escape with just its power alone.

'The Immortal sects... have a lot of history, that's why they had managed to collect so many powerful Enchanted Treasures...' Su Ming looked at the stone golem and dragon fighting against each other, and a hint of longing appeared in his eyes.

He sucked in a deep breath and forced down that strange emotion in his heart, telling himself that he would one day rush into the land of Immortals... and see with his own eyes just how the world of the Immortals looked like!

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and descended into the battlefield before starting his slaughter once more. There was no pattern to his kills, and there was blood from both Immortal sects and Evil Sects on his hands. However, when he chose, he would try as much as possible to not make any side obtain an advantage that would

guarantee their victory.

He also withdrew all his Qi, causing all the powerful Immortals in Ascendance to find it difficult to discover him. He moved like a ghost, and wherever he went on the battlefield, rivers of blood would flow.

The aura of death on his left hand's Verdant Abyssal Seal grew thicker, and it was the same for the Curse on his right hand. It had now become much stronger than earlier, especially when he was in the battlefield. As Su Ming's Curse spread out, many people fell under its power, but they did not notice it.

There were... already quite a large number of people like this. When Su Ming moved forward, he continuously spread the Curse's presence, and because of this, the number of cultivators who were affected grew as time passed.

Su Ming's blood boiled, and his killing intent grew at a mad pace, but he continued forcing it down. It resulted in him looking like a silent man most of the time. Since the start of the battle, he had coldly watched the battles unfold beneath him for most of the time, but he was already on the verge of being unable to quell the urge to kill Di Tian.

It was especially so when he had seen Di Tian wiping the corners of his mouth. Still, after some time, he finally managed to force down the killing intent once more. This suppression of his emotions time and again not only didn't result in his killing intent diminishing, but only made stronger each time he did so.

If he did not erupt in the midst of silence, then he would die in the midst of silence!

These words were the perfect description of Su Ming's heart at that moment.

He moved about in the battlefield, making the war become increasingly more chaotic, so much so that almost no one would be

able to control it. At that moment, an awe-inspiring voice from Evil Lust Sect reverberated through the entire battlefield, reaching every place.

"All Evil Sect disciples, I, Bitu, will now temporarily attack! Immediately retreat and return to your own sects!"

Almost at the same time those words were said, another voice with the similar awe-inspiring quality reverberated in all directions from the Immortal sects.

"Immortal sect disciples, hear me! Retreat to your own sects!"

Su Ming did not know the owner of that voice, but the voices from Evil Sect and Immortal sects both pertained the intention to make the battle temporarily stop.

However, the battlefield was already in an extremely chaotic state, and while these shouts of command for the disciples to stop fighting had brought about some effects, they were unable to immediately make the people stop fighting.

It was especially so for Hidden Dragon Sect. They had already lost one of their Great Sect Elders, and there was no way they would stop just like that.

Su Ming stopped moving for a moment, and when he lifted his head, his expression turned dark. If the battle truly stopped, then he would be unable to fulfill his plans. This was something he could not allow. With a cold harrumph, he disappeared into the fog.

The disciples from each sect on both sides gradually grew uncertain. Just as they were about to slowly test the waters and stop fighting, a large amount of screams suddenly came from the battlefield. Those voices instantly made all the disciples who had stopped fighting to be on their guard.

The three Galactic Warrior Immortals that were fighting against the nine Yin Dragons were already extremely exhausted. Two of

the nine Yin Dragons had also shattered. Right at that moment, suddenly, the three Galactic Warrior Immortals shuddered, and distortions appeared behind, revealing a shadow. That shadow moved, and the three Warrior Immortals who were becoming weaker with each passing moment crumbled and shattered at the same time.

Once they died, the remaining seven Yin Dragons roared and rushed straight into the Immortal sects' army. Even if the Evil Spirit Sect members wanted to immediately order them back, they too hesitated due to the screams of pain around them.

Soon after, the nine boys and three Dark Turtles that were fighting with the near hundred Shaman Souls let out a shrill roar, and one of the three Dark Turtles exploded, turning into a large amount of dirt that scattered everywhere. Three of the nine boys who were fighting against the Shaman Souls were immediately torn apart when a shadow flashed past their side.

The death of the Dark Turtle and destruction of the three boys caused a gap to appear in the cage, allowing a large amount of the undying Shaman Souls to be able to rush into the Evil Sect's army.

At that moment, a furious roar swiftly traveled through the air.

"Who's hiding among us?!" After that voice spoke, a long arc from Evil Sect flew swiftly towards the spot where the Dark Turtle had died in the fog.

Soon after, a similarly furious voice shot rang out from the Immortal sects, reverberating through the air. A long arc sliced through space and charged towards the same direction.

Right at the center of these two long arcs was Su Ming. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he spread out his divine sense. It was already stronger than of those in Ascendance, or else he would have been unable to hide himself from the cultivators in that stage.

Once he spread out his divine sense, he messed up the ripples of

power around him, causing the two people coming over to be unable to investigate the spot where he was with their divine senses clearly. The cover provided by the fog also caused people to be unable to see well. With this premise, almost at the instant the two people arrived, Su Ming charged towards that person from Evil Sect, who was on his left.

The person who had come was Evil Lust Sect's Bitu. He came charging here with a sullen expression on his face. The area before him in his divine sense was pure chaos, and he could not examine the place. Because of the fog, he could not see clearly either. The only thing he could sense was a wave of killing intent crashing into his face.

With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand and seized the air right after he formed a seal on it. Immediately, five black veins appeared on the back of his right hand, then twisted about before turning into a ferocious ghost face.

This was the divine ability that belonged to Evil Lust Sect's Bitu - The Art of Five Ghost Incarnations. Once he attained complete mastery for this Art, five ghosts would appear indistinctly when he attacked, causing the power of his divine abilities to increase.

At the instant that killing intent came charging towards Bitu, he had already pushed towards it with his right hand. Su Ming walked out of the rolling fog with one step right before him. His expression was calm and he did not say a single word. His head was clear, and in his mind he saw the battle between Hong Luo and Di Tian all those years ago. That battle had been etched in his mind since that time, but he had not managed to gain a lot of epiphanies from it. However, once his power increased, the epiphanies he had gained during that battle had turned into a serendipity, allowing him to understand even more.

Just like at this moment. Su Ming lifted his left hand, and his palm swiftly crashed into Bitu's right hand. There were no rumbling sounds, no ripples of power. In fact, the fog around them

did not even move a single bit. It was as if Su Ming's body had suffered the full brunt of the attack.

Su Ming closed his eyes. At the instant their arms met, his left hand bent slightly, and five purplish-black waves of aura surged into his body. At the instant a destructive power was about to erupt, Su Ming's body seemed to have turned into a transition spot. He lifted his right hand, and five veins appeared on the back of his right hand, and it was those five waves of aura gathering on his right hand after swimming through his body.

Hong Luo had done this in the past!

Once Su Ming used it, five waves of aura that were the exact same as Bitu's immediately spread out from his right hand, and he pushed his palm at the fog—

It went straight in the direction of the person from the Immortal sects that had come to this place and was about to show himself.

A violent bang exploded in the fog, and the powerful Ascendance cultivator from the Immortal sects became incredibly sullen. The violent waves of power around him caused his divine sense to be unable to see what was going on clearly, but there was no way he could mistake that strike just now. That was Evil Lust Sect's Art!

Chapter 654: The Purple-Robed... Di Tian!

The Immortal instinctively withdrew and wanted to temporarily leave this place, but before he could retreat too far, Su Ming swiftly caught up to him. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards him.

In the eyes of the Ascendance cultivator from the Immortal sects, there was Su Ming, and there was also Bitu. He was right behind him and moving towards him with a face as dark as thunderclouds.

This scene made the Immortal's heart lurch, and because of the attack just now, the first thing he thought of when he saw this was that it was a trap!

"Fellow Daoist Sun, don't misunderstand, I have nothing to do..."

When Bitu saw that the expression on that man's face, he immediately tried to offer an explanation. He knew that he had to make things clear as soon as possible and absolutely not hesitate in this matter.

Yet before he could finish speaking, Su Ming had already closed in on the retreating Ascendance cultivator with his quick speed and tapped his chest. A shudder wrecked that man's body, and as he coughed up blood, he moved to dodge.

"I was also fighting against this person just now. He was the one causing the chaos! There's no need to waste our breaths, we just need to work together to kill him!"

Bitu's expression was incredibly dark. When he finished speaking, he took a step forward to charge towards Su Ming, and since he was afraid that the Immortal sects would misunderstand him, he started forming a seal with his right hand as he lifted it. A green lotus immediately appeared and rushed towards Su Ming.

"Brother Bi, why are you wasting your breath with him? I've already injured him, all we need to do is kill him!"

At the same time Bitu spoke, Su Ming's aloof voice rang in the air. He clenched his right hand into a fist and threw a punch towards the dodging old man named Sun. His attitude of completely exposing his back towards Bitu was seen clearly by the old man in Ascendance.

When he had originally heard Bitu's words, the path of his retreat had changed, and uncertainty grew in his heart, but when he heard Su Ming's voice, he became even more undecided. In the end, when he saw Su Ming exposing his back to Bitu, his heart trembled, and he withdrew even faster.

However, in his haste, he did not notice Su Ming gently flicking his left wrist behind himself when that lotus divine ability closed in on him. Due to it, time seemed to have flowed backwards, and the lotus divine ability as well as the raging Bitu both moved backwards slightly.

Because of that, Su Ming could calmly take a step forward and charge towards the escaping old man. In a flash, he disappeared.

This made it look as if Su Ming didn't need to dodge Bitu's lotus divine ability. The Ascendance cultivator, due to Su Ming swiftly appearing beside him a moment after he had disappeared, saw an illusion. Before he could even process what it was, Su Ming had already thrown a punch towards him.

"That man is skilled in imitation Arts! Fellow Daoist Sun, be careful!"

Bitu glared over with fire burning in his eyes. He was just about to take action, but shock appeared in his heart. He could not move his body forward, only backwards!

When his movements finally recovered, a loud bang rang in his ears.

The Immortals' Ascendance cultivator was only in the mid stage. When Su Ming threw his fist, he might have formed a seal with

both his hands and pushed forward swiftly, but his body still exploded.

However, right when it happened, his Nascent Divinity swiftly escaped, and in an instant, he was already ten thousand feet away. He was madly escaping back to where the Immortal sects were located.

"Brother Bi, don't worry, that man's Nascent Divinity won't be able to escape!" Su Ming stated flatly and charged towards it with a whistle in the air.

"Shut up!"

Madness appeared in Bitu's eyes. A bang rang out in his body, but he could not fight against the time reversal Art. He might have spoken, but his body was still moving backwards, and anyone who saw this would only see a clear scene of him working together with Su Ming.

"My fellow Daoists in the Immortal sects and fellow sect members in Evil Sect, there is someone causing trouble in this war, and he wants both sides to fight to the death! He's skilled with imitation Arts and looks like a boy! He also has an art that can control time and make others move back...

"Brother Sun, don't misunderstand, this is..." Bitu yelled out quickly, but the more he spoke, the more he found even himself unable to believe in his own words.

Almost at the same time he said these words, hatred that surged into the skies rose within the fleeing Ascendancy cultivator's heart. He had seen everything with his own eyes just now. It did not matter whether it was that art of five ghosts that was executed right at the start, Bitu's withdrawal in the middle, the destruction of his body, or his Nascent Divinity being chased down. All of these things made him certain that this was not just a misunderstanding!

If it was really just a misunderstanding, then he would have Bitu

go through that 'misunderstanding' as well!

It was especially so when he heard Bitu's words. It only made him start laughing in anger as he continued escaping.

"Bitu, you old coot! My fellow sect members in all Immortal sects, those goons from Evil Sect want to cover up their misdeeds while destroying all Immortal sects. Sky Mist Dao disciples, you mustn't stop fighting... even if you die..."

Almost at the instant the Ascendance cultivator said these words, a shrill scream of pain cut them off, ringing through the entire battlefield. Su Ming flashed past that cultivator's Nascent Divinity, and with one punch, shattered it.

Due to the fog, only the man's voice had traveled through the entire area. However, all those who heard it could tell clearly that he had been silenced...

The temporary ceasefire which might have possibly happened became impossible. The Yin Dragons rained down chaos, the Shaman Souls continued their slaughter, while havoc occurred everywhere else along with never ending screams of pain!

Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had come to an agreement, but that consensus between them was incredibly fragile. Both sides were on guard against the other, and once this string of events occurred, it was practically impossible for any new agreement to be made between them!

Banging sounds echoed within the fog on the ground. As the battles continued at a frenzied pace, a red wave of ripples instantly came from Sky Mist Dao. Those ripples came from an oil lamp, and it was currently floating in midair. The oil within it was red, just like blood!

The lamp being lit up caused the blood on the ground to begin exuding an endless amount of blood fog as if it was boiling. It fused with the black fog, as if it contained some sort of venom.

There were waves of burning heat that instantly rose within the battlefield, as if they wanted to burn down everything.

This was Sky Mist Dao's retaliation after their Great Sect Elder died!

And since Hidden Dragon Sect as well as Sky Mist Dao brought out powerful Enchanted Treasures, it was only natural that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would not remain uninvolved. Four huge logs, several hundreds of feet wide, materialized right before it. There were a large amount of runic symbols drawn on them, and as they glowed, the four logs fell on the ground simultaneously.

Violent rumbling sounds spread out, and the entire ground immediately started shaking. Cracking sounds shot into the air as cracks tore the ground before the earth shattered. Thick waves of Earthen Aura gushed out, causing all the cultivators from Evil Sect who were touched by that aura to immediately start trembling. They then soon withered away and turned into skeletons.

In the midst of this uncontrollable situation, Evil Sect also brought out its ultimate moves. Each of Evil Lust Sect disciples brought out a blood-red skin pouch from their storage bags, and once they drank the contents, they instantly lifted their heads and roared. Loud sounds rang from their bodies, and they swelled up, growing much larger in size. Their eyes turned bloodshot, full of crazed killing intent.

As those roars echoed in the air, their power increased exponentially, and as if they did not know pain and fatigue, they rushed out with sounds reminiscent of wild beasts.

Red beads of sweat appeared on their bodies, and as they moved forward, this red sweat bounced off their skin and swiftly gathered in midair to turn into a gigantic blood-red kirin!

This creature might look indistinct, but when it appeared, its presence shook the sky and earth so greatly that it made even the fog in the area sink slightly!

This was true war. The outburst of new battles and the increase in the number of deaths let Su Ming suck in a deep breath of the bloody stench in the battlefield. Pain appeared on his left hand, and it was the type that would only appear if his hand was swollen. This was caused by absorbing too much aura of death, but he still continued making the mark on his left hand continue absorbing more

The Curse on his right hand had already made it turn black. The number of people who were affected by the Curse also grew, and every single time one of them died, their bodies would explode, and the people around them would be infected.

Su Ming hid away all his presence. He could feel several divine senses stretching out madly through the battlefield, clearly looking for him, but they could never manage to find him. As the war continued, the number of people who tried searching for him decreased, but there were still about three or four them!

Su Ming was leaning against the stone on which he'd sat at the start of the battle. Qian Chen was behind him, still lying on the ground and pretending to be dead. He might not know what was happening around him, but the continuous booms and screams of pain as well as the boiling blood on the ground filled him with shock and fear.

A little while after the amount of battles increased exponentially and the number of deaths jumped by leaps and bounds, Su Ming noticed two war chariots of a thousand feet in size appearing within Great Leaf Immortal Sect in his divine sense!

A destructive presence that made even his pupils shrink spread out from those war chariots. Soon after, as shocking booms erupted from them, two rays of white light rose into the air from with a bag and charged towards Evil Sect. At that instant, the world turned white.

It was as if time had stopped during that instant. Immediately

after, a deafening noise shot up. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The aura of death coming from ten thousand people was surging towards him madly, without being seen by anyone else.

The shocking presence erupted once more from the two war chariots from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, and an incredibly solemn expression appeared on his face. He did not expect that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would be in possession of such a terrifying Enchanted Treasure!

His eyes sparkled, revealing a hint of excitement within them. This was the first Enchanted Treasure from all those he had seen among all these sects that had ignited a strong wave of interest in him.

Just as he was about to go forward, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt. His expression swiftly changed and he instantly lifted his head to stare fixedly at the area above him. At that moment, a gigantic vortex had appeared in the fog above him, and as booming sounds came there, a long purple arc came charging through it.

That long arc had descended from the sky into the fog, and it was... the purple-robed Di Tian!

His body crashed down with a loud bang, and right behind him was a black fan that was staying on his heels in it spread out form!

At that moment, Su Ming could no longer suppress his killing intent and madness. In fact, he no longer wanted to suppress it. He did not expect that one of Di Tian's clones would descend here, resulting in the two clones being separated!

This was a chance, a chance that was, to Su Ming, given by heaven!

His eyes immediately turned bloody red!

Chapter 655: So What if It Is a Trap?!

Should he fight, or should he not?!

Should he attack, or continue holding back?!

This was an incredibly difficult choice. However, Su Ming had to make his decision as soon as possible, right at that moment. If he chose correctly, then his chances of killing Di Tian's clone would increase, but if he chose wrong, then everything he had done up to this point might come to naught.

Di Tian's clone had already descended to the ground. Once a loud bang shot up, the fog swiftly spread outwards, making it seem as if was about to be completely chased away from the ground.

The land trembled, and the fan that chased after the purple-robed Di Tian swiftly closed in on him. By the looks of it, it seemed like the thought of killing Di Tian was embedded within the very core of its being.

Su Ming's eyes turned blood red. Veins filled his entire face. This decision was too important. This chance was too rare. This threw Su Ming's original plan completely off balance.

His chance was right in front of his face, but was this a real chance or a gigantic trap? Su Ming... could not tell.

'I'll take that risk!'

A red glow shone in Su Ming's eyes. He was unwilling to accept giving up on this chance, even if it was a trap. If that was really so, the bait within that trap was still enough to tempt Su Ming.

His goal was to kill Di Tian's clones, and if those two clones were separated, then it would be the best chance for Su Ming. Even if it was a trap... so what?!

Resolve appeared on Su Ming's face. He sucked in a deep breath, and in an instant, his entire presence retreated inside, not a single

hint spilling out. Then, like a sword in its scabbard, he began swiftly charging towards Di Tian without a sound.

There was no sound of anything slicing through air, neither was there any piercing whistles. There was only a wave of killing intent that would not retreat or back down until it tasted blood. That killing intent was kept within Su Ming, and it was a powerful will that would either burst out in an explosive force in silence, or die in it!

Su Ming charged towards Di Tian, and he was so quick that no words could describe his speed any longer. Not even saying he was like a flash of lightning would suffice. Everything before him turned into a blur. The only thing clear was the purple figure, that person who he hated to his very core and had sworn to kill.

The existence which prevented him from reaching Berserker Soul Realm, which controlled his life, and even turned everything in Dark Mountain into an illusion

During the two battles they had fought against each other, Su Ming had once killed Di Tian with an external force, and during the second time, he had lost horribly, even sustaining grave injuries...

'Even if it's a trap, I will still attack!'

An astounding roar shot up in Su Ming's heart. It rumbled within his body, but not a single sound spread out. It gathered within him, fused with his will, and turned into the astonishing speed of his movements right then.

In an instant... No, not even arriving within an instant could describe Su Ming's speed any longer...

The flow of time slowed down in Su Ming's eyes. He swam past an endless amount of disciples from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects. All these people's movements were incredibly slow. It did not matter whether it was their movements or their roars, their

attacks or their retreats, everything had slowed to a pace that it seemed as if they were putting in their last struggle as they were caught in mud before they eventually sank into it.

All the scenes, all the bodies around Su Ming had slowed down into a blur. Only Di Tian's body remained clear. At that moment, he was just about to lift up his head as he stood up on the ground and wipe away the blood at the corners of his mouth. His gaze was not directed towards where Su Ming was, but at the fan that was closing in on him from the sky.

Time froze at this instant!

Su Ming traveled even faster with each passing moment, just like a sword that was slowly being drawn out of its scabbard. At the instant he was less than hundreds of feet behind Di Tian. All his power, life, Qi, will, and every fiber of his being fused together and gathered into one small dot that broke through the space within the world to appear right behind Di Tian!

Everything about him turned into a single finger. At the instant he pointed forward, the world lost all color, the universe rumbled, everyone and everything around him were no longer moving in slow motion, but became completely still.

Only his finger charged towards that purple-robed Di Tian like the shadow of death!

Right at the instant that finger of his was about to land, Di Tian, who had his back turned towards Su Ming, turned his head around swiftly, and a brilliant ray of light erupted forth from his awe-inspiring eyes.

"I knew... I would be able to lure you out..."

Even at the instant that purple-robed Di Tian said these words, not a single hint of emotion stirred up in Su Ming's heart. That sentence only meant that his previous uncertainties were not unfounded, and they also showed that the purple-robed Di Tian's

descent to the ground was completely intentional. He wanted to use this method of separating one of his clones from the other to lure out... Destiny, who Di Tian believed might come!

Su Ming had firsthand experience of just how calculative and intelligent Di Tian was since a long time ago. When he encountered it again, even though he was guessing whether he would fail if he attacked... but with enough bait, it was still enough for Su Ming to choose the option to attack, despite knowing just how dangerous it would be!

Di Tian was fishing. He scattered his bait, thinking that he would just be fishing for a normal fish, and a normal fish would surely die without a doubt if it took that bait. But Di Tian... should be afraid of not only losing that bait, but also... catching a murderous dragon that would devour him!

With a calm expression, Su Ming's finger swiftly landed against Di Tian's lifted right hand.

At the instant they touched, the dot that was formed after Su Ming fused his power, life, will, and everything else erupted with a bang. Then, like a sword that was drawn out from its scabbard, the killing intent he had suppressed for a long time erupted at full force!

"Di Tian!"

Su Ming's low growl fused together with the astonishing booms that shook the sky and earth, and like the might of heaven itself, he poured out every fiber of his being into his attack.

Such a loud bang was something that had never appeared before on this battlefield. Even if there had been an endless amount of battles on the ground previously, a noise of this intensity had never come to be. This bang sounded as if it should not have appeared in this world. When it echoed in the air and spread out, an innumerable amount of disciples from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects shuddered and coughed up blood as they fell

backwards.

There were even quite a few that could not withstand the shock and exploded.

A layer of ripples with Su Ming and Di Tian as their center spread out with loud rumbling sounds towards all directions. Wherever they went, the fog on the ground would fall back, the bodies of the disciples from both sides would be swept up against their will, and the endless amount of stones on the ground would turn into smithereens with a bang!

In the midst of that sound, a shudder wrecked through Di Tian's body. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. This body of his had already sustained injuries when he fought against Ji An, and with that clash, the power that erupted from Su Ming caused his heart to tremble, and he took a few steps backwards.

Su Ming's right index finger exploded. As it was reduced to a bloody mess, he coughed up a large mouthful of blood, but he forced himself to stop, preventing any signs of retreating to appear on him. An even quicker speed erupted from him, and he charged straight towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

"I've been searching for you for a long time. I deduced that if you learned of our battle against Evil Sect, you would surely conceal your identity and come to this place... Indeed, you did not disappoint me..."

A brilliant light appeared in Di Tian's eyes. His goal in this fight against Evil Sect was not Destiny, but truly the control over Eastern Wastelands Tower. However, using this incident to lure out Destiny was one of his intentions.

He could not find Destiny. No matter what sort of Arts he cast, he could not find him. That sort of feeling that made him feel as if something was stuck in his throat made him remember the battle he had had against Su Ming all those years ago, and killing intent would rise within him whenever he recalled it.

All Immortals knew about Destiny, but only Di Tian alone had executed a plan to use him. This plan had dragged in too many people, and there were some other sects that were involved in it, but he hid the real truth from them. If he succeeded... then Di Tian might even have a chance to usurp Dao Chen and replace him!

However... when he fought against Su Ming all those years ago, he had witnessed Su Ming's power to turn back time, had seen him turning into Destiny. This was something he would never forget, and his heart had even shuddered lightly, something that rarely happened to him.

It was also right at that moment that he clearly realized... that a fatal flaw had appeared in his plans for Destiny. A crack that could not be closed up had opened up, and the possibility of him succeeding in his plans was already slim to none. In fact, it was already completely impossible for them to work.

He thought about that he would have to face Su Ming once he grew up into a terrifying existence, as well as the series of problems that might be brought to him once more people learned of his plans, and ... his thoughts changed.

He endured the pain and gave up on the plan that could no longer succeed even after he had prepared it for ten thousand years. He wanted to destroy Destiny and wipe away all traces of that plan without making a single ruckus.

The battle between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect was a great chance to lure him out in Di Tian's eyes. That was why... he had descended to the ground earlier, so that he could use himself as bait and make Su Ming attack him.

He knew that no one else would dare to attack him if he descended on the battlefield due to his status. Once anyone tried to ambush him, then that person... would definitely be the Destiny that he had been unable to find!

However, he had not expected that the power Su Ming could

bring forth would be so much greater compared to what he possessed in the past, just a short few years back. That one tap had actually made Di Tian's pupils shrink and even torn through the injuries in his body.

As Di Tian retreated, Su Ming swiftly rushed forward and lifted his left hand. At the instant he pushed his palm towards the sky, a large amount of green fog instantly spread out from his left hand. That green fog stirred all the aura of death in the battlefield, and as it gathered and was absorbed into Su Ming's hand, the world rumbled at the instant he raised his left arm, its palm facing the sky.

'So what if it's a trap?! As long as the bait is good, that is enough!'

The green fog surrounded Su Ming's left hand, then spread out to turn into seven green shadows. They swiftly grew larger, and in an instant, surrounded the entire space between the sky and earth, catching everyone's attention in the battlefield!

The fog Ji An placed in the battlefield had already been torn into several pieces due to the impact just now. It fell backwards in all directions, as if several pairs of invisible hands were chasing it away, and for the first time since the battle started... the ground became clear!

There were only several tens of thousands of people left at that moment, and their gazes all gathered on Su Ming and Di Tian!

Even the eyes of Ji An, who had been fighting against the golden-robed Di Tian in the sky, flashed with a brilliant light. He whipped his head around to look towards Su Ming, and a strange smile gradually curled up on his lips.

"I see... so that's it!" His smile grew wider.

Chapter 656: Grass Knot Puppet!

Sikong stood at the edge of the battlefield. He had been injured too badly previously, and the power of the Curse within him was incredibly difficult to deal with. Right then, his whole body was filled with a large amount of rotting black patches.

His hate towards Su Ming was already running so deep that it reached the depths of his soul, but after he saw his battle against Di Tian, and especially after he saw the pillar of fog that descended from the sky, his breathing quickened and his heart trembled.

Su Ming's strength made Sikong completely hide away his thoughts for revenge. He did not dare reveal even a single hint of it. At the same time, he felt a strong sense of danger rise within him, making him look swiftly towards the black patches on his body.

The intensity of that sense of danger was like a flood that almost drowned him. Sikong had a clear hunch that if he did not manage to get rid of these black patches within a short period of time... then his body and soul would be destroyed!

This feeling was too strong, causing him to no longer hesitate, and he brought out an incredibly valuable medicinal core his sect had given him before.

The core's name was Sacred Half Step!

It was a medicinal core that was rare even in Evil Sect, and only prodigies like him would be given one of these things. This core had no use towards training. Its greatest effect was to heal injuries.

Sikong had always been reluctant to use this, but now... he brought it out without hesitation. With gritted teeth, he placed it in his mouth.

Shen Dong's eyes went wide and he sucked in a sharp breath. There was no one else who was more familiar with this Verdant

Abyssal Seal than him in this place, but at that moment, Shen Dong looked as if he was seeing it for the first time. His heart trembled, his mind rang, and he suddenly understood the true method to use this Verdant Abyssal Seal. It was unlike what he had previously done. Su Ming's method was the true way of bringing out its might!

The Verdant Abyssal Seal he cast could let him fight against powerful warriors at the same stage as he was, but in Su Ming's hands, it had managed to gain such power that it could threaten Di Tian's clone.

The golden-robed Di Tian's face turned livid with rage as he stood in the sky. He glared at Su Ming, who was standing beneath him, and took a sudden step forward. Right at the moment he was about to charge down though, his footsteps came to a sudden halt. Then, right before his eyes, Ji An walked out from the air in front of him.

"He could manipulate the power of Yin Death in this place and make it descend... That child down there... must be that Destiny, no...? But by the looks of it, you seem to want to kill him?" Ji An asked with a smile.

Di Tian's expression grew dark, but before he could say a single word, the gigantic pillar of fog beneath gradually disappeared to reveal a pit of about thousands of feet deep on the ground, as well as Di Tian, who was sitting within a ball of dull, purple light.

That Di Tian's expression was pale. When he lifted his head, the purple light around him instantly shattered, and the Emperor's robe on his body swiftly turned dull. Not a single hint of color remained.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and it spilled on the ground before him. At that moment, the purple-robed Di Tian's face was incredibly pale, but killing intent rose like surging waves in his eyes. He slowly stood up and glared at Su Ming.

There was also blood at the corners of Su Ming's mouth. When he wiped it away, he lifted his left hand and pressed it swiftly on his right arm, all while keeping his gaze fixed on Di Tian. With those actions, his right arm instantly grew taut. His flesh and blood on that arm changed and looked as if it had become like that of a golden statue.

Su Ming cut open a gash on his right arm with his left index finger. Multiple bloody gashes could be seen under his skin. This bizarre act instantly caught the attention of all those around him.

Even the purple-robed Di Tian also found his pupils shrinking at that sight.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming pushed two fingers into the wound on his right arm, and slowly, right before everyone's eyes, he brought out something from within the flesh and blood of that limb!

That was a blood-red ring!

Su Ming had obtained it many years ago from Madam Ji. It was something Ji Yun Hai had obtained by coincidence, and it was the source of the Curse.

Su Ming had hidden this ring in his right arm, which was why his Curse had become stronger and gained more depth as his power increased. It was also the true reason why he had been able to gather the Curse on his right hand.

Almost at the instant Su Ming brought out that red ring, the presence of the Curse swiftly surrounded the wound, and the gash closed up in an instant. Su Ming placed the ring... right where he had lost his right index finger.

That finger had shattered into pieces, but when Su Ming placed the ring on that appendage, the presence of the Curse instantly exploded. It gathered together into a finger, which was the Curse's finger!

At the instant the ring was on the Curse's finger, the power of the Curse spread out from Su Ming's entire right hand. It caused the weather to change, and the hearts of all the people watching trembled.

Even Ji An narrowed his eyes, and a brilliant light shone briefly within them.

At the same time, a strong sense of danger rose within the purple-robed Di Tian's heart. He could not let Su Ming continue. The feeling of danger from his right hand was actually much stronger than that from his left hand!

But what truly shocked Di Tian was how his cultivation base had become chaotic when Su Ming had used that Verdant Abyssal Seal earlier. That chaos and that stab of pain he'd felt had come incredibly suddenly, causing him to be completely incapable of predicting and reacting to them. This strange occurrence made Di Tian have a strong feeling that there was a distinct difference between his current self and his past self.

'I have to destroy him in this battle, or else... if he has more time, then it'll be even more difficult to suppress him.'

The purple-robed Di Tian swiftly took a step forward and turned into a long purple arc that flew straight out of the pit and closed in on Su Ming within an instant.

He might be injured, but those injuries were forcefully suppressed. He had confidence that this particular clone of his still contained an overwhelming advantage in strength over Su Ming.

If no one interfered with his actions, then there was no way he would fail in killing him this time!

Besides, even if someone tried to stop him, the other clone would do everything he could to delay that person at all costs.

Almost at the instant Di Tian closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed it against his chest before he immediately opened

his mouth and spat out a ray of green light. It immediately turned into Han Mountain Bell and charged towards Di Tian. As bell chimes reverberated through the air, the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon manifested instantly above it.

When the bell appeared, Ji An turned his head swiftly around, but once he saw that it was the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon, he calmed down.

However... the tens of thousands of people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects around the area could not see it too clearly. Because of that, once they saw Han Mountain Bell, they were instantly unable to quell the roars in their hearts, and voices rose into the air once again.

"Eastern Wastelands Bell?!"

"Could... Could this be Eastern Wastelands Bell, but it's impossible!"

"Who is he?! He can fight against Di Tian's clone, and even has the priceless treasure that is Eastern Wastelands Bell... He's a Berserker!"

In the midst of those voices, Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong stared blankly at Su Ming. His mind was a mess. That sense of familiarity had become even clearer, but no matter what, he could not recall where he had seen this person before.

His face and divine abilities were all so incredibly unfamiliar to him...

Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan had an incredibly dark expression on his face. He stared at Su Ming in the sky, and gradually, a frightening guess rose swiftly from the depths of his heart.

'He brought so much of Lord Di Tian attention on himself... and he set up such a plan to kill Lord Di Tian... This child... could he be...?'

Jingnan's breathing quickened and he turned his head swiftly

towards Chenchong. Then, right before his eyes, he saw a dazed look on Chenchong's face, who had now woken up from his grave injuries. His heart let out a loud thump against his chest.

'Could it really be him?!'

Shihai's expression changed swiftly. In his entire life, there was one thing that had changed the path in his life. This was something he had always kept buried deep in his heart. At that moment, his heart trembled, and as he looked at Su Ming, the sense of familiarity brought a sense to him as if even his blood was trembling.

There was also Evil Spirit Sect's Shanhen. He looked dazed, and the familiarity he felt brought a stab of pain in his head... This sensation made him feel as if some sort of memory which had been sealed away was trying to break free to reveal itself.

There were also a dazed expression on Chenlong[1] from Great Leaf Immortal Sect and also on the man who was the Head of the Guards in Dark Mountain within Su Ming's memories. Their hearts trembled, and they looked at each other. In the midst of their uncertainty, shock appeared within their hearts.

There was also Sky Mist Dao's Wu Le. This ordinary looking woman also had a dazed expression on her face. She looked at Su Ming blankly, and that sense of familiarity made her sink into her thoughts for a long time.

However, all of these feelings remained indistinct. Some people had begun asking questions, while some continued feeling lost and dazed. The bell chimes from Han Mountain Bell caused all of their hearts to tremble, and their attention was drawn towards it.

Han Mountain Bell turned into a bell that was a thousand feet big and blocked Di Tian's path. At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed his palm towards the ground.

The land trembled with a loud bang. Then, a large number of

Immortal sect disciples started shuddering violently and let out shrill screams of pain. Their bodies were instantly filled with a large amount of black patches, and in the blink of an eye, they started melting as if they were rotting away...

As these Immortal sect disciples died, Su Ming's right hand turned into a black mess. It looked as if there was some sort of color spreading out from it, and there was a strangely enchanting radiance to his hand.

Right then, a shocking roar reverberated through the entire world. The purple-robed Di Tian had executed his World Punishment Art and caused Han Mountain Bell to instantly disintegrate. Then, he turned into a sharp, long arc that sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming.

Right at the instant he closed in, Su Ming brought out a grass knot doll with his left hand from his bosom. The doll was gray, and there was a thick aura of death surrounding it. At the instant it appeared, a shrill howl that was voiceless but could be detected faintly with divine senses rang out from within it.

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes. With the Curse's black aura swirling on his right hand, he pressed it against the grass knot doll, causing the doll to be instantly dyed in black!

Translator's Notes:

1. Chenlong: Very obviously Chenxin's dad.

Chapter 657: Grass Knot Puppet!

Sikong stood at the edge of the battlefield. He had been injured too badly previously, and the power of the Curse within him was incredibly difficult to deal with. Right then, his whole body was filled with a large amount of rotting black patches.

His hate towards Su Ming was already running so deep that it reached the depths of his soul, but after he saw his battle against Di Tian, and especially after he saw the pillar of fog that descended from the sky, his breathing quickened and his heart trembled.

Su Ming's strength made Sikong completely hide away his thoughts for revenge. He did not dare reveal even a single hint of it. At the same time, he felt a strong sense of danger rise within him, making him look swiftly towards the black patches on his body.

The intensity of that sense of danger was like a flood that almost drowned him. Sikong had a clear hunch that if he did not manage to get rid of these black patches within a short period of time... then his body and soul would be destroyed!

This feeling was too strong, causing him to no longer hesitate, and he brought out an incredibly valuable medicinal core his sect had given him before.

The core's name was Sacred Half Step!

It was a medicinal core that was rare even in Evil Sect, and only prodigies like him would be given one of these things. This core had no use towards training. Its greatest effect was to heal injuries.

Sikong had always been reluctant to use this, but now... he brought it out without hesitation. With gritted teeth, he placed it in his mouth.

Shen Dong's eyes went wide and he sucked in a sharp breath. There was no one else who was more familiar with this Verdant

Abyssal Seal than him in this place, but at that moment, Shen Dong looked as if he was seeing it for the first time. His heart trembled, his mind rang, and he suddenly understood the true method to use this Verdant Abyssal Seal. It was unlike what he had previously done. Su Ming's method was the true way of bringing out its might!

The Verdant Abyssal Seal he cast could let him fight against powerful warriors at the same stage as he was, but in Su Ming's hands, it had managed to gain such power that it could threaten Di Tian's clone.

The golden-robed Di Tian's face turned livid with rage as he stood in the sky. He glared at Su Ming, who was standing beneath him, and took a sudden step forward. Right at the moment he was about to charge down though, his footsteps came to a sudden halt. Then, right before his eyes, Ji An walked out from the air in front of him.

"He could manipulate the power of Yin Death in this place and make it descend... That child down there... must be that Destiny, no...? But by the looks of it, you seem to want to kill him?" Ji An asked with a smile.

Di Tian's expression grew dark, but before he could say a single word, the gigantic pillar of fog beneath gradually disappeared to reveal a pit of about thousands of feet deep on the ground, as well as Di Tian, who was sitting within a ball of dull, purple light.

That Di Tian's expression was pale. When he lifted his head, the purple light around him instantly shattered, and the Emperor's robe on his body swiftly turned dull. Not a single hint of color remained.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and it spilled on the ground before him. At that moment, the purple-robed Di Tian's face was incredibly pale, but killing intent rose like surging waves in his eyes. He slowly stood up and glared at Su Ming.

There was also blood at the corners of Su Ming's mouth. When he wiped it away, he lifted his left hand and pressed it swiftly on his right arm, all while keeping his gaze fixed on Di Tian. With those actions, his right arm instantly grew taut. His flesh and blood on that arm changed and looked as if it had become like that of a golden statue.

Su Ming cut open a gash on his right arm with his left index finger. Multiple bloody gashes could be seen under his skin. This bizarre act instantly caught the attention of all those around him.

Even the purple-robed Di Tian also found his pupils shrinking at that sight.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming pushed two fingers into the wound on his right arm, and slowly, right before everyone's eyes, he brought out something from within the flesh and blood of that limb!

That was a blood-red ring!

Su Ming had obtained it many years ago from Madam Ji. It was something Ji Yun Hai had obtained by coincidence, and it was the source of the Curse.

Su Ming had hidden this ring in his right arm, which was why his Curse had become stronger and gained more depth as his power increased. It was also the true reason why he had been able to gather the Curse on his right hand.

Almost at the instant Su Ming brought out that red ring, the presence of the Curse swiftly surrounded the wound, and the gash closed up in an instant. Su Ming placed the ring... right where he had lost his right index finger.

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Translator's Notes:

1. Chenlong: Very obviously Chenxin's dad.

Chapter 658: I Curse You...

At the instant the doll was dyed black, Di Tian's footsteps came to an abrupt halt, coming to a complete stop hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. His expression turned incredibly dark, for a large amount of black aura had appeared around him out of nowhere.

He couldn't not stop. At that instant, he felt as if he had lost control of his own body. A power that actually terrified him seemed to be staring at him in the form of a pair of eyes in the endless universe.

This was a form of might. It was a form of... pressure that came from the ground, the world, the entire land of Berserkers. For some unknown reason, it now had gathered on his body.

Black smoke surrounded him, and it grew extremely thick in an instant.

This was Su Ming's Curse. The black smoke was his killing intent, his desire to kill Di Tian!

It was originally impossible for the Curse to gather on Di Tian, but due to Su Ming's skillful execution of his Art, the connection tying the grass knot doll and Di Tian was successfully used to lead the Curse on Di Tian.

"I curse you... that you will fall into the rivers of the netherworld and never see light again!" Su Ming took a step forward, and with his Curse-ridden right hand, he ripped off the doll's right arm!

"I curse you... that no matter in which universe they are, all those with your blood coursing through their veins would perish, die, and sink into hell along with your soul!" Su Ming took another step forward and ripped apart the grass knot doll's left arm.

Panic appeared on the purple-robed Di Tian's face, which was a rare sight. He could feel pain coming from his right arm, as well as the pain of his left arm being torn. More importantly, the black

smoke had already seeped into his body... and he could not even move an inch.

'This is impossible!' Di Tian roared in his heart. To him, Su Ming was somebody whose fate had always been controlled. Even if he was able to free himself from its shackles some time ago, since he had yet to grow strong, he was still just an ant in Di Tian's eyes.

Di Tian was confident that he could crush that ant, even if he had to do it a few times. Still, whatever happened, Su Ming would be unable to escape from his palm. That was why he had thought of using himself as bait, but now... Su Ming had attacked twice. The first time was when he had used that Verdant Abyssal Seal, which had made Di Tian use his divine ability and his Enchanted Treasure to resist it. This time, he had attacked with the Curse's power.

And he had lost all his mobility. He could no longer control his own body. The shadow of death looming over his heart grew endlessly, making him have the impression that at the moment he made himself bait, he had cut off all his escapes!

This bizarre scene made all those who saw it to suck in a sharp breath. They were unfamiliar with this particular Art, especially since that doll in Su Ming's doll looked simple and even comical, yet no one could laugh. A chill that came straight from the depths of their hearts filled all their souls at that instant.

An Art that could control someone with just one doll. An Art that could curse others with just one doll, and there was no way to guard against it!

Right then, Su Ming had turned into the epitome of malice and strangeness in the eyes of those tens of thousands of people in the area...

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank as he remained in the sky. In fact, a large amount of black smoke had appeared around him as well. As it did so, he could clearly feel the panic within the

purple-robed Di Tian's heart.

However, the golden-robed Di Tian was clearly more powerful than its counterpart. At that moment, golden light shone on his body, and as it did, it looked like it was fighting against the black smoke, allowing the golden-robed Di Tian to be able to move. And he did so. But just as he was about to charge out, he was once again blocked off by Ji An.

"Ji An! This has nothing to do with you! This is my private matter, how dare you stop me?!" The golden-robed Di Tian's voice reverberated in the air.

"The Candle Dragon's Curse... He's quite remarkable... As for you, well, I can choose not to stop you, as long as you admit defeat and let Evil Sect have control over Eastern Wastelands Tower..." Ji An smiled. He lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground. Immediately, a fan swiftly flew up from the ground. Once he held it in his hand, he looked towards the golden-robed Di Tian.

A dark glint flashed briefly in the golden-robed Di Tian's eyes. Without a single word, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pointed towards Ji An, who responded with a loud laugh. He swung his fan forward, and the two people were immediately engaged in a battle in the sky.

One of them wanted to rush forward, while the other would not allow it. In an instant, the battle between them erupted and grew intense.

As the two of them fought, Su Ming's voice reverberated in all directions.

"I curse you... that your soul will suffer through billions of billions of reincarnations, then suffer through the grudges of the world, and endless destruction!

"I curse you... that your skin will disintegrate, that your flesh will

rot, and you will have a taste of the greatest pain brought to you by the world, forever and ever...

"I curse you... that your bones will shatter, inch by inch, into fragments and turn into sharp spikes that will devour your flesh and blood..."

Su Ming ripped off the doll's legs and tore apart its body. There was an indescribable hatred and madness within his voice, and just by listening to it, it was enough to make anyone begin trembling from the depths of their hearts. It was even more so for the frozen purple-robed Di Tian.

"I curse you... that your bloodline will end, that your soul will scatter, that your body will rot, that your bones and flesh will be destroyed, and that you will suffer an eternity of being devoured by wandering souls!

"I curse you... to die! Die! Die! DIE!"

Su Ming let out a loud roar and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His face instantly turned pale. The blood fell on the grass knot doll, and the world instantly started roaring. Thunder rumbled without end in the sky, and a blood-red vortex even manifested with loud banging sounds. The edges of that vortex were black, and it covered the entire sky.

This was not the only spot in the sky where something like this happened. At the same time, eight other identical gigantic blood-red vortexes appeared all over Eastern Wastelands. They were like eyes of the sky that remembered Su Ming's words, were bearing witness to his Curse, and... were obeying his voice!

"An anomaly in the world!"

For the first time, Ji An's face changed drastically as he fought against that golden-robed Di Tian, who also had a similarly shocked face.

"This person's Curse actually brought about an anomaly in the

world... This can only mean that the world has obeyed his Curse! This... This is not a single person's Curse, but the Curse of the entire land of Berserkers and their universe! Di Tian, just what did you do to offend this person?!" Ji An's pupils shrank.

A shocking clamor shot up from the ground underneath, and all of it was because of that anomaly that had appeared in the world!

"With my life, with my power, with every single fiber of my being, I curse all of Di Tian's clones to perish in the land of Berserkers, and from now onwards, this world forbids Di Tian's existence!"

Blood poured out from Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

His right hand was no longer black. All the black smoke from it had already surged into the grass knot doll, and with his right hand, Su Ming ripped off the doll's head!

The sky roared. The earth trembled. And those rumbles did not just come from Eastern Wastelands, but also South Morning, the Alliance of the Western Region, and from Northern Province as well. The entire sky in the land of Berserkers was roaring. Blood-red vortexes appeared in large quantities throughout the whole world.

The trembling of the land was not limited to just Eastern Wastelands, either. Those tremors shook through all the continents in the land of Berserkers, all the islands, and all the living beings!

It was as if Su Ming... represented the entire world of Berserkers at that moment!

He lifted his right hand at that moment and pointed towards Di Tian!

Chapter 659: The Curse Fulfilled!

Su Ming's long hair danced in the wind as he stood in midair. His face was pale, but the brilliant shine in his eyes made him into the most eye-catching existence in the world.

At that moment, it was as if Su Ming had turned into the beloved child of the entire world of Berserkers. All the land was trembling because of his will, was hateful because of his dislike, and was roaring because of his intent to kill.

This was a divine ability that stirred up the entire world of Berserkers, and it was the first time any of the tens of thousands of people in the land saw something like this in their lives. A cold chill rose in all of their hearts, and they suddenly had a feeling that they did not fit into this world.

The sand on the ground tumbled about above the ground, as if the tens of thousands of Immortals' existence there obstructed its path. Wind would occasionally blow past them from all directions, and while it seemed gentle, it would suddenly become strong when it fell on their bodies.

The clouds in the sky far ahead sank a lot further down, and at the same time a shadow loomed over everyone. The numerous blood-red vortexes in the sky let out loud rumbling sounds as they spun in a terrifying manner, as if all the lives within the world of Berserkers were roaring.

These roars came from the vortexes in the sky, the wind, the clouds, the sand on the ground, all the mountains, the rivers, the deserts, the plains, as well as the endless amount of lives in the world, be they dead or alive. Everything within the world of Berserkers had fused into those roars.

Within them were the cries of infants, the grudge-filled shrieks of women, the furious roars of men, the piercing howls of anger from ferocious beasts, and the biting, threatening sounds that

came from the plants as they sashayed in the wind.

They contained the strikes of water against rock as rivers flowed down the mountains, the roars from the plains, the collapse of the mountains, and the surging waves from the Dead Sea. Everything had fused together with the roars coming from the Berserkers' sky.

At the same time these roars rang in the air, it was as if a voice that could not be heard with human ears lipped into those sounds. This was an indescribable will that had appeared once all the sounds within the land of Berserkers had fused together.

"Get out of our world!"

It was the will contained within all the roars that caused the world of Berserkers to surge towards all the Immortals with an unseen force at that instant, as if all the Immortals... were being rejected by the entire world at that moment!

It was as if the land had been persecuted for tens of thousands of years while enduring through all that suffering throughout the ages, and at that moment, it reached its breaking point. It was as if the land and its people could no longer bear with it, and they wanted to surge out like an explosion to expel all Immortals!

It did not matter whether it was the Immortal sects or Evil Sects. All the cultivators' expression immediately changed. Even Ji An's expression changed drastically, as he fought against Di Tian, and he whipped his head around to look at Su Ming.

That moment was when Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank. At the instant Ji An was shocked because of Su Ming causing the entire world of Berserkers to roar due to one finger, the golden-robed Di Tian took a swift step forward and charged towards Su Ming.

'Resonance... This is resonance! This is the entire world of Berserkers resonating with this child!' Ji An sucked in a sharp

breath. He had noticed the golden-robed Di Tian leaving the place, and after a moment of hesitation, he chose not to stop him.

After all, he was also an Immortal... This resonance was too shocking to him. He had never heard of anyone capable of making the entire world resonate with him. Perhaps only the first God of Berserkers had been able to do such a thing in the past?

'Even the master of a world would not be able to resonate with his world. Even the strongest person of a race, too, would be unable to cause this sort of resonance... unless...' Ji An's pupils shrank.

Even if the golden-robed Di Tian was charging forward, he could not change what was already set in stone. At the instant Su Ming's finger swung down, he pointed towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

When he completed the motion of bringing his finger downwards, a thick wave of fatigue appeared in Su Ming's eyes. There was a dull look within them. But it did not matter whether it was the fatigue or the dull look that showed, what lay within the deepest depths of his soul was tranquility.

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered, and disbelief appeared in his eyes. For the first time, he was shocked, and it was to such a degree that even Su Ming's calm heart was pleased when he saw it.

Di Tian... was afraid!

This was the first time Di Tian clearly showed his fear before Su Ming, and that fear caused his haughty image to crack.

"So... you know fear as well!"

Su Ming's finger swiping downwards instantly caused the purple-robed Di Tian's face to turn pale. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth, and a large amount of black patches appeared on his body. As they started rotting away, it made Di Tian suffer an indescribable pain while he remained frozen in place.

He could also feel his body being strongly rejected by the world at

that moment. It was as if there was no possible way that he could coexist with this place. If he did not die, then the killing intent of this world would never cease!

Murkiness replaced the clarity in his eyes, and if anyone had seen the muddy rivers of the netherworld, they would be able to tell with just one glance that the murky shade in Di Tian's eyes was no different from those rivers!

It was as if the purple-robed Di Tian's eyes had turned into the rivers in the netherworld!

They covered his eyes, causing him to never be able to see light again. This was the fulfillment of Su Ming's first curse!

"I curse you... that you will fall into the rivers of the netherworld and never see light again!"

The purple-robed Di Tian could not open his mouth. His throat churned rapidly, as if a shrill scream of pain was raging in his body, but could not find release. His right arm looked as if it had been grabbed by a huge invisible hand at that moment, and it was yanking it outwards.

Then, right before tens of thousands of shocked gazes, the purple-robed Di Tian's right hand was torn off his body, just like how Su Ming had ripped off the grass knot doll's arm previously. It was as if the purple-robed Di Tian had turned into the doll in Su Ming's hands just moments ago!

At the same time, the golden-robed Di Tian, who was closing in from the distance, stopped as a loud bang rang in the air. His face turned pale, and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. When he looked towards his right arm, he saw the signs that it was about to be ripped off.

A murky shade had also appeared in his eyes, and it was fighting against the golden light within them. He had to stop, because during the previous instant, the wind before him had instantly

grown stronger and had come charging towards him in an unseen manner. Even with the golden-robed Di Tian's powerful strength, he still had to stop moving before the wind.

This was not any ordinary wind. This was the will that came from the entire world of Berserkers, from the incredible force rejecting his existence. If the golden-robed Di Tian dared to take one more step forward, then this force rejecting his presence that was formed from all the power in the world would become even stronger.

"How could this be...? This is impossible!"

The golden-robed Di Tian let out a low growl. He took a swift step forward, for he had to save the purple-robed clone. He might be a clone himself, but the will of his real self in the land of Immortals had let him know that his real self had four clones, with the addition of one more that he had just recently obtained a few months ago. However, from the four, one had already died previously, so no more deaths could occur, or else it would cause quite a significant effect on his real self.

Almost at the instant the golden-robed Di Tian paused, the purple-robed Di Tian lost his right hand, and that limb instantly turned into black ashes. When it scattered away, not a single drop of blood fell from the now-empty shoulder.

Because... he no longer had any blood. His blood and his veins had already been completely corrupted due to Su Ming's second Curse!

As a result, the blood at the corners of the purple-robed Di Tian's lips was swiftly dissipating while his face remained pale. At that instant, his left arm was also torn off by the invisible arm, just like his right arm.

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered, and his hair was slowly changed from black to white. His face seemed to have aged within an instant, and with just one glance, it could be seen that his

current appearance was different from how Di Tian looked.

All his life, Di Tian had never expected that his clone would one day be injured so badly by Su Ming's Curse. This Curse had already surpassed the limits of his power. It had fused with the will of the entire world of Berserkers, and it stood right above all forms of power gained from cultivation!

However, the purple-robed Di Tian's Curse was far from over; the outburst had just begun. As his limbs were torn off and his blood as well as his eyes were corrupted, he opened his mouth, unable to control himself, then lifted his head. His soul's presence seemed to have been sucked out during that instant so that it would suffer through the endless cycles of reincarnation within the world.

Piercing, shrill roars swiftly rose from all directions at that moment, and they came from the endless hate-filled spirits in the world. These spirits showed up in the sky, and they were of men and women, of the elderly and the young, and all of them were those who had died in the land of Berserkers.

The raging hate within these spirits rushed towards the purple-robed Di Tian at that moment and surrounded him before they started devouring his soul and his body with madness and enmity!

This was Su Ming's third Curse!

"I curse you... that your soul will suffer through billions of billions of reincarnations, then suffer through the grudges of the world, and endless destruction!"

As the endless hate-filled spirits devoured him, as the tens of thousands of Immortals shuddered and were overwhelmed by terror, as the golden-robed Di Tian roared and rushed over while throwing all caution to the wind, and as Ji An was shocked, full of complicated feelings...

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered violently. Pain. It was painful, but he could not let out a single sound. It made him suffer

through the utmost amount of suffering, and this suffering was enough to make a person's will crumble. More black patches appeared on his body until they covered most of him. The disintegration of his skin, the decay of his bones as well as his blood, and the extreme situation of being unable to scream even though he was in pain was as if the greatest amount of pain in the world had landed on him, and it would never end!

This was Su Ming's fourth Curse!

"I curse you... that your skin will disintegrate, that your flesh will rot, and you will have a taste of the greatest pain brought to you by the world, forever and ever..."

The purple-robed Di Tian, who had lost his arms and whose flesh was rotting away, was beginning to twist in a bizarre fashion. This was because all his bones were shattering inch by inch under the Curse. As they did that, they turned into bone spikes that reversed their positions and stabbed the purple-robed Di Tian's body from the inside.

This sort of pain was enough to make anyone's skin crawl once they thought about it.

Chapter 660: The Berserkers' Kismet!

What sort of enmity could possibly make a person curse another like this? What raging hate could make a whole world resonate with a person's curse...?

The pain the purple-robed Di Tian suffered from the bone spikes in his body at that moment came from Su Ming's fifth Curse!

Moreover, at the instant the Curse was activated so explosively, thunder rumbled in the sky, and a large amount of lightning appeared out of nowhere, once again blocking off the golden-robed Di Tian's path, who had once again intended to move forward!

This was no ordinary lightning, either, or else it would not have been able to stop the golden-robed Di Tian's path. It was formed by the whole world rejecting his existence. It had the strength equivalent to the lightning strikes from Heavenly Judgment, and it had the same strength as the Berserkers' Sacred Vessels.

Under the loud thunder, the purple-robed Di Tian's legs were torn off by the invisible hand, just like how Su Ming had ripped off the doll's legs previously, causing the purple-robed Di Tian to no longer have any legs.

Su Ming's sixth Curse was fulfilled then...

"I curse you... that your bloodline will end, that your soul will scatter, that your body will rot, that your bones and flesh will be destroyed, and that you will suffer an eternity of being devoured by wandering souls!"

Once the purple-robed Di Tian's body collapsed, Su Ming's seventh Curse was fulfilled!

A large amount of black smoke surrounded Di Tian's body, causing the majority of it to shatter, and his expression twisted. By then, his hair had already turned white. As his appearance changed, what appeared was no longer Di Tian, but a stranger.

Di Tian's presence on this stranger was rapidly disappearing at that moment...

It was also at this moment that Su Ming's eighth Curse arrived!

Lightning crackled. All the blood-red vortexes in the sky started shattering. The rivers boiled, the mountains roared, the plains collapsed, and all manner of lives fell into a daze... and the ground still trembled and the sky roared.

The final Curse made the resonance Su Ming had with the entire world of Berserkers reach a state that it had never achieved before. With it, the force of rejection formed by the entire world swiftly gathered in three directions!

One of them went toward the purple-robed Di Tian right before Su Ming, the other was aimed at the golden-robed Di Tian located a thousand feet away from this place, who was walking closer slowly as lightning and an endless amount of dimensional cracks appeared around him...

The final one landed in the direction where Sky Mist Dao was located, among the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground. That place was originally empty, but right at that instant, as the air in that space distorted, a black coffin appeared!

That coffin was placed vertically on the ground, having been hidden previously. Not even Su Ming had been able to detect it. But right then, when the world of Berserkers rejected Di Tian's presence, it appeared.

There were numerous complicated runic symbols on the coffin. They were glowing, and all of them looked incredibly strange.

A shocking boom rang in the air. The purple-robed Di Tian's body crumbled before Su Ming, for the invisible hand had grabbed the man's head, and just like it had ripped off all his limbs previously, it now tore off his head!

Once the purple-robed Di Tian's head was ripped off, Su Ming's

eighth Curse was fulfilled!

"With my life, with my power, with every single fiber of my being, I curse all of Di Tian's clones to perish in the land of Berserkers, and from now onwards, this world forbids Di Tian's existence!"

The purple-robed Di Tian's body turned into dust. His head turned black while in midair, rapidly decaying. As it rotted away, Di Tian's presence within it was destroyed with a loud bang by the repelling force from the world!

Once Di Tian's presence dissipated, for the first time, clarity appeared within the rotting head's eyes. His face was no longer that of Di Tian's, as if... he had never been Di Tian to begin with!

Clones were people who had their minds and intelligence wiped off to be turned into puppets once Di Tian obtained control over them. He would forcefully take over their bodies and refine them, turning them into his clones to descend in the land of Berserkers.

At that moment, as Di Tian's will was forcefully wiped off and the clone was going to die, that person... remembered his identity, remembered who he was, remembered... his memories.

A large part of his head had decayed, and it looked incredibly hideous and terrifying. Yet there was calmness in his eyes and a momentary astonishment when he lowered his head to look at Su Ming. It then turned into a dazed look that was soon followed by a smile that shook Su Ming's heart.

"You grew up..."

These were the only words spoken by the stranger through his unfamiliar lips. They were clearly not uttered by Di Tian, but by the real owner of the body. They were the words that belonged to this stranger Su Ming had never seen before, and they were the last things he said before he died.

There was an air of age contained within those words, along with

a sense of relief. Once the head completely disappeared, the words gradually faded away...

Di Tian's second clone died!

At the instant he died, a purplish black stone flew out from the recently disappeared head. An incredibly thick Yin Death aura spread out from it, and there was a ripple spreading out from that aura that caused Su Ming's heart to tremble.

It was this ripple that made Su Ming open his tired and dull eyes.

In truth, once he pointed forward, he had already started slowly closing his eyes. He had offered his life, his power, and everything within him to bring forth a Curse that resonated with the entire world of Berserkers, allowing him to finally kill Di Tian's purple-robed clone.

However, just killing this clone alone had made Su Ming... pay too great of a price.

At that moment, there was no longer a shred of strength left in his entire body. At the instant he opened his eyes and saw the purplish black stone, blood flowed out of the corners of his mouth, and his body plunged to the ground.

As he fell, the world before his eyes gradually turned indistinct, until he eventually saw nothing... However, he could sense that the ripples spreading out from that purplish black stone were so incredibly familiar. They had... his presence.

When he fell, the tens of thousands of Immortals' gazes were trained on him. There were complicated feelings in their eyes, and a variety of emotions, such as fear and relief.

Up till now, they still did not know Su Ming's identity or his name. They only knew that he was a Berserker... and that he had used a strange Art that could not be described with words. Then, right before the eyes of all those from Evil Sect and the Immortal Sects... he killed Di Tian's clone!

Everyone only knew that this person with a boy's appearance, whose name they did not know, had used all sorts of sinister methods, did everything he could at all costs—like causing tens of thousands of deaths—just to kill Di Tian!

He did it. Even if he had killed just one of Di Tian's clones... he still did it!

They watched Su Ming struggling to lift his right hand as he plunged to the ground, as if he wanted to seize something from the sky...

Su Ming was indeed trying to grab something. At that moment, his consciousness had already scattered, but he was instinctively lifting his hand to grab the stone that was giving him that incredibly familiar feeling.

The purplish black stone in midair shuddered and turned into a long black arc that charged straight towards Su Ming. At the instant his body crashed into the ground, the stone fused into the center of his brows and disappeared within him.

Su Ming's heart shuddered. He did not know how much time had passed before he eventually reached the ground, not feeling much of a rebound.

He did not know how much time had passed, because he could not see his body and because his vision had already turned indistinct. However, the tens of thousands of Immortals around could clearly see exactly what had happened during the time Su Ming was falling from the sky.

A great commotion resounded in the air, and the voices within were filled with shock, but it was a pity that Su Ming could not hear them anymore.

Ji An was staring at Su Ming blankly from the sky. His expression constantly changed, occasionally showing killing intent, and at other times hesitation. Su Ming's Curse and the resonance from

the world of Berserkers was the reason why the usually resolute and sinister Evil Sect Sovereign would make such expressions. He saw... a strange sight that had left everyone in shock, when Su Ming fell to the ground just now.

"The Berserkers' kismet fused into him..." Ji An mumbled.

When Su Ming fell, his rapidly plunging body was supported by thick clouds that had appeared out of nowhere. Birds which had come out of nowhere charged in, supporting Su Ming's body even at the risk of their bodies being shattered.

There was also the wind that existed everywhere. It suddenly started blowing, slowing down Su Ming's descent. It was as if everything in the world was feeling compassion towards Su Ming and could not bear seeing even a single wound on his body.

The dimensional cracks that had appeared as he fell were also swiftly disappearing. The bolts of lightning that came towards him flashed as they surrounded him, as if protecting him and warning all the others in the area to not get even half a step closer to him.

In fact, the innumerable vengeful souls in the sky were also surrounding him while letting out anxious roars, as if they were trying to wake him up. There was also a large amount of green grass sprouting out below, where only empty ground had been previously.

That grass only grew in a small portion on the ground, and the speed of its growth was a startling sight. Because of everything, the speed at which Su Ming's body plunged down continued slowing down, and when he eventually reached the ground, not a single hint of injury could be detected on his body.

He was loved by the world... and the Berserkers' kismet was placed in his body.

Almost at the instant Ji An's expression filled with hesitation and complicated feelings, Su Ming's body landed on the grass. His

vision scattered, and at the instant he looked as if he had sank into a state of unconsciousness, the golden-robed Di Tian let out a furious and shrill roar. His body was surrounded by a large amount of black smoke at that moment, and that black smoke... was the Curse!

Clearly, once the Curse from the world of Berserkers destroyed the purple-robed clone, it gathered on the golden-robed one with the full intention of destroying it as well!

The clone swiftly turned his head to look at the ground and at Su Ming, who was lying on the ground. As his expression twisted, he did not care about the power of the Curse spreading into his body at that moment and moved towards Su Ming.

His power surpassed that of the purple-robed clone's, and since Su Ming had not directly cursed him, he could move!

His speed was incredibly quick as he charged towards Su Ming. At that moment, Ji An did not stop him. All the Immortals around him were also just watching by the side. The conclusion of this fight was almost set in stone within everyone's minds.

Yet right at that moment, Su Ming's eyes suddenly flew open, and a change... happened!

Chapter 661: On This Day!

The northern part of Eastern Wastelands was formed when twelve tribes in Eastern Wasteland fused together ten thousand years ago to form one of the four great factions of power - All Entities Clan. The old man who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had fought against Su Ming indirectly in the past was trembling at that moment as he stood in the sky above All Entities Clan. Right below him were tens of thousands of Berserkers prostrating themselves on the ground, and excitement that had never been seen before appeared on their faces.

The old man looked at the distorting sky in midair and started laughing maniacally with his head thrown back. As he cried, tears of excitement fell down from his eyes.

"Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born, the Berserkers... are saved! All tribe leaders in All Entities Clan, come with me... to pay our respects to the Berserkers' fourth God of Berserkers!

"The time has come... for us Berserkers to retaliate!" The old man's laughter made it seem as if he had gone mad, but it was only that he had waited for this day for far too long. At this moment then, the day he had been waiting for so long, the day spoken of in the legends, had arrived!

The people from the twelve tribes in All Entities Clan let out roars that shook the sky and earth. Those roars were cries of excitement, shouts of madness, the resonance formed as the Berserkers' blood burned.

Long arcs swiftly flew up, and under the lead of the old man from All Entities Clan, a large half of the sky was replaced by an endless amount of long arcs. Whistling sounds rose and fell, and nearly ten thousand people charged through the sky.

They were moving in the direction their blood led them. It was the spot they could sense vaguely in their souls, the spot that was an unknown amount of distance away from this place... the spot where Su Ming was!

None of the Berserkers needed a precise direction. They only needed to go the way their blood boiled. The closer they were to him, the stronger their blood would boil, and that... was the best guide they could have.

In another direction in Eastern Wastelands was a place filled with trees that stretched endlessly. Poisonous fog surrounded the area, causing this place to look as if it had become a forbidden ground for all manner of life. Even if the Immortals knew that there was a Berserkers' tribe in this place, most of them would have been unwilling to come here.

The tribe here was one of the Berserkers' four great forces of power that stood toe to toe with All Entities Clan - Berserker Fang Tribe, as well as all the near a hundred small tribes that were its affiliates. The members of this union of tribes didn't leave their forest easily.

It was as if they had cut themselves off from the world. If the Immortals did not come to this place and offend them, then they would not go out and provoke the Immortals. This forest was their bottom line.

There was no black smoke spreading out from this forest, but it did not mean that there was no Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in this place. The Elder of Berserker Fang Tribe was known throughout Eastern Wastelands to have attained great completion in that particular realm many years ago.

Almost at the moment the old man led nearly ten thousand people from All Entities Clan away and charged towards where Su Ming was, a large number of trees in the originally tranquil forest

started swaying in the poison fog. Human faces emerged from the trees, and all of them had the exact same expression. Shock and perplexity. These were the expressions born from the confusion they felt as blood burned in their veins.

A large number of figures also appeared at that moment from the endless amount of swamps on the ground. They had the same expressions, felt the same perplexity. The kindling of their blood had caused all the members of Berserker Fang Tribe to be filled with shock in their hearts.

Within the depths of the forest was an empty space. There stood an old man dressed in a beast skin, and eight people were kneeling on the ground behind him. Waves of power that were not weaker than those of the Berserker Soul Realm were spreading out from all of them. In fact, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were even more of these presences coming from the forest.

However, the Qi from these presences was chaotic at that moment, as if they were showing just how unable to calm down were these people. Gazes filled excitement gathered faintly on the only old man who remained standing, as if waiting for his choice.

The expression of the old man in beast skins constantly changed and would not settle for a single emotion. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. His eyes would occasionally show excitement, and at other times, hesitation. He could feel his blood being set on fire in his veins and could even feel a faint call coming from the distance.

"I know that all of you want to go..." After a long while, the old man slowly spoke up. No one around him spoke, but their desire could be felt from their harsh breathing.

"I, too, can feel my blood kindling. This is the sign of the God of Berserkers appearing... but this burn... is still too weak." The old man in beast skins sighed lightly and shook his head.

He did not dare take the risk.

On the west and south of Eastern Wastelands were two big tribes in Eastern Wasteland that had been forced into hiding when the Immortals invaded the continent, even though both tribes had occupied an incredibly large area.

One of them was hidden in the depths of the ground and lived in karst caves. They spent their days nursing their grievances and anger, but they did not dare appear on the ground, because once they appeared, they would come face to face with the Immortals' siege.

The other tribe hid itself among an endless mountain range. It no longer possessed its past glory and only had a future filled with no hope.

At the same time the old man in the forest made his decision, roars filled with excitement reverberated and spread out in the depths to the south of Eastern Wastelands. As they rang beneath the ground, cracks that ran deep appeared in that region. Lights containing a multitude of colors shone from within, and those were from all sorts of statues of the God of Berserkers...

A thin old man swiftly shot out from behind those statues and stood in midair. He lifted his head and laughed at the sky, in a manner as if the grudge he and his tribe had harbored over the years had completely erupted from his body.

"The Great Tribe of Surging Clouds' hope has arrived... Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born! My fellow tribe members of Surging Clouds, how long are we going to hide...?" the thin old man roared at the ground, as if he had descended into madness.

"I, Xue Sha [1], Elder of Surging Clouds Tribe, had originally given into despair, but now... the light showing that we Berserkers will rise has appeared! Even if the entire tribe will be destroyed because of this, it will be still a fate better than what we suffer now! My fellow tribe members, come with me to pay respect to our

fourth God of Berserkers!"

The thin old man moved his body, and an endless amount of roars instantly left the cracks on the ground. Long arcs swiftly flew out, with thin, emaciated people who looked like skeletons within them. Clearly, ever since they went into hiding in the depths of the ground, their lives had been incredibly bleak and miserable.

They already had nothing else to lose. If that was the case, then they would go and fight for their dignity!

However, perhaps it was because the living conditions of hiding in the mountains were slightly better than hiding underground, the big tribe to the west of Eastern Wastelands silently forced down their urge to go. Perhaps it was not because they were unwilling to leave and pay their respects to the legendary fourth God of Berserkers who had made their blood boil, but had more to do with the fact that they did not dare to give up everything for a legend.

Besides Eastern Wastelands, there were also those who found their blood boiling in South Morning. Long arcs flew into the air, either in crowds or by themselves. All of these people then charged towards Eastern Wastelands in the direction where their blood boiled.

This boiling of their blood was like a calling. This was the sign of the Berserkers' rise.

Among the numerous islands in South Morning were a group of people who lifted their heads at the same time at that moment. These were the people who identified themselves as Fated Kin!

They existed on many islands at the edges of South Morning. Some of them were scattered, and some of them were gathered together. They were all trying to search for each other... but due to South Morning's collapse and subsequent change, it was difficult for them to look for one another.

The people on the Fated Kin's islands were all worshiping the statue of their god at that moment, and during that instant, they started trembling. They could feel their blood being set on fire, but this burn was different from that of the Berserkers. It was direct, and their blood was boiling in a manner they could not describe.

At the instant Su Ming had turned into the Fated Kin's god, it was as if there was already a connection that could never be weakened or broken between Su Ming and this race.

It was also this connection that existed between them that made the Fated Kin feel their hearts quivering at that moment. Their blood being set on fire had caused their power... to increase by a large margin during that instant.

It was as if a river had been split into hundreds and thousands of small streams as it flowed downwards. A large amount of those split streams swiftly dried up, but there were also some that still had water running.

But if one day an endless amount of water suddenly appeared at the start of this river, then the endless branched out streams would also change because of it.

It was how the density of a big tree's branches and leaves was determined by sunlight, but also... by the water at the roots of the tree!

This was the power of the source

"Respected Senior Mo is calling us..."

The Fated Kin on the small islands that belonged to their race lifted their heads slowly. Excitement and desire appeared on their faces, and without a single bit of hesitation, they flew up together and left the island, charging towards Eastern Wastelands with all the members of their tribes.

At the same time, there were also numerous long arcs flying out from a large amount of places among the islands around South

Morning. All of these long arcs were the Fated Kin that had been separated from their people.

Among them were those who had remained silent for many years, those who were somber and stayed unnoticeable to others, and there were also those who had become outstanding people who stood above all others among their factions of power.

However, all of them gave up everything without any hesitation and charged towards Eastern Wastelands to follow the direction where their burning blood and that faint connection existing within them was leading to, all so that they could search for... their Respected Senior Mo.

"I can no longer serve you. Please excuse me!"

On a small island, a strong and able-bodied man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards the middle-aged man before him. There was resolve on his face, and without any attachment within him towards the place, he turned around and rushed towards the sky. He even tore off the silver armor he wore on his body.

And he left the people behind him, along with their silent gazes.

Booming sounds were continuously echoing from a small island, along with low growls.

"Nan Gong Hen [2], our master has treated you well over the years! You know that! Why are you betraying him?!"

"Our master has been kind to me, and I have been serving him with my life over the years... but Respected Senior Mo is calling me. I have to leave." As those booming sounds roared in the air, a middle-aged man turned into a long arc and charged into the sky.

There was another small island where a young man stood silently at the top of the mountain. Right behind him was a woman, and she was biting the bottom of her lips as she stared at the young man blankly.

"Must you go?" she asked softly after a long while.

"When I was young, he was the one who brought me and my entire race out of that place. At that time, I looked at his back and swore that I will be as strong as he was in my life... Now, I've grown up and have my own family, my own life... but I am a Fated Kin!" The young man closed his eyes, then opened them swiftly after a moment and took a step into the air...

He left the woman behind him, who looked as if she had lost all her strength as she watched him silently.

"Wait for me. I will return eventually!"

A similar scene appeared on a large number of islands, among the vast amount of scattered forces of power around South Morning. No matter what forms of power or what people, they were unable to stop the Fated Kin from responding to their Respected Senior Mo's call and leaving in search of him.

Translator's Notes:

1. Xue Sha: Mentioned previously as one of the five Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands who have obtained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.

2. Nan Gong Hen: Befriended Su Ming on the way to Shaman City, then became the leader of the Shamans (which later became Fated Kin) when they were left stranded in the World of Nine Yin. He was also the one who asked Su Ming to become their god.

Chapter 662: On This Day!

The northern part of Eastern Wastelands was formed when twelve tribes in Eastern Wasteland fused together ten thousand years ago to form one of the four great factions of power - All Entities Clan. The old man who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had fought against Su Ming indirectly in the past was trembling at that moment as he stood in the sky above All Entities Clan. Right below him were tens of thousands of Berserkers prostrating themselves on the ground, and excitement that had never been seen before appeared on their faces.

The old man looked at the distorting sky in midair and started laughing maniacally with his head thrown back. As he cried, tears of excitement fell down from his eyes.

"Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born, the Berserkers... are saved! All tribe leaders in All Entities Clan, come with me... to pay our respects to the Berserkers' fourth God of Berserkers!

"The time has come... for us Berserkers to retaliate!" The old man's laughter made it seem as if he had gone mad, but it was only that he had waited for this day for far too long. At this moment then, the day he had been waiting for so long, the day spoken of in the legends, had arrived!

The people from the twelve tribes in All Entities Clan let out roars that shook the sky and earth. Those roars were cries of excitement, shouts of madness, the resonance formed as the Berserkers' blood burned.

Long arcs swiftly flew up, and under the lead of the old man from All Entities Clan, a large half of the sky was replaced by an endless amount of long arcs. Whistling sounds rose and fell, and nearly ten thousand people charged through the sky.

They were moving in the direction their blood led them. It was the spot they could sense vaguely in their souls, the spot that was an unknown amount of distance away from this place... the spot where Su Ming was!

None of the Berserkers needed a precise direction. They only needed to go the way their blood boiled. The closer they were to him, the stronger their blood would boil, and that... was the best guide they could have.

In another direction in Eastern Wastelands was a place filled with trees that stretched endlessly. Poisonous fog surrounded the area, causing this place to look as if it had become a forbidden ground for all manner of life. Even if the Immortals knew that there was a Berserkers' tribe in this place, most of them would have been unwilling to come here.

The tribe here was one of the Berserkers' four great forces of power that stood toe to toe with All Entities Clan - Berserker Fang Tribe, as well as all the near a hundred small tribes that were its affiliates. The members of this union of tribes didn't leave their forest easily.

It was as if they had cut themselves off from the world. If the Immortals did not come to this place and offend them, then they would not go out and provoke the Immortals. This forest was their bottom line.

There was no black smoke spreading out from this forest, but it did not mean that there was no Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in this place. The Elder of Berserker Fang Tribe was known throughout Eastern Wastelands to have attained great completion in that particular realm many years ago.

Almost at the moment the old man led nearly ten thousand people from All Entities Clan away and charged towards where Su Ming was, a large number of trees in the originally tranquil forest

started swaying in the poison fog. Human faces emerged from the trees, and all of them had the exact same expression. Shock and perplexity. These were the expressions born from the confusion they felt as blood burned in their veins.

A large number of figures also appeared at that moment from the endless amount of swamps on the ground. They had the same expressions, felt the same perplexity. The kindling of their blood had caused all the members of Berserker Fang Tribe to be filled with shock in their hearts.

Within the depths of the forest was an empty space. There stood an old man dressed in a beast skin, and eight people were kneeling on the ground behind him. Waves of power that were not weaker than those of the Berserker Soul Realm were spreading out from all of them. In fact, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were even more of these presences coming from the forest.

However, the Qi from these presences was chaotic at that moment, as if they were showing just how unable to calm down were these people. Gazes filled excitement gathered faintly on the only old man who remained standing, as if waiting for his choice.

The expression of the old man in beast skins constantly changed and would not settle for a single emotion. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. His eyes would occasionally show excitement, and at other times, hesitation. He could feel his blood being set on fire in his veins and could even feel a faint call coming from the distance.

"I know that all of you want to go..." After a long while, the old man slowly spoke up. No one around him spoke, but their desire could be felt from their harsh breathing.

"I, too, can feel my blood kindling. This is the sign of the God of Berserkers appearing... but this burn... is still too weak." The old man in beast skins sighed lightly and shook his head.

He did not dare take the risk.

On the west and south of Eastern Wastelands were two big tribes in Eastern Wasteland that had been forced into hiding when the Immortals invaded the continent, even though both tribes had occupied an incredibly large area.

One of them was hidden in the depths of the ground and lived in karst caves. They spent their days nursing their grievances and anger, but they did not dare appear on the ground, because once they appeared, they would come face to face with the Immortals' siege.

The other tribe hid itself among an endless mountain range. It no longer possessed its past glory and only had a future filled with no hope.

At the same time the old man in the forest made his decision, roars filled with excitement reverberated and spread out in the depths to the south of Eastern Wastelands. As they rang beneath the ground, cracks that ran deep appeared in that region. Lights containing a multitude of colors shone from within, and those were from all sorts of statues of the God of Berserkers...

A thin old man swiftly shot out from behind those statues and stood in midair. He lifted his head and laughed at the sky, in a manner as if the grudge he and his tribe had harbored over the years had completely erupted from his body.

"The Great Tribe of Surging Clouds' hope has arrived... Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born! My fellow tribe members of Surging Clouds, how long are we going to hide...?" the thin old man roared at the ground, as if he had descended into madness.

"I, Xue Sha [1], Elder of Surging Clouds Tribe, had originally given into despair, but now... the light showing that we Berserkers will rise has appeared! Even if the entire tribe will be destroyed because of this, it will be still a fate better than what we suffer now! My fellow tribe members, come with me to pay respect to our

fourth God of Berserkers!"

The thin old man moved his body, and an endless amount of roars instantly left the cracks on the ground. Long arcs swiftly flew out, with thin, emaciated people who looked like skeletons within them. Clearly, ever since they went into hiding in the depths of the ground, their lives had been incredibly bleak and miserable.

They already had nothing else to lose. If that was the case, then they would go and fight for their dignity!

However, perhaps it was because the living conditions of hiding in the mountains were slightly better than hiding underground, the big tribe to the west of Eastern Wastelands silently forced down their urge to go. Perhaps it was not because they were unwilling to leave and pay their respects to the legendary fourth God of Berserkers who had made their blood boil, but had more to do with the fact that they did not dare to give up everything for a legend.

Besides Eastern Wastelands, there were also those who found their blood boiling in South Morning. Long arcs flew into the air, either in crowds or by themselves. All of these people then charged towards Eastern Wastelands in the direction where their blood boiled.

This boiling of their blood was like a calling. This was the sign of the Berserkers' rise.

Among the numerous islands in South Morning were a group of people who lifted their heads at the same time at that moment. These were the people who identified themselves as Fated Kin!

They existed on many islands at the edges of South Morning. Some of them were scattered, and some of them were gathered together. They were all trying to search for each other... but due to South Morning's collapse and subsequent change, it was difficult for them to look for one another.

The people on the Fated Kin's islands were all worshiping the statue of their god at that moment, and during that instant, they started trembling. They could feel their blood being set on fire, but this burn was different from that of the Berserkers. It was direct, and their blood was boiling in a manner they could not describe.

At the instant Su Ming had turned into the Fated Kin's god, it was as if there was already a connection that could never be weakened or broken between Su Ming and this race.

It was also this connection that existed between them that made the Fated Kin feel their hearts quivering at that moment. Their blood being set on fire had caused their power... to increase by a large margin during that instant.

It was as if a river had been split into hundreds and thousands of small streams as it flowed downwards. A large amount of those split streams swiftly dried up, but there were also some that still had water running.

But if one day an endless amount of water suddenly appeared at the start of this river, then the endless branched out streams would also change because of it.

It was how the density of a big tree's branches and leaves was determined by sunlight, but also... by the water at the roots of the tree!

This was the power of the source

"Respected Senior Mo is calling us..."

The Fated Kin on the small islands that belonged to their race lifted their heads slowly. Excitement and desire appeared on their faces, and without a single bit of hesitation, they flew up together and left the island, charging towards Eastern Wastelands with all the members of their tribes.

At the same time, there were also numerous long arcs flying out from a large amount of places among the islands around South

Morning. All of these long arcs were the Fated Kin that had been separated from their people.

Among them were those who had remained silent for many years, those who were somber and stayed unnoticeable to others, and there were also those who had become outstanding people who stood above all others among their factions of power.

However, all of them gave up everything without any hesitation and charged towards Eastern Wastelands to follow the direction where their burning blood and that faint connection existing within them was leading to, all so that they could search for... their Respected Senior Mo.

"I can no longer serve you. Please excuse me!"

On a small island, a strong and able-bodied man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards the middle-aged man before him. There was resolve on his face, and without any attachment within him towards the place, he turned around and rushed towards the sky. He even tore off the silver armor he wore on his body.

And he left the people behind him, along with their silent gazes.

Booming sounds were continuously echoing from a small island, along with low growls.

"Nan Gong Hen [2], our master has treated you well over the years! You know that! Why are you betraying him?!"

"Our master has been kind to me, and I have been serving him with my life over the years... but Respected Senior Mo is calling me. I have to leave." As those booming sounds roared in the air, a middle-aged man turned into a long arc and charged into the sky.

There was another small island where a young man stood silently at the top of the mountain. Right behind him was a woman, and she was biting the bottom of her lips as she stared at the young man blankly.

"Must you go?" she asked softly after a long while.

"When I was young, he was the one who brought me and my entire race out of that place. At that time, I looked at his back and swore that I will be as strong as he was in my life... Now, I've grown up and have my own family, my own life... but I am a Fated Kin!" The young man closed his eyes, then opened them swiftly after a moment and took a step into the air...

He left the woman behind him, who looked as if she had lost all her strength as she watched him silently.

"Wait for me. I will return eventually!"

A similar scene appeared on a large number of islands, among the vast amount of scattered forces of power around South Morning. No matter what forms of power or what people, they were unable to stop the Fated Kin from responding to their Respected Senior Mo's call and leaving in search of him.

Translator's Notes:

1. Xue Sha: Mentioned previously as one of the five Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands who have obtained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.

2. Nan Gong Hen: Befriended Su Ming on the way to Shaman City, then became the leader of the Shamans (which later became Fated Kin) when they were left stranded in the World of Nine Yin. He was also the one who asked Su Ming to become their god.

Chapter 663: Arrived at Berserker Soul Realm!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Hello~ Sorry to break your flow of reading like this. So someone mentioned that Berserkers' Legend is missing, and it has been uploaded. If you want to read the Berserkers' Legend, please go back to chapter 661, and then you can come back here :3

The entire land of Berserkers was trembling. Northern Province and the Alliance of the Western Region were too far away. Even if their people felt their blood boil, they could not come to this place, but the feeling of their blood boiling for those in South Morning and Eastern Wastelands had caused the sky above these continents to be filled with endless long arcs.

Nonetheless, there were also quite a few people who forced down the calling that came from their blood burning and did not choose to answer the summons. They were perhaps people who did not believe in the legend, or perhaps they believed only in themselves, and some perhaps did not want to give up on everything.

Su Ming did not know any of these.

At that moment, he was lying on the grass. Above him were an innumerable amount of brilliant rainbows, the illusion of Dark Mountain, which was his Berserker Mark, and the ninth summit, which resided in his heart. These two mountains had swiftly overlapped with each other due to Su Ming's will.

At the instant they did so, the world rumbled. The tens of thousands of Immortals around immediately sensed a powerful wave of impact swiftly spreading outwards from Su Ming, forcing them backwards.

Even the golden-robed Di Tian in the sky also took a few steps backwards with a dark face.

Su Ming's Berserker Mark had manifested in the form of an illusion and fused together. Then, with the power of Bone Sacrifice in great completion driving his Berserker Mark together, his mark would gain physical form and gather together into a soul!

This soul would be able to connect with the world and absorb its power, going through an evolution similar to a metamorphosis. After that, due to the merging of one's soul, will, and blood, the person would be able to create his or her own statue of the God of Berserkers.

Once the statue appeared, then it would begin forming itself in the person's image, resulting in the statue's face becoming exactly as that of its owner. Then it would fuse into the body, and the Berserker will have successfully reached the Berserker Soul Realm.

It might look simple, but if there was even the slightest mistake during the entire process, the person would fail.

Su Ming had failed in reaching the Berserker Soul Realm previously at the very first step. He had tried to fuse all his power of a Berserker into his soul, but his soul had been incomplete. Yet now, once the purplish black stone fused into his body, Su Ming had a strong feeling that his soul had become complete.

"Dark Mountain is my soul... and ninth summit is my spirit," Su Ming whispered softly. At the instant these words left his mouth, Dark Mountain and ninth summit started showing signs of fusing together as they overlapped in the sky.

More rainbows appeared above. The distortions behind them twisted even more violently, as if there was something trembling inside them excitedly, trying to break through and descend into the world.

Right at that moment, Su Ming could once again feel the seal in his memories showing signs of breaking, just like it had done when he tried to reach Berserker Soul Realm the first time.

"Berserker Soul Realm... Today, I will reach... Berserker Soul Realm!" Su Ming lifted his head and let out a low roar. He rose up slowly from the ground. He was shivering, but there was a burning flame of determination in his eyes.

He glared at the golden-robed Di Tian, and the killing intent in his eyes was so strong that even the clone felt shocked when he saw it. This was not any ordinary killing intent, neither was it any normal desire for blood burning in his gaze. It was a true murderous aura, and it shocked the golden-robed Di Tian because of the purple-robed clone's death just moments ago.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and swung it against the sky.

"Destiny is my sky!"

Once Su Ming swung his arm, an infant's illusion appeared beyond the overlapping ninth summit and Dark Mountain. The illusion was changing rapidly into that of a young man with purple hair. As the infant and mountains transformed, they turned into a strange sight that almost made all those watching suffocate.

More rainbows appeared!

The distortions in the sky were so great that they looked as if they were about to make the entire sky collapse!

The tens of thousands of cultivators around the area were still in a rather good shape, but the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An's expressions immediately changed drastically at the moment they saw the purple-haired young man's face. There were even expressions of terror and shock that could not be hidden on their faces.

"Damn it! He has actually managed to bring out a magical illusion!" As Ji An's expression changed, he moved swiftly backwards, as if the illusion of the purple-haired young man was an undefinable terror to him.

Di Tian's face turned pale and he staggered, but after a moment, he started laughing maniacally.

"Destiny's... magical illusion... so what if it is him?!"

"My soul is in the world..." Su Ming closed his eyes and whispered softly. Once these words tumbled out of his mouth, the world immediately started roaring, and Dark Mountain, ninth summit, as well as Destiny's illusion instantly overlapped.

As the three fused together, Su Ming started trembling, but a brilliant light shone through the fatigue in his eyes.

"Since all of you are afraid of the illusion with purple hair... then I will make my statue around this image and turn it into this appearance..."

"Destiny will be the image, Dark Mountain will be the soul, and ninth summit will be the spirit. Fuse!" With a low growl, the purple-haired young man immediately closed his eyes in the sky, becoming the center of the three illusions.

The ninth summit was on his right, and Dark Mountain was on his left. As they overlapped, a deafening rumble rang into the air, and the three illusions fused completely together!

A bang rang out in Su Ming's mind. The seal in his head was swiftly breaking at that moment, but it did not shatter completely. It was as if there was a wave of power coming from another dimension to prevent it from fully falling apart.

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. At the instant his soul became perfect and the three fused together, an illusion of a purple-haired young man appeared before the crowd's eyes.

This young man had his eyes closed. His long hair danced in the air as he stayed still, but there was an endless amount of power from the world rushing madly from all directions toward him. Due to it, this soul swiftly transformed and rapidly went through the

process of gaining physical form.

As the soul absorbed the power of the world as if it was devouring it, a great amount of pressure swiftly descended on the place as the sky behind the endless amount of rainbows distorted.

Once it came down, the tens of thousands of Immortals immediately started shivering. Some of the ones who had injuries on their bodies coughed up blood and were forced to kneel down as they shivered. They felt as if they did not kneel, then their bodies would crumble.

Once the first Immortal knelt down, the others immediately followed suit, and a large number of them knelt down. Even the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An in the sky could feel that wave of pressure, and their expressions changed.

"He's just trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm! How could such pressure and such a shocking change in the world appear?!"

"Even if he gathered the Berserkers' kismet on himself, such pressure wouldn't appear when he's just trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm. Only if he was trying to reach the next realm after the Berserker Soul Realm would it be possible."

The golden-robed Di Tian's heart trembled. He whipped his head to look at Su Ming, and as he stared at him, his pupils suddenly shrank.

Ji An, who had moved back a little and also had his gaze gathered on Su Ming, found his breathing gradually quickening. He instinctively tightened his grip around the fan. He, too, had discovered some clues.

"Solidify, statue of the God of Berserkers!" At that moment, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and let out a roar towards his soul in the sky. As he roared, the soul's eyes flew open.

At the instant it did so, the purple-haired figure turned his head around and looked towards the golden-robed Di Tian.

Di Tian's pupils shrank and he instinctively took a few steps backwards. He might have hidden away his inner thoughts, but his retreat exposed his terror to the world.

Half of the rainbows in the sky collapsed when Su Ming roared, turning into spots of crystalline light that charged towards his soul. In the span of a breath, they fused into the purple-haired soul, and at that instant, Su Ming's soul shattered with a bang.

This collapse was not failure, but a sign that he had... solidified his statue of the God of Berserkers!

As the purple-haired soul crumbled, the glistening crystalline light came towards it and fused together with it to form a statue in midair.

This was Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers. However, right at the instant the crowd in the area saw the statue appear, an uproar rose up that could not be suppressed and reverberated in the air.

That noise came from the tens of thousands of people on the ground. Even the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An were stunned when they saw it, but right after that brief moment of surprise, their expressions changed once again, and this time, shock was the dominant expression on their faces.

Because... Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers was incomplete. It only had one hand!

It was a right hand.

The whole limb was shining with crystalline light, just like a piece of jade. Those brilliant rays of light surrounded it, making it seem as if it had gathered the magnificent colors of the world. That right hand was floating in midair at that moment, and it was exuding a powerful presence that belonged to those in the Berserker Soul Realm.

As for Su Ming, the power he had lost appeared with a bang right

at that moment, and as it rushed madly into his body, banging sounds rang out within him. He floated up, and his hair began moving without any wind. The arm that belonged to his statue of the God of Berserkers charged towards his right hand at that moment and fused into him in the span of a breath.

Right then, the true presence of those in the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from Su Ming's body with a bang!

At that moment, he had finally broken through the Bone Sacrifice Realm and stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm. He might only in its initial stage, but the difference between Berserker Soul Realm and Bone Sacrifice Realm was like heaven and earth—they were completely different.

The power of the world fused into Su Ming's body in a mad rush, causing the fatigue in Su Ming's eyes to disappear, and it was replaced by an endless amount of brilliant light. Due to that light, it seemed as if there were stars in his eyes, and no one could look straight into them for a time.

The rainbows shone, and the distortions in the sky spread out once again. This time, they did not just cover Eastern Wastelands alone but most of the land of Berserkers. Loud booming sounds came from above those distortions, and the pressure descending from there became even stronger.

"His statue only has one arm. This is... Does... Does this mean that this person still hasn't completed his path to reach Berserker Soul Realm?!"

"The anomaly in the sky is still around, and not only has it not disappeared, it's growing stronger!"

"Just what is going on..?"

In the midst of those uproars, suddenly, a loud bang that signaled the sky shattering came from the distortions in the sky. It was so loud that everyone's hearts started roaring.

The thing that descended was an incomparably huge right hand, and the sound came from the shock it had created as it stretched down from the shattered sky!

Su Ming moved and came to stand on the gigantic palm that had stretched down from the sky. As he stood up above, he lowered his head and looked down towards Di Tian.

"Di Tian, we can continue fighting now."

Once Su Ming said that, the pressure that prevented Di Tian from getting closer instantly vanished.

Chapter 664: The Power of Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming could be said to be the center of all attention at that moment. The arm that had stretched out from the distortions in the sky was thousands of feet long. The great presence it exuded created an oppressive feeling in everyone's hearts while at the same time bringing shock.

Su Ming stood on the palm of that arm. His long hair floated with the wind and his eyes were like stars. Rainbows filled the area behind him, and the pure presence of the Berserker Soul Realm was spreading out from his body.

At that moment, he had a strangely enchanting air about him, one that was dazzling to the eyes.

His aloofness fused with the strange, enchanting presence around him as if it was trying to draw a picture scroll that was to be handed down the ages. If any artist could draw this scene, then it would surely be a picture that would shock the entire world.

However, there were no palm lines on the hand...

The tens of thousands of Immortals were staring at Su Ming with complicated feelings as well as shock on their faces. They could not hide it. Su Ming's existence, his identity as a Berserker, the powerful ripples of power, and the anomaly in the world had all formed a picture of a Berserker who was rising to the top.

"Su Ming..." The golden-robed Di Tian stared at Su Ming before he slowly spoke. This was the first time he said Su Ming's name right before the crowd in the battlefield.

At the instant the golden-robed Di Tian said that name, it was bound to be spread through the land of Immortals and Eastern Wastelands no matter the outcome of the battle.

This name would end up being remembered by all, and it would

never be wiped away from their memories.

It was especially so since there was an air of mystery to Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers. It was enough for everyone's hearts to start shaking endlessly while they filled with shock, because even though he had brought up such a great and vast presence, he had only managed to form an arm.

If the anomaly in the sky had disappeared, it could have been explained that Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers only had a right arm, but the anomaly was still around. The rainbows had not disappeared but had instead increased. This... could only mean one thing.

Su Ming's path to enter Berserker Soul Realm still had yet to end!

His path to reach Berserker Soul Realm... had just begun!

Su Ming stood on his statue's right arm, looking down on the world, and issued a challenge towards Di Tian for the first time, from such a height. At that moment, the key to the battle seemed to no longer be about the ownership towards Eastern Wastelands Tower... but about Su Ming's rise and Di Tian's fall!

Perhaps a powerful warrior had to step on another's corpse to rise, only then would he be able to strike a blow towards the hearts of all those who saw him. This blow would be like a brand, and it would be etched deeply within them!

The tens of thousands of people on the scene found their breathing quickening. There was no excitement in their eyes, neither was there any agitation. There were only complicated feelings born from seeing a powerful warrior from another race. Aside from that, there was also silent respect.

Almost at the same time Su Ming broke through the great completion stage in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and stepped into the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, besides making all the people's heart tremble in shock, he had also stirred up an even

more intense change within the burning blood flowing through all the Berserkers' veins.

If the kindling of the Berserkers' blood just moments ago was to be compared to boiling, then as Su Ming's power reached Berserker Soul Realm, then the term 'boiling' could no longer be used to describe the current state the Berserkers' blood was in. This was an eruption, and it made them feel as if all the blood in their bodies was no longer in their control. It was as if it wanted to leave their bodies and roar, for it was set on fire.

In a spot in the sky far away from where Su Ming was, near ten thousand people with the old man in the lead from All Entities Clan could not help but let out shocking roars. The excitement contained within those roars was difficult to describe with words, but these excited cries had been absent for a long, long time from the land of Berserkers.

The old man who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm from All Entities Clan was trembling at that moment. As he moved forward, he suddenly started laughing loudly. There was an ancient quality to his laughter, along with excitement that came straight from the depths of his soul.

Those peals of laughter were accompanied by tears and elation. He knew that he had not chosen wrong. He also knew that there was no mistake in the Berserkers' legend.

He knew that the signs of the fourth God of Berserkers' birth had truly appeared. These signs were erupting madly within him, and before long, they would completely reveal themselves.

"The Berserkers' future is right before us, in the direction where our blood is burning! All Berserkers will remember this day! This will be the day one when we Berserkers reached our most glorious moment in all of history!

"The time... for the Immortals to be completely chased out of our land is not far away now!

"My fellow tribe members, bring out your fastest speed, reveal your brightest presences! We will... slice through the sky and pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!" As the old man spoke, all the disciples from All Entities Clan behind him let out similar roars in their excitement.

"We will slice through the sky and pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!"

These roars shook the sky and earth, causing the sky to look as if it was swaying. The originally desolate ground also started showing signs of green, as if grass had grown on the land just to sway its body and show its excitement.

There were also ten thousand long arcs charging through the sky from another direction in Eastern Wastelands. These people might also be Berserkers, but most of them were thin, almost to the point of being emaciated. However, the fire burning in their eyes was not a single bit weaker than in those from All Entities Clan. They did not say a single word, but the excitement and the eruption within their blood was enough to make all those on the ground who saw them in the sky to feel their hearts trembling.

This group of people were like a pack of crazed wolves, but they were not out to hunt for prey. They were instead going to pay respects to their king!

The person in the lead was a thin old man whose eyes were bloodshot. The fire and eruptions in his blood had stimulated his cultivation base so much that it had grown once again, and it made him feel that he had absolutely not made the wrong choice.

"Hurry! Hurry up! Surging Clouds Tribe will be the first to appear before the fourth God of Berserkers. We will make the first Berserkers the fourth God of Berserkers sees to be the children of Surging Clouds Tribe!"

The ten thousand people let out low roars at the same time, and their voices were enough to shake even the galaxy, causing the

ground to tremble, and their speed... to be even faster!

Besides them, there were also an endless amount of scattered groups of figures charging through the sky above Eastern Wastelands. These people were all charging towards the distance based on the direction their burning blood led them.

They could clearly feel the burst in their blood just now. That eruption that occurred as their blood was on fire not only made their power increase slightly, but also made the call within their hearts grow stronger, up to a point where it was enough to make them go insane.

The question of the Berserkers' hope, future, and whether their world still belonged to them was answered right at that moment!

The Fated Kin had also found an endless amount of potential erupting within them, causing them to charge forward without care for anything towards their Respected Senior Mo.

The entire Eastern Wastelands were shaking because of them. The members from an endless amount of small tribes had also risen into the air to fly madly towards the place where they were summoned by their blood in the midst of their confusion as their blood was set on fire.

The urge the Berserkers hidden within the mountain range had managed to suppress after much difficulty stirred up once again, and this time, it was much more intense than before, but after some time, they managed to calm it down once again. However, thousands of people in the prime of their youth, filled with determination and agitation, swiftly flew out of the mountain ranges. They were the small handful of people in the tribe who had chosen to take this path. They were different from the older generation. They did not want to hide, and did not want to live in the shadows of the Immortals. They... wanted to fight for their future.

This is why they chose to fly out on their own and charge

towards where Su Ming was according to the direction where their blood led them.

Their tribe did not stop them, only watching them silently.

When the people within the tribe where Chi Lei Tian was found their blood erupting once again, Chi Lei Tian gritted his teeth and swung his arm. About ten thousand people from his tribe flew up altogether, and in the midst of their excitement, they charged into the air.

"It doesn't matter whether I live or die because of this! What harm would it do to me if I, Chi Lei Tian, believed in the legend this once?! My fellow sect members, come with me to see our God of Berserkers!"

The world rumbled, but Berserker Fang Tribe still did not have much change. They continued to remain hidden in the forest, but on the empty spot within the depths of the forest, there were no longer eight people kneeling behind the old man in beast skins—there were nearly thirty of them. They were kneeling silently on the ground with obstinate looks on their faces as they clearly showed their thoughts.

As an endless amount of long arcs charged through the sky in Eastern Wastelands to reach the place where Su Ming was, the golden-robed Di Tian suddenly started laughing loudly. As he laughed, his expression was no longer sullen, but slowly changed to that of calmness as he took a step towards Su Ming.

"You... are a person who is about to die. What right do you have to speak that way to me?"

The Curse's black smoke was surrounding the golden-robed Di Tian's body. But when a golden light shone on him, a dignified expression appeared on his face, and he took a step forward, an explosive presence erupted from within him. Once the golden light surrounded his entire body, that presence became stronger.

The superiority of the three Sovereigns and five Emperors suddenly started radiating off him, one that was familiar to all the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground.

"That right... comes from me killing one of your clones many years ago outside the Shamans' sacred mountain in South Morning. And just moments ago, I destroyed another one of your clones here," Su Ming said, his words calm.

When Di Tian moved towards him, he, too, took a step forward. There might still be a thousand feet between them, but once they took those steps forward at the same time, an indescribable wave of impact erupted from their bodies at the same time. Those waves crashed into each other with a bang, fighting to suppress the other.

From the distance, this scene looked like an illusion. Right before everyone's eyes, as Di Tian was surrounded by a golden light and it looked like half of the world had been dyed in gold, the illusion of a golden dragon with five claws manifested. It roared at Su Ming, then flew out with the golden light.

As for Su Ming, when he swung his arm, black smoke that had surged into the sky immediately spread out from the right arm of his statue of the God of Berserkers under his feet. That black smoke was like the Curse. As it spread in all directions, the statue's right hand swiftly moved upwards once Su Ming left its palm and furled its fingers into a fist. With a savage air, it hurled itself towards the golden dragon.

Both fist and dragon crashed into each other in an instant. A loud bang that surged into the sky rang out and reverberated in all directions. During that instant, Su Ming took another step forward.

"If I could destroy two of your clones..." Su Ming's voice rang in the air. At the same time he said these words, the step he took caused the air to roar, and Di Tian could feel the power of the world from all around the area charging towards him once Su

Ming's foot landed. It was as if Su Ming already had complete control over the world.

This was the strength of Berserker Soul Realm - the ability to control the power of the world.

Chapter 665: Activate!

"I could have the entire world cursing your clones until they all died..." Su Ming said and immediately took another step forward. The world rumbled. The golden light on Di Tian's body also changed swiftly, as if it had sensed the pressure from all the area and the endless power of the world surging towards it.

Once Su Ming took two more steps, his Qi rose once again, and at that moment, his body seemed to have grown much bigger in everyone's eyes. This was just a figment of their imagination, but this illusion remained incredibly clear in all their hearts.

"I have the Berserkers' kismet on me!" Su Ming took another step forward, and with a roar, his Qi grew to the point it could shake the universe.

The golden-robed Di Tian let out a cold harrumph. He had a strong hunch that he absolutely could not let Su Ming's Qi continue growing, or else, he would attract even more power from the world to gather in this place.

Just as he was about to take action, Su Ming also took another step forward.

"I have the power to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

"I have the anomaly's might still in the sky... Di Tian, how could you not die?! What right do you have to fight against me?!"

The final question was practically yelled out with an interrogative tone. Once those words left Su Ming's mouth, they stirred up an endless string of echoes that made it seem as if the sky, the earth, and the entire world of Berserkers were roaring at that instant, demanding to know the reason why Di Tian should not die!

Those roars shook the sky and reverberated in the air, turning the faces of Immortals pale and pushing them back. Ji An's face

turned dark then, but he still remained slightly hesitant.

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank. Almost at the instant Su Ming said those words, he took a step forward and lifted his right hand to point swiftly towards Su Ming.

"Since you used your Berserker Soul to gather the power of the world, then I will first take away the spirit of your Berserker Soul!" As Di Tian spoke, he pointed at Su Ming.

At that instant, booming sounds immediately rang out from the air before him. An illusion wearing a crown manifested at that spot, and as golden light shone on him, he charged towards Su Ming. There was a destructive power that could rip apart the world contained within that golden light, and as it shone, the entire world looked as if it had lost all other colors except gold.

"There was once only black and white in my existing eyes. Black was your soul, and white was your spirit." As Di Tian spoke, black and white immediately colored Su Ming's body as he was enveloped by the golden light, just like what Di Tian had said. Black was his soul, and white was his spirit.

"Gold is the light which I use to purify the world. With this light, I will purify your black soul and wipe away your white spirit. I will take away both your soul and spirit from your body!" Di Tian's left hand instantly formed ninety-nine seals, and once he was done, he pushed his left hand on his right.

At that moment, the black and white shades on Su Ming's body began distorting, showing faint signs of turning into gold, or perhaps more accurately, they were showing signs of being replaced by gold.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming slowly lifted his left hand under that golden light, and without bothering about the black and white shades that appeared on his body, he lifted the first finger on his left hand.

"Wind," he said languidly. At the instant this word was voiced, a strange runic symbol immediately started flashing on the left index finger, and in a moment, it had already flashed nine consecutive times.

A gigantic runic symbol appeared around Su Ming's body, looking as if it overlapped with him. That runic symbol also shone nine times in succession.

After that, there was a loud moaning sound, which was the sound of the wind as it charged forward. A violent gust appeared out of nowhere around Su Ming. It started spinning with loud booming sounds, turning into a whirlwind that connected the sky and earth.

In an instant, there was no longer just one whirlwind, but nine of them. They surrounded Su Ming before sweeping swiftly outwards. They were also a part of the power in the world, and once Su Ming reached Berserker Soul Realm, his soul could connect with the world so that he could use it. As long as Su Ming's body could withstand it, then he could endlessly gather up the boundless energy in the world.

The body of a normal powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm would definitely be unable to compare to Su Ming's, even if they had already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Su Ming's body was unprecedented for all those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and had never once appeared over the tens of thousands of years in the Berserkers' history. His body was the powerful existence that only appeared after all his bones, flesh, and blood had been turned into those of a true Berserker.

Once a body like this reached Berserker Soul Realm, what would be born would be a terrifying existence that could not be conceived with any form of imagination. Su Ming... was that existence.

Since he was just in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, his speed as he gathered the power of the world was still not very quick. However, it still managed to make the wind runic symbol he

had come to understand from Hidden Dragon Sect to erupt forth with incredible power.

Almost at the instant it appeared, the eyes of those from Hidden Dragon Sect went wide open as they stood on the ground with the other Immortals. They stared above in disbelief, because they had just seen the wind runic symbol that belonged to their sect.

Yet before they could register its appearance in this place, Su Ming's aloof voice once again caused all the Immortals in Hidden Dragon Sect to tremble.

"Rain," he said flatly. At the instant he said this word, Hidden Dragon Sect's rain runic symbol shone on his left middle finger. This symbol swiftly grew in size and overlapped with the wind runic symbol before they fused together in front of Su Ming.

All of this caused the sky to roar. A violent storm swiftly formed and descended on the land. The rain poured down violently and stirred up an abnormal sight that caused all those who saw to be in shock.

Rain, whirlwind, and the world roared to fight against the golden light, as if they wanted to tear apart that golden light around them.

Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan started breathing rapidly. No matter how powerful Su Ming had been, once he recognized his identity, he had not been too surprised. His heart might have been trembling, but he maintained calm. However... when the wind and rain runic symbols appeared, his expression changed drastically. This was Hidden Dragon Sect's Art, but even among those within Hidden Dragon Sect, there were only a handful of them who could master these two runic symbols.

Then, right at that moment, a scene that made Jingnan's eyes go wide as his heart filled with so much shock that he almost cried out in surprise swiftly took shape.

"Thunder!"

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a low roar. Before his voice disappeared, it turned into a roaring thunder that reverberated throughout the world, causing the rain and whirlwinds to look as if they were aided by the might of heaven itself as they swiftly swept outwards.

"This is impossible... He... He actually mastered the wind, rain, and thunder runic symbols? This... This is..." Jingnan swiftly looked towards Chenchong.

Chenchong's face had already turned pale at that moment. He was looking at Su Ming blankly in the sky as his body overlapped with the three ancient runic symbols. Misery appeared on his face. He had mastered the previous two runic symbols, and it was precisely because of this that he had become Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy. However, he had only managed to master half of the third runic symbol, which was the thunder one. He still could not fuse with it completely and achieve mastery over it.

Yet now, that thunder runic symbol had appeared distinctly on Su Ming's hand, and it was causing thunder to roar louder in the universe with each passing moment.

"Lightning!"

Su Ming's final word completely shattered the thought of him being lucky in the depths of Jingnan's heart. It also utterly destroyed Chenchong's pride. A broken smile appeared on his lips. Prodigy? Head disciple of his sect? Compared to Su Ming, he was nothing...

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air. After a loud bang, a bolt of lightning tore through the sky, making it seem as if it had ripped apart space. It did this with a loud bang, and as the light from the lightning, the madness from the storm, the howls from the whirlwind, and the roars from the thunder overlapped together beside Su Ming, similarly to those four runic symbols, the golden light that had covered the entire world was immediately torn

apart. Once it was shredded into pieces, it completely dissipated.

Di Tian's body shuddered, but he still forced his body to not move back even after his Art turned on him after it was destroyed. As for Su Ming, once the wind, rain, thunder, and lightning runic symbols overlapped and destroyed that golden light, his face turned slightly pale, but there was clarity in his eyes.

"Since you can't snatch my soul away, then it's my turn to attack."

While speaking, Su Ming took a step forward and lifted his left hand swiftly, swinging it at Di Tian. Immediately, the four overlapping runic symbols charged forward with loud booming sounds.

Di Tian was instantly surrounded by pouring rain, shredding whirlwinds, roaring thunder, and destructive lightning.

At the same time, when Su Ming took that one step forward, he appeared right above Di Tian and lowered his head. As he did so, he lifted his right hand and pushed down swiftly.

With it, as thunder roared in the world. The right hand from Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared and stretched out all five of its fingers wide to press down on Di Tian.

In the process of that palm charging towards Di Tian, the Immortals in the area immediately saw Dark Mountain and ninth summit's illusions appear around the statue's right hand. Right in-between the two mountains was that murderous purple-haired young man. These three things were everything that formed the right hand of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers.

The mountains were falling on Di Tian, and the Berserker Soul was pressing in. All of these things were the strongest power Su Ming could muster in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. The power of the world, which he had gathered from the area, caused the world to lose its color and the universe to change. It

made Di Tian's face turn incredibly solemn during that instant, and his pupils also shrank once more.

"Soar to the White Sky!" A low growl swiftly tumbled out of Di Tian's lips as he was surrounded by the whirlwind, rain, lightning, and thunder and the mountains that were Su Ming's Berserker Soul came crashing onto him.

Once he spoke, the entire world immediately fell silent.

The world turned black, and white flames appeared around Di Tian. At the instant that happened, a power that could destroy the world spread out, and those flames caused most of those who saw them to feel their hearts and minds instantly turning blank.

"I will offer up the power of this clone, and even at the price of this body being destroyed, I will execute the true form of Soar to the White Sky. Su Ming... I'd like to see how you manage to not die!" The golden-robed Di Tian looked as if he had gone mad when he activated that Art while white flames spread out from his body.

During that instant, Su Ming closed his eyes with a calm face. His Berserker Soul spread out, and his will fused together with the world.

"Middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... Activate!"

Chapter 666: The Middle Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The world roared. The rainbows filled even more of the sky, causing the seven colors to be even more abundant, up to the point they were endless. The distortions in the sky started showing even more signs of tearing, as if that one sentence from Su Ming had caused the universe to tremble.

With the power in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, Su Ming could not win against the golden-robed Di Tian, but his path towards the Berserker Soul Realm had just started. If he could not win against Di Tian in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, then he would rush to the middle stage.

Almost at the instant the changes in the sky became even more intense, a great wave of power immediately spread out and swept outwards from Su Ming's body. In the blink of an eye it looked as if it had filled up the entire world, causing everything in it to look as if they had slowed to the point of becoming still.

The white sun from that golden-robed Di Tian rose into the sky, continuing to grow bigger. It was covered by a great mass of power, and while it did not stop, it still slowed down. That vast mass of power was the power of the world. It was also the law of the world of Berserkers that looked as if it was using all of the world's kismet and everything else to suppress this place.

Su Ming was in midair, and he still had yet to open his eyes. He was not intentionally increasing his level of cultivation. Instead, when he had broken through Bone Sacrifice Realm and reached the initial stage in the Berserker Soul Realm earlier, he had a feeling, and that was... when his statue of the God of Berserkers was eventually completed, he would arrive at a state which he had never reached before.

This feeling was incredibly strong. When he was fighting against

Di Tian, he had even felt... that he could become stronger.

"My statue is still incomplete... It only has one right arm, it still lacks..." Su Ming mumbled, and his eyes flew open. Immediately, the light of burning flames appeared in his eyes. That light was crimson red, and it was the blood moon!

The burning blood moon was reminiscent to the burning of blood, resulting in Su Ming looking even more bizarre in midair. He lifted his left hand and formed half a circle above his head. His right hand rose up at the same time and touched his left hand to form a complete circle.

There was red light shining within the circle, and for all those who could see it, it was as if Su Ming's arms had turned into a blood-red full moon. Moonlight shone in all directions, causing the entire land to turn instantly red.

"The moon during my youth... appeared red like blood due to fire..." Su Ming's voice reverberated in the world, and despite him moving his arms away from each other, the blood moon he had formed did not disappear. Instead, it looked as if it had gained physical form and charged into the sky. Once it flew up, it absorbed all the endless power from the world, making it all surge madly towards it.

At this moment, the blood moon looked like a real moon, and its existence above Su Ming exuded a presence that caused the hearts of all those who saw it to tremble in shock.

When Ji An saw this in the distance, there was no longer any hesitation on his face. Instead, his expression turned into that of dead silence. He looked at the blood moon quietly, then at Su Ming, and finally at the golden-robed Di Tian who was suppressed by the power of the entire world of Berserkers. Even if Di Tian had executed that extremely powerful Soar to the White Sky, he was still suppressed by the power of the world.

All the people in the world had become outsiders. Only Su Ming

remained as a matchless existence in the place, becoming the sole focus of everyone's eyes in the area.

The appearance of the blood moon had caused loud rumbling sounds to come from the distorting and shredding sky. Those sounds were each louder than the last, eventually reaching a volume that was deafening to the ears, making it sound as if the entire world was howling.

"There was once a person who said something to me as we stood in the midst of snow... She said, 'If we continue walking in this snow, can we walk until our hair turns white..?'

"Many years later, I still remember that scene, which seemed so real, but at the same time was like an illusion. But it doesn't matter whether it is real or fake, the snow on that day... has now turned into white hair in my memories," Su Ming mumbled softly. Grief tinted with nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The images of two people moving through the snow gradually appeared before his vision, and as they continued walking, their figures were slowly concealed by the snow before his eyes.

It caused everything that Su Ming saw to turn into endless snow that covered the sky, the earth, and all of his memories, causing him to be unable to find the two figures. All he could remember was the snow and the locks of hair that had seemed to turn white.

A sigh came from Su Ming's grieving heart, turning into waves of ripples as it echoed. At some point in time, his hair gradually turned white, and that shade of white was due to snow.

Snowflakes quietly appeared in the distorting sky and floated down to the ground. They fell on Su Ming's body and his hair, making it look... as if his hair had truly turned white.

The snow slowly floated down without any wind. It covered the entire area around Su Ming and concealed the gazes of the tens of thousands of Immortals. Slowly, the snow... fell even harder in the vast world.

The blood moon was in the sky, and snow was falling down to the ground. As that scene took form and fused together with Su Ming as he stood in the snow, it turned into an incredibly beautiful picture. However, there was a forlorn incompleteness within this beauty.

A depressing sensation rose within the hearts of all those who saw this, causing the entire area to fall silent. Only the people's focused gazes remained unchanged.

"The blood moon is my soul, and the memories in the snow are my spirit...

"The blood moon represents my persistence during my youth. The nostalgia toward the snow is my reluctance to part with my past... Today, Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny have become the first soul of my Berserker Soul and turned into the right arm for my statue of the God of Berserkers.

"Now I will use the blood moon and my memories in the snow to form... the left arm for my statue!"

Su Ming lifted his head. At the instant he looked towards the sky, the roars from the distortions turned more shocking, as if there was some shocking changes that were unfolding madly within the cracks.

The blood moon and snow fused swiftly above Su Ming during that instant, and as they did so, the power of the world merged into one with a bang.

The snow and blood moon were about to fuse perfectly together. The roars from the distorting sky became even stronger, as if the left arm of Su Ming's statue was about to appear, just as he had said.

A glint suddenly appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"The right arm of my statue contains Dark Mountain and ninth summit, allowing it to obtain the power of mountains, which can

cause the world to crumble... It also possesses Destiny's power, allowing it to turn back time... This reversal of time is the skill contained within the right arm of my statue, and the mountains are the spells contained within it as well. This is what is known as Art!

"It is the same for my statue's left arm... The blood moon and floating snow allows my statue's left arm to contain bloodlust and the power to shred. This is its ability, but now, it lacks... spirit.

"I will fuse my Origin Vessel, the Origin Lightning, into the blood moon and floating snow, turning them into... the divine ability for my statue's left arm!"

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and lightning sparks swiftly appeared within his body. This lightning was not formed by the wind, rain, thunder, and lightning runic symbols but born straight from his body.

When he finished speaking, a nine-holed cauldron-shaped item surrounded by lightning flew out swiftly from his mouth and charged into the sky. As it closed in on the blood moon and floating snow, an infinite amount of lightning erupted explosively.

As those bolts of lightning roared, all nine holes within the cauldron were filled in an instant, turning into piercing light that resulted in no one being able to see, but a deep wave of shock still burst forth from their minds.

'Divine Will's Lightning!' Ji An's eyes went wide, and he stared fixedly at the nine-holed cauldron. His breathing instantly quickened.

At the same time, some of the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground immediately recognized this lightning's name, and an uproar rose among them in the midst of their shock.

"This is Divine Will's Lightning!"

"It is said that this is the third type of Lightning Heavenly

Judgment. It barely exists in the world, and there are few who can control it!

"This Su Ming... not only is he powerful, he can also control Divine Will's Lightning. No wonder he could draw Hidden Dragon Sect's lightning runic symbol."

Blinding bolts of lightning erupted from Su Ming's Origin Vessel in the sky, and during that instant, it fused with the blood moon and the floating snow. Once that happened, an arm that was surrounded by an endless amount of lightning sparks and filled with a bloodthirsty, destructive air swiftly appeared before everyone's eyes.

At the instant it came to be, it was as if some established law had been changed within the world of Berserkers. An endless amount of lightning bolts gathered toward this place from all directions: the whole Eastern Wastelands, all the other continents, and the entire world of Berserkers.

Those bolts of lightning replaced the entire sky, causing it to turn into a gigantic pool of lightning, and right in the center of it was the statue's left arm, which had been formed once all the elements fused together!

The left arm controlled the lightning in the world, and an illusory blood moon also appeared among them. That moon was the real moon in the world of Berserkers, but during that instant it... shattered.

It was as if the moon did not dare show its face before the left arm of Su Ming's statue. When it shattered and gradually dissipated, above the Eastern Wastelands, South Morning, Alliance of the Western Region, Northern Province, and the endless Dead Sea...

It started snowing!

Snow floated down in the wind and covered the entire sky and

earth in the world of Berserkers, causing the it to instantly turn into a world of snow.

What other anomaly in the world could be more shocking than the sight of the entire world of Berserkers snowing because of Su Ming? What other anomaly in the world could be more unbelievable than the sight of the Berserkers' sky being covered by lightning..?

The world roared. At the instant the left arm of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared and charged towards him to fuse with his left arm, the Immortals saw the distorting sky among the snow and lightning collapsing with a bang. A gigantic statue's left arm stretched out from the sky with a presence that could make all the people's hearts crumble, bringing with it lightning, bloodlust, and a chill that could tear apart everything!

Su Ming's divine ability was contained in this left arm, and his Art was in the right arm. These two gigantic statues' arms came into contact with each other in the sky and each formed a seal.

Su Ming stood on the two fingers that were lifted up on the statue's left hand once it finished forming the seal. His long hair floated in the air, and his face alternated between being brilliantly illuminated and sinking into darkness as the bolts of lightning flashed around him. By that time, the brilliant light and calmness within his eyes had turned into...

A picture of eternal peerlessness.

Chapter 667: The God of Berserkers' Oath in His Song!

When the statue's left arm appeared, all of Su Ming's power burst out from his body with a bang. This explosion was out of his control, and it continued like water gushing out of a well, causing loud booming sounds to travel out of his body while also making his cultivation base instantly reach the peak of the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. At that moment, the explosions within his cultivation base paused for a moment.

However, even if it did stop, it only stopped for an instant before a loud bang rang into the air, and the explosions broke through the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, causing Su Ming to lift his head and let out a long roar. As he cried out... he became a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Those who had reached this stage could gather even more power from the world at a faster rate. In fact, they could also touch upon the laws of the world slightly, allowing them to use the laws within the world of Berserkers.

If it had been any other Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, then perhaps they would not be unmatched, but it was completely different for Su Ming. To him, being in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was already enough to bring out the full potential of his powerful physical body and the different powers contained within the left and right arms of his statue of the God of Berserkers.

As Su Ming's cultivation base erupted, the seal placed within his mind broke down even more. By the looks of it, it was about to crumble at any moment. However, there was still a hint of power whose origins were unknown coming forth to increase the strength of that seal, trying to prevent Su Ming from breaking the

seal on his memories fully.

When Su Ming was still in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he had already sensed this, but he could see only brief signs of this external force within him. However, when he reached the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and the seal broke even more, he swiftly engaged this external force in an invisible fight.

Su Ming could also vaguely feel that this external force did not come from the land of Berserkers, but from somewhere above, beyond the sky... from the galaxy that belonged to the Immortals.

In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that if his power could increase a little further, then he could find the source of this external force using it as his lead, and he would see just who was sealing his memories!

Even if Su Ming already had an answer, he still wanted to see... Di Tian's real self, who would surely be residing within the world of Immortals, since he could only send his clones to the land of Berserkers.

It was also during that instant that Ji An finally made his decision. He temporarily gave up on the fight over the ownership for Eastern Wastelands Tower... because he had to stop Su Ming. Even if this meant that he was helping Di Tian, Ji An would still do it, because he was, in the end, also an Immortal.

It was impossible for him to just watch Su Ming continue becoming stronger. This sort of result was something he could not accept.

'All of this is Di Tian's doing. I might not know his plans, but clearly, they failed. Instead he made Destiny... become this way...' Ji An's expression turned dark. He did not immediately attack, but instead chose to keep his gaze on Su Ming and wait for his chance.

'And this statue... This isn't a statue of the God of Berserkers anymore. I've been researching the Berserkers for many years, and

I've never heard of any Berserker having this sort of statue appear when they reach Berserker Soul Realm!

'Usually, once they reach Berserker Soul Realm, the complete form of their statues would manifest in one go, but this Su Ming... still didn't manifest his full statue of the God of Berserkers despite merging his soul twice. He could only manage to make two arms appear.

'If we just let him continue like this, then once this unprecedented statue of the God of Berserkers manifested completely... just how strong would it be..?

'Based on Evil Sect's investigations, nothing this strange had occurred when the third God of Berserkers inherited the first God of Berserkers' will either, and it was the same for the second God of Berserkers. We don't know whether this happened for the first God of Berserkers, but...'

Ji An's pupils suddenly shrank and his heart instantly started racing in his chest. He lifted his head swiftly and stared fixedly at the arms that belonged to Su Ming's statue. His face instantly turned pale.

'Sovereign Chi made a prediction in the past. The first God of Berserkers' inheritance would end once he passed it to the third, and there would no longer be a fourth God of Berserkers who would inherit the first God of Berserkers' will... There is no possibility of error for this...

'Yet if there's someone who won't inherit the first God of Berserkers' will but manages to craft a path that is similar to the first's with his own strength and becomes a new God of Berserkers... then this will not be within Sovereign Chi's predictions!

'He gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet on himself and his Berserker Soul brought out an anomaly in the world. Snow started falling on the entire land of Berserkers and lightning replaced the

sky... All of these... All of these things... are telling openly that this Su Ming... is about to become the fourth God of Berserkers!'

Ji An's pupils shrank even more, and his expression also started changing rapidly.

In the end, the killing intent within his heart increased several thousand times. The Immortals could absolutely not allow any God of Berserkers to appear among the Berserkers once again!

It was especially so when it was one who would not inherit the first's will but would be like the first and become the God of Berserkers on his own... and who had even obtained the entire world of Berserkers' kismet on himself while bringing forth such a change in the world.

However, at the instant Ji An made this decision in his heart, Su Ming, as he stood on his statue of the God of Berserkers' left hand while his Qi continued rising to reach the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, lowered his head and looked towards Di Tian. He then lifted his right hand and swung it outwards, and, immediately, the world roared.

All appearances of things having slowed down vanished at that instant, and the pressure in the world also dissipated. Everything returned to normal, and Su Ming took a step forward.

It was also at that moment that the golden-robed Di Tian let out a roar that reverberated in the air. The true Soar to the White Sky that he had activated by offering up his body had turned into a white sun, and with a loud bang, it charged towards Su Ming.

The white sun contained an indescribably vast power and a presence that could wipe away everything within the world. Hong Luo had been unable to match up to this Art in the past, and Su Ming had also been injured gravely because of this Art several years ago. In the end, he was brought away by someone while he was at death's door.

However, it did not mean that there was no way to break this Art. Su Ming still remembered that by using the power from the God of Berserkers, not only had he managed to break this Art the first time he had fought against Di Tian, but he had also destroyed one of Di Tian's clones.

He had managed to do it in the past. Even though he had relied on the power of the God of Berserkers to do so, with his current abilities, he might be able to do this again even without the assistance.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. An eye-catching glare appeared in his eyes and he lifted his right hand to swing it against the incoming white sun. Immediately, the right arm of his statue rose up, and as it formed a seal, it charged towards the white sun.

The right arm contained the ninth summit and Dark Mountain, and had been formed after these two mountains overlapped, resulting in that right arm having the power to destroy the sky and earth. With a vast amount of pressure spreading out from within it, it charged forward, and since it also contained Destiny's Art to reverse time, it caused the space where it passed to look as if it was withering away. As wrinkles appeared in space, inch by inch, it looked as if it had been struck by more than just one fist. Instead, it looked as if there had been another fist that had struck space a breath ago, and another one two breaths ago.

Even if the Immortals tried to track down the start of this tunnel of time, none of them would be able to know just how many punches were contained within this reversal of time. They would only be able to see an endless amount of afterimages, which made it look as if there were worlds being born and destroyed around it.

It was as if everything had happened within an instant...

When the fist closed in on the sun, the world lost its color. The right arm looked as if it had controlled the reversal of time to get closer to the white sun with a bang.

Su Ming lifted his left hand at the same time and pointed towards the white sun. With it, the left hand of his statue swayed before immediately turning crimson red, the color of the blood moon. An endless amount of snow also appeared around it, and a power that thirsted for blood as well as aimed to tear apart everything erupted.

Nine Divine Will's Lightnings appeared on the statue's left arm. With a roar, they surrounded the entire area, as if having spread out through space and shattered the universe. With that indescribable presence, the left arm charged towards the white sun with its earth shaking divine ability.

The statue's arms contained Su Ming's will, along with his Art and spirit. As these two gathered together, they turned into... a realm that even Su Ming did not know about.

That was...

"Dao! This is Dao! He actually mastered Dao!" Ji An sucked in a sharp breath. He should not be doing this with his status, but at that moment, he could not help but let out a cry of surprise.

Once he voiced those words, the tens of thousands of Immortals in the area found their jaws falling slack out of shock as their minds filled with absent-mindedness and confusion. The powerful warriors who were in Ascendance, like Shen Dong, had even widened their eyes as they looked at Su Ming.

That was indeed Dao. It was the personal Dao that was rare even among the Immortals!

"Dao..." Tian Lan Meng's knees went weak as she stood among the crowd. She bit her bottom lip as she stared silently at Su Ming in the sky. Her heart was empty, and her face was rife with anguish.

She could still remember vaguely that there had been a faint possibility of a future between her and Su Ming in the past, but as

time passed by and she took that particular action in the World of Nine Yin, that possibility had been cut off.

Over the years, she had originally thought that she would forget about the past, but at the moment she saw Su Ming on the battlefield, tears still flowed down her eyes.

"He doesn't suit you." These words were spoken with a sigh from beside Tian Lan Meng. They belonged to her older sister, Tian Lan You.

A shocking roar covered the sisters' words. The two arms from Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers crashed into the white sun at that moment, causing a loud bang to erupt into the air, one that made most of the tens of thousands of Immortals cough up blood.

Numerous Immortals endured the intense pain in their bodies with gritted teeth and looked towards Su Ming so that they could see his Dao, as well as the end of the battle.

They saw Su Ming closing his eyes in midair in the midst of that loud sound, and with his lifted right hand, he looked like an artist sinking into a trance before he drew the first stroke of his painting.

That one stroke was for Berserker Obliteration.

Su Ming had executed this Art many times in his life, but he had never used it under such circumstances, when he had been acknowledged by the land of Berserkers, had the world's kismet on his body, and with the status of the fourth God of Berserkers... This was the first time he executed the God of Berserkers' song with Berserker Obliteration like this!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened...

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die...

"If the heavens don't have eyes, then I will step on it and watch

myself seal the heavens!

"The world's kismet is upon me, and I will surely kill Di Tian with my own hands.

"If the deities don't have souls, then I swear I will slaughter the deities and become the Emperor!

"My Berserkers' Soul has formed, and I will dye the Immortals' sky red with millions of their lives throughout my life!"

This Berserker Obliteration was sung by Su Ming placing his whole life within it, and with this will... why should he not destroy all the Immortals?!

Chapter 668: Ji An Attacks!

That one stroke was the song for Berserker Obliteration, but even as it was sung, it could never capture all the emotions contained in the Berserkers' tears...

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he looked as if he was holding onto a brush in his right hand. It was still lifted in midair, and he drew one stroke... right across the white sun and the golden-robed Di Tian, even as the two arms from his statue of the God of Berserkers was charging over.

This one stroke looked as if it had gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet and contained the laws within the world, as well as Su Ming's oath to turn it into... a glorious scene as magnificent as the world being created.

It was like someone had lifted an old dusk-colored curtain to reveal the prideful sun rising into the sky behind it. It represented the world being turned back in time, and also represented the possibility of the Berserkers... rising in hope and glory once more.

At the same time Su Ming drew this stroke, a loud, deafening bang rang into the air. This came from the arms of the statue. With the time contained in the right and lightning in the left—these two arms collided with the white sun with a bang, causing a shocking bang to erupt into the sky.

Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration seemed to have changed the law within the world of Berserkers during that instant.

If the world of Berserkers had a spirit, then the change in that law would mean that the spirit would remember Su Ming's, as the God of Berserkers', oath, especially the last line...

"I will dye the Immortals' sky red with millions of their lives throughout my life!"

It was precisely this God of Berserkers' oath that caused the

golden-robed Di Tian's white sun to start crumbling swiftly from the middle at the instant Su Ming drew that stroke across it. The sun eventually exploded completely, turning into a wave of impact that swept through the area in the sky.

Wherever it went, the space would crack, and it would also cause the earth to collapse. The Immortals on the ground looked at this scene in the sky in shock, and a chill slowly crept up their spines.

If this destruction had started on the ground, then perhaps none of them would be standing anymore.

As that white sun that contained the golden-robed Di Tian's life shattered, his body showed up. He staggered backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood. The crown on his head crumbled into pieces and disappeared.

His Emperor's robe was also torn apart before it exploded. The golden-robed Di Tian fell back once again, looking incredibly pathetic with his pale face. His gaze was unfocused and had lost its previous brilliant shine, but the grudge in his eyes was now much stronger than before.

At that moment, his grudge fused together with his broken smile. He looked at Su Ming, and he knew that from this moment onwards, perhaps Su Ming was truly completely out of his control.

But... it did not mean that he no longer had a chance!

Compared to Di Tian's current pathetic state, Su Ming remained as calm as ever, even though his face was slightly pale. However, the seven colors of the rainbow were shining on his body. That light seemed to be spreading out from his body and reflecting off the sky while fusing with the ground.

At that instant, a feeling that they did not know whether what was happening was their figment of imagination filled up all the hearts of those who were watching Su Ming.

And that was... Su Ming had... fused together perfectly with the

world due to an opportunity.

He was the sky, the earth, and the whole world of Berserkers—this perfect fusion caused all the people to feel as if they were facing the world when they looked at Su Ming.

It was impossible to describe this feeling with words, but it was incredibly strong within each and every single person's hearts, yet none of them were able to give it words.

"Fusion with the world..."

Ji An sucked in a breath and mumbled to himself. He could tell with just one glance that Su Ming's power had already surpassed the First Step and was in the process of moving through the Second Step. He was going through the fusion with the world, and once he completed it, his power would increase by leaps and bounds.

'He might have gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet on himself, but it was just that. He had only gathered it, but had not fused with it... What happened previously was that the kismet used the child's body as a carrier to explode, and now... he had fused with it. This fusion means that it is no longer something as simple as the kismet gathering on him and using him as a carrier. He has taken control of it!

'If this person falls, the Berserkers will fall. If this person rises to glory, the Berserkers will also rise to glory...

'This is the sign of the God of Berserkers. As I expected, he's really the fourth God of Berserkers. The world of Berserkers' kismet only reacted this way because it has acknowledged his oath as the God of Berserkers!'

Ji An stared at Su Ming, and a deep wave of killing intent rose in his heart.

'He was acknowledged by the world of Berserkers. Destiny... Just as expected of Destiny!'

At the instant killing intent ran rampant in Ji An's heart, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He lowered his head and looked towards Di Tian, swiftly taking a step forward.

"The world's kismet is upon me, and I will surely kill Di Tian with my own hands!" This was his oath as the God of Berserkers, and it meant that he had to fulfill this oath.

At that moment, the golden-robed Di Tian was in an incredibly weakened state. The burning of his life had dealt a heavy blow to him, and the shattering of his Art had caused him to suffer a huge backlash. He... was no longer Su Ming's opponent.

Di Tian did not choose to dodge when Su Ming charged towards him. A strange light started shining in his eyes, and at the instant he looked as if he had made some sort of decision, Ji An, who had been watching from afar and had not chosen to truly attack since the start, lifted his foot swiftly and stomped the air before him.

With it, the world roared, and a powerful wave spread out swiftly, like the gusts of violent wind, from around Ji An.

"That's enough!"

Ji An let out a cold harrumph. As he lifted his right hand, he opened the fan in his hand swiftly, and a layer of black fog moved with a bang from within it to turn into nine black dragons, which then charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming had long since expected Ji An's attack. He might be from Evil Sect, but he was, in the end, an Immortal. Due to his position, there was no way he would just stand by and watch Di Tian's clones die one after another.

Almost at the instant Ji An activated his divine ability, ripples showed up around Su Ming. As they shone, they turned black, surrounding him layer by layer and preventing him from moving forward. Soon after, Ji An took a step forward and appeared right before Su Ming.

With a wave of his arm, a force that surpassed the golden-robed Di Tian's power charged towards Su Ming with a bang. From several directions behind him, the nine black dragons roared and closed in on him as well.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. Right from the moment he stepped out and fought against Di Tian, he had already known that this battle would be exceedingly difficult. Not only would he have to fight against Di Tian's clones, if he caused too much commotion, this Ji An would also attack.

In fact... even though the sky was distorting and crumbling, the two gigantic vortexes were still there, not having dissipated. They had only become slightly duller, as if they had been hidden away.

However, they were still around, and this meant that during the final moments of this battle, new Immortals would descend to this world... and Di Tian's real self would definitely not just sit back and watch his clones die. His real self might not be able to come to this place personally, but he would definitely think of something and send stronger people to this place.

Su Ming could not stop any of this. There was only one path that lay before his eyes, and that was... to fight!

He would fight till the world turned dark. He would fight till the sun and moon no longer shone. He would fight till a sea of blood surged into the sky. He would fight... until he killed millions upon millions of Immortals!

Besides, Su Ming knew that his statue of the God of Berserkers only had two arms at the moment, and there was a powerful urge within his body telling him... that he could become stronger!

However, even though this feeling of becoming stronger was incredibly great, it was still not enough for an outburst. It was as if his blood had not reached its boiling point just yet. If he wanted to make himself stronger, bring out more of his statute, then he would need a full outburst.

Then, in the midst of all these explosions, of understanding his own power, and all the battles and dangers, he would latch onto his own potential so that this feeling of becoming stronger would become reality.

Su Ming had not completely understood all of these things previously, but once he lost against the golden-robed Di Tian during their first exchange of blows, once he was overcome by madness due to his hate and made his decision to kill Di Tian, he clearly sensed that he could reach the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. That was why... he reached the middle stage of that realm.

Right then, what he needed was to sense the signs that told him he could reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Among these endless battles, he could... make himself become a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. He could even attain great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and even... Life Cultivation!

"All those that block my path have the same sin as Di Tian!"

Su Ming's blood was burning in his body. As his voice traveled outwards, he swiftly lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground.

The powerful Enchanted Treasures that had been activated between Evil Sect and all the Immortal sects on the ground no longer moved, since both sides were no longer fighting. But they were not taken back either.

At that moment, the blood kirin within Evil Sect standing among the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground had become Su Ming's target.

The blood kirin had spread out and covered the Evil Lust Sect disciples as if it was protecting them. Yet now, as Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, that creature started trembling, and it even lifted its head to let out a shrill roar.

The next scene after shocked the Evil Sect disciples to the heart—the blood kirin only let out one more roar before flying up against its will.

This creature might be Evil Lust Sect's treasure and was formed by the blood of the Evil Lust Sect disciples, but since it appeared in the land of Berserkers, then there was even more aura of death compared to blood in its body.

That aura of death was naturally born in the land of Berserkers. It was one of its kismet and laws. At that moment... if Su Ming wanted to use this kirin, then this beast could naturally not go against him.

Almost in an instant, the blood kirin flew into midair, but before it could get any closer, Su Ming formed a seal with his hand and pointed at it. The blood kirin let out a shrill scream of pain and its body crumbled with a bang. As it did so, a large amount of aura of death spilled out.

It was also at this moment that the nine black dragons behind Su Ming closed in on him. Ji An also appeared right before him, but Su Ming's expression remained calm. During the instant the blood kirin crumbled, he lifted his left hand and formed a seal.

The blood kirin's collapse caused a large amount of aura of death to spread out, and during that instant, that aura of death formed a gigantic seal in midair. It was... the Verdant Abyssal Seal.

"Shatter," Su Ming said softly.

The Verdant Abyssal Seal swiftly exploded, causing the sky to tremble. In the midst of the distortions, an endless amount of aura of death spilled out and descended from the sky above Su Ming to charge towards him. Then, with Su Ming acting as its center, it swept outwards.

Su Ming stood in the middle of it all with his hair flying and his robes dancing. His eyes were turning red with killing intent.

Whoever blocked his path... he would kill!

Chapter 669: Devour the Sky!

The instant the Verdant Abyssal Seal formed by the blood kirin crumbled, it turned into a huge wave of impact that instantly crashed into the waves that limited Su Ming's movements. A loud bang came from the crash, and Su Ming's body was freed. At the same moment, the aura of death from the sky descended and enveloped the nine black dragons behind Su Ming.

Yet Ji An only paused for a moment before he faced that aura of death headon and charged towards Su Ming. He lifted his left hand and and struck him through the air.

It looked like a simple strike, but once he delivered it, dozens of illusions that belonged to dozens of strange, ferocious beasts manifested before Ji An. They appeared within an instant, then disappeared within the next, and his palm had already closed in.

At the instant his left hand crashed into Su Ming's right fist through the air, an even louder bang shook the sky and earth as it reverberated in the air. Blood trickled out of Su Ming's lips and he fell back almost a thousand feet. As for Ji An, his body swayed a little, but he did not retreat. However, the color of his face did change several times in succession.

Clearly, Su Ming's punch and the impact from the aura of death had also had quite the impact on him.

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth. A great fighting spirit shone in his eyes, and his blood was boiling. He could feel it. The greater the pressure from Ji An brought with it the signs of him being able to break through the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Stage becoming greater.

"If you want to fight, then we fight!"

Su Ming swiftly rose into the sky, and with a swing of his arm, his statue of the God of Berserkers' arms appeared once again

beside him. They then charged towards Ji An once more.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. As a thought appeared in his head, an illusion manifested behind him. That illusion was his Nascent Divinity. It appeared with an incredibly dense presence, and at the same time it exuded waves of pressure from its body, it brought out a loud commotion among the Immortals underneath the instant they saw Su Ming's Nascent Divinity.

Even Ji An was momentarily taken aback by the sight.

Nascent Divinities were something unique to high level Immortals. It was impossible for these things to exist in Berserkers.

"Nascent Divinity... That is... That is a Nascent Divinity!"

"That person is a Berserker, but he managed to create a Nascent Divinity!"

"Could he be practicing both the ways of the Berserkers and the Immortals' cultivation? This is... Someone researched this many years ago, but in the end, they discovered that both systems couldn't exist at the same time in one body. Yet he... He actually managed to do it!"

Amid those loud voices, the arms of Su Ming's statue charged towards Ji An. The power contained within them was something that even Ji An did not dare underestimate. At that moment, he did not have any time to think about anything else. He swung the fan in his hand, and black fog immediately rose around him, turning into black armor on his body.

Su Ming closed his eyes once his Nascent Divinity appeared. He then lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Once he transformed it nine times, he executed Hong Luo's Nine Transfigurations and implemented it within the divine ability he was about to cast, then pointed towards his right leg. Right after, he lifted his head and took a step forward.

At the instant his foot landed, the entire world looked as if it was shaking, and right before everyone's eyes, a huge foot manifested in the sky above Ji An.

This was the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

Su Ming took seven steps in succession. Once the first foot appeared in the sky, six others followed, each of whom had the presence stronger than that of the one that came before it. Once these seven feet fused together and turned into one, it came crashing down.

The world roared, and Ji An's pupils shrank. He let out a low growl, and the black armor on his body spread out. At the same time, an illusion immediately manifested behind him, looking extremely bizarre. The creature had two horns on its head, but was in the shape of a human, yet not. It looked like a monster from beyond the world, and it was ten thousand feet tall.

That illusion lifted its head and let out a piercing roar, then charged towards Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps.

Even in the midst of those roars, Su Ming still had his eyes closed and did look toward the results of the battle. Instead, he continued stimulating his own mind, causing the signs of him being able to breakthrough the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to become stronger.

After executing Nine Transfigurations, Su Ming lifted his left hand. He did not form a seal, but instead chose to lock his left hand with his right. He then formed ten different signs. The area around him turned indistinct, and that indistinct state would grow stronger with each sign he made. When Su Ming formed the ninth one, the indistinct, hazy area turned into an illusion, and his body could no longer be seen clearly.

This was the Art Hong Luo had obtained by chance numerous years ago, but due to the nobility of his bloodline and his confidence towards the royal blood's divine abilities, he had

regarded it with scorn and never bothered to practice it... the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, One Voice Art!

This Art could take the form of everything in the world, as long as there was a connection between the caster and the thing they wanted to create. Like Su Ming at that moment. Once he executed the nine transformations from the ten, he found that he could not form the final one, that was why he chose to give up on continuing. Instead, he fused his mind with his snake.

During that instant, right when the Immortals below calmed down, the indistinct area around Su Ming's body increased exponentially: to a hundred, a thousand, five thousand, and up to ten thousand feet!

Due to the indistinct area no one was able to see Su Ming anymore, but the appearance of such a scene in the world was still enough to cause all those who saw it to feel their hearts trembling in shock. At the same time, they also felt their hearts racing against their will, as if they were being controlled.

In fact, all the tens of thousands of people's hearts were forced to beat at the same high rate. Because of that, the pressure that was formed was enough to make all those people feel overwhelmingly shocked.

Badump, badump...

The sounds of the heartbeats caused all those who heard them to feel as if they were listening to their own heartbeats. However, if they listened carefully, they would find, with pale, ashen faces, that those heartbeats came from the indistinct illusion in the sky.

It was as if there was a heart within that illusion, and everyone's hearts had to follow its heartbeat. If they did not obey, then their hearts would explode because they did not harmonize with the world.

Even Ji An was shocked by it. At the instant the arms of Su

Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers locked with each other, he cast a sideways glance towards it. The moment he looked over, a shocking roar came from that indistinct illusion.

That roars did not seem like it belonged to a person but a ferocious beast that could destroy the world.

All the people's hearts started beating even faster.

As more roars reverberated through the air, the indistinct illusion swiftly broke and turned into an endless amount of crystalline lights that tumbled backwards. During that instant, a gigantic beast of ten thousand feet swiftly shot out!

The beast's appearance stirred up a commotion that surpassed all the previous ones. It also immediately caused the tens of thousands of Immortals instinctively retreat, causing the land to be in a state of chaos.

In the midst of that chaos, Ji An's pupils shrank. Disbelief could be seen entering his eyes.

"Candle Dragon!"

"That's a Candle Dragon!"

"Just how did Su Ming manage to do it?! How could he obtain a Candle Dragon as his pet?!"

"That's not a pet! That's Su Ming himself! He transformed into a Candle Dragon! Could it be that he's actually a Candle Dragon that transformed into a human?!"

In the midst of those voices, Su Ming's face appeared right above the head of that Candle Dragon in the sky. He had his eyes closed and was not moving. The giant snake's body moved in the sky, and when the Candle Dragon lifted its head, it let out a roar. That voice was filled with a power that could capture souls, and it made all the people who heard it feel their hearts and minds entering a daze. In an instant, illusions rose within their minds, and they could not control themselves.

At the same time, the Candle Dragon charged towards Ji An. At the instant it closed in, it opened its eyes, and once the dragon did so, Su Ming, too, opened his eyes. The power to capture souls that was a countless amount of times stronger than before erupted forth. This was the Candle Dragon's true power for soul catching.

At that instant, the world lost its color because of that power, and everything looked as if it had turned into emptiness. The Candle Dragon's eyes were the only source of dark light remaining in the world.

Even someone as powerful as Ji An could not help but enter a daze. This absent-mindedness might have only lasted for several breaths, but when his mind became clear, the arms of the statue of the God of Berserkers were already very close to him. But this was not the main point. What mattered was that the Candle Dragon's body was no longer before him, but was behind him, and it was charging straight towards the dazed and incredibly pathetic looking golden-robed Di Tian.

Ji An's pupils shrank. Without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and struck his body. He could not let anymore of Di Tian's clones die. At the very least, they could not die in Su Ming's hands.

With his power, he had long since been able to see that something was off about Su Ming. There was an incredibly powerful determination within him, and that determination was focused on killing Di Tian. With each clone he killed, that determination would be stimulated, allowing Su Ming to absorb more power from the world and causing his cultivation base to increase explosively because of it.

Ji An knew clearly that if the golden-robed Di Tian was killed by Su Ming, then Su Ming might immediately have the thought to reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. In fact, there was even a possibility that he would arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm with just one step.

At that moment, when Ji An struck his body with his right hand, his body immediately started distorting, as if he was about to split up. Overlapping shadows immediately manifested behind him, as if they were about to form another clone.

However, right at the instant this clone was about to appear, Su Ming, who had turned into the Candle Dragon, turned his head around and let out a loud roar at Ji An.

This roar was the Candle Dragon's roar, and it was also Su Ming's... God of Berserkers' roar!

That roar also contained Su Ming's understanding towards the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, One Voice. That One Voice was like an order that caused the world to lose its color.

The booming roar caused Ji An's body to freeze, and at the same time, an eyeball also flew out from Su Ming's body. That eyeball swelled up in midair, and within it was a sealing power that belonged to... Hidden Execution of Justice!

The roar, seal, soul capture, arms from the statue of the God of Berserkers, and the God of Berserkers' steps had all been executed by Su Ming for one reason alone - to trap Ji An!

At that moment, he succeeded.

At the instant Ji An was trapped, the Candle Dragon that was Su Ming brought with him madness, killing intent, and hatred when it opened its mouth wide in the direction of the dazed Di Tian. Then, he sucked in a deep breath.

The world became dark, and Di Tian died.

Chapter 670: The Person in the Coffin!

At that instant, the world lost all light, and darkness replaced everything. When light reappeared and darkness gradually disappeared, the tens of thousands of cultivators who had retreated far away saw that there was no longer any Candle Dragon in the world, and neither was... the golden-robed Di Tian anywhere to be found.

The only thing remaining in midair was Su Ming, who looked exhausted, but whose eyes were shining with a brilliant light.

The Ten Transformations Art might be powerful, and Su Ming might be able to last in that form even longer... but the small snake could not withstand the chance after it had fused with Su Ming's will.

That was why once he devoured Di Tian, Su Ming gave up on remaining in the form he had gained after casting the Ten Transformations Art. He stood in midair, and at the instant the area around him sank into dead silence, he lifted his head and let out a roar that had been suppressed for a countless amount of years.

All those years ago, Di Tian's first clone, whose existence had been like the might of heaven itself, had died!

The powerful purple-robed clone who had pushed Su Ming to death's door on the Dead Sea had been destroyed!

The strongest among the three clones, the golden-robed Di Tian, had burned his own life to bring forth the Soar to the White Sky that was greater than that of the previous two clones... and he was still devoured!

The mountains that had pressed down on Su Ming's body over the years crumbled at that moment, and a feeling of freedom instantly rose within his heart. But he knew that the ordeal had yet

to end. Di Tian had four clones. There was one more remaining.

His roars sounded like he was venting. All his depression and hate towards Di Tian erupted forth. At that moment, his roars reverberated in all directions, and when they fell into the Immortals' ears in the area, their hearts trembled.

Ji An's expression was incredibly dark. He had watched Su Ming devour the golden-robed Di Tian right in front of his face, but he had been unable to do anything to stop him. Right then, Su Ming's Qi was also rising endlessly right before his eyes, and as it did, even more powerful waves of power erupted from his body.

Su Ming could sense it. The signs telling him that he could breakthrough the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm had become incredibly strong. He could clearly feel the existence of the cracks in his power signaling his breakthrough, and he could sense the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm lying right behind a single thought.

He lowered his head, and his gaze fell on the ground... right on the erect coffin that was void of the presence of any cultivators around it.

Almost at the moment Su Ming looked towards the coffin, a muffled boom immediately traveled out from within it, as if there was a fist striking the lid from inside, causing some cracks to appear on it.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

This sound continued ringing, and the cracks on the lid increased with each passing moment. At the same time, a wave of power that surpassed the golden-robed Di Tian's and could even compare with Ji An's magical body gradually spread out from that coffin.

'Judging by Di Tian's expression and his words previously, he originally only had three clones, and the fourth one was created in the land of Berserkers...'

A complicated look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He remembered the location where the coffin was and recalled... the near hundred Shaman warrior souls that belonged to his eldest senior brother appearing from Sky Mist Dao.

He could... also sense a hint of familiarity from the presence spreading out from the person in the coffin.

That hint of familiarity caused Su Ming's heart to tremble, and it made the excitement he felt when he had killed Di Tian's clones... instantly vanish.

'Is it you..?'

Su Ming closed his eyes. The shivers in his heart turned into sadness and the most extreme form of pain. There was no way he could forget this familiar feeling. This familiarity... came from the ninth summit...

As if he had noticed the fluctuations in Su Ming's emotions, Ji An no longer fought against the Hidden Execution of Justice. Instead, he narrowed his eyes, and once he cast a glance at Su Ming, his gaze fell swiftly on the coffin on the ground. A dark light appeared in his eyes.

He knew clearly that Di Tian had only sent three clones to this place. That was why this fourth clone had to be quite interesting.

'Controlling him through worlds using your will... Di Tian, oh Di Tian, you have really spent a lot of effort so that you could control Destiny... If this clone dies as well, then even you might have to suffer a grievous injury...

'By Destiny's expression... He might know this clone personally... Interesting. Very interesting!' A faint smile appeared at the corners of Ji An's lips, and it grew wider with each passing moment.

An increasing amount of cultivators in the area saw Su Ming's abnormal expression at that moment. The silence and grief about him could not be hidden away. There was also an increasing

amount of people who saw the complicated look in Su Ming's eyes as he looked at the coffin.

"The person in the coffin is..."

"It belongs to Great Leaf Immortal Sect... Could it be related to Lord Di Tian?!"

Low-voiced discussions slowly spread out in the silent world. Su Ming's abnormal behavior had caused most of the people to gather their gazes on the coffin.

Bang. Bang. Bang...

The muffled thuds from the coffin continued without stop. The cracks on its lid spread out even more. With each bang, a large amount of shards would spill everywhere. The cracks spread out, and as they intersected with each other, a fist shot through the coffin's lid with a bang and appeared right before everyone's eyes.

They could tell that this was a man's fist.

Once it shot through the coffin, it slowly retreated back. When the banging sounds appeared once again, the coffin started shaking viciously. This time, two fists shot through the lid.

The sorrow on Su Ming's face grew even stronger. He stared at the fists in the coffin with a blank expression, and the sense of familiarity grew even stronger within him, so much so that it made his heart hurt even more.

A muffled bang instantly shot out at that moment. With it, the coffin's lid shattered, and a large amount of fog spilled out from inside. A powerful wave of power swiftly spread out into all directions.

As it did so, a murderous aura shot up into the sky and surged through the universe. With the coffin as its center, a gigantic vortex swept through the area.

A tall person gradually walked out from within the vortex. His

body was hidden within the fog and his face could not be seen clearly, but the instant Su Ming saw his silhouette, even though he had already formed a guess in his heart, he still felt as if a mountain had crashed on his body. He staggered a few steps back, and his eyes turned bloodshot. His face filled with grief, and he looked as if he was about to descend into madness.

At that moment, his hatred towards Di Tian became even stronger than before, so much so that it already surpassed the level where he could not bear to be under the same sky as Di Tian.

He stared at the person gradually walking out of the fog, his figure slowly becoming clearer, and he... cried.

Su Ming rarely cried. In fact, it could even be said that besides weeping silently in the unfamiliar South Morning after he left Dark Mountain, he had never cried.

Because his elder had once told him that boys could bleed but could not cry. These were words his elder had told him kindly when he was still very young.

And he always remembered them.

Yet on this day, when he saw this person, Su Ming cried. However, those tears were only in his heart. They did not fall on his face, so no one could see him crying.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming stared at the clear figure, and everything in his world disappeared. The only thing that remained was the tall, big figure standing on the ground and lifting his head to look at him.

He was half-naked, revealing his powerful torso to the world. There was an incredibly complicated runic symbol on his body, covering most of his exposed skin.

The color of his skin was purple.

There were a large amount of scars on his body. They might have

already closed up, but there were many of those that ran through his entire body, and Su Ming could tell that even if they had closed up, they had just been inflicted on him recently. They did not seem to have been left on him a long time ago.

At the instant Su Ming saw the scars, he seemed to have seen his eldest senior brother searching for his Master and his junior brothers, again and again, in Eastern Wastelands. He saw the madness and desperation within him as he searched for his family from the ninth summit.

His eldest senior brother stood on the sand with bare feet. His back was straight. He was not bending his back in the slightest, making it seem as if it represented his will.

He no longer had any hair. He was bald, and there were nine steel needles in his skull...

His face was no longer as it was in Su Ming's memories. There was now an ancient air to his face, along with a cross-shaped scar. That scar went through the center of the eldest senior brother's brows and his ears.

Su Ming could clearly tell that this was not a scar he sustained in battle. This was inflicted on him by someone carving it on him bit by bit. Then, so that it would not recover, that person had used some unknown method to make purple smoke fill that scar, which in return fused together with the runic symbol on the eldest senior brother's body.

It caused Su Ming's eldest senior brother to no longer be the gentle person from his memories.

There was a large hook attached to his right arm, because his right hand was already gone. That hook was now his hand.

His left arm was still there, but there were popped veins on it, and they were squirming about, as if there was some foreign objects in his body.

Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother. Then, in the midst of his grief and sadness, he let out a shrill roar that shook the sky and earth. Blood slowly trickled out of his eyes. He could not cry tears, but he could have blood flow out in place of tears!

Su Ming knew that his eldest senior brother was not a very expressive and eloquent person. He was even a little slow. He always showed his concern in an unseen manner and did not ask for anything in return. That was why even though others might not be able to detect it or feel it deeply within them, his concern was always around.

When Su Ming had just arrived to the ninth summit and had cleared his mind for the first time, Zi Che had arrived at that moment. Even though his second senior brother had been the one who attacked, his eldest senior brother's gaze had gathered on Zi Che. He would not allow any outsider to hurt his junior brother. Only when second senior brother attacked did he avert his gaze.

During the battle against Phantom Dais Tribe, the entire ninth summit had traveled out together. Eldest senior brother had been worried and sent one of his Shaman Souls to go with them. He had even given that person the order to protect his junior brothers even if he had to die in the process.

The ninth summit was Su Ming's home, and his eldest senior brother... was his older brother.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming shuddered, and a crazed wave of emotions erupted from his body.

"Fourth, you just came to the mountain. It's a pity that I can't come out of isolation just yet. I can only do so after a few years. How about this? I'll give this to you, use it to protect yourself." That was the first time Su Ming had seen his eldest senior brother with his own eyes. His gentle gaze and kindly words were things that he would never forget.

"Youngest junior brother... Your journey to the land of the Shamans will be perilous. I'll give you a slave of mine... Her name is Fa Zang..." These were his eldest senior brother's words before Su Ming left the ninth summit to the battlefield between the Berserkers and Shamans, and there was no way Su Ming could ever forget the concern in his voice.

Chapter 671: Grief!

"Youngest junior brother, let me tell you this. Our eldest senior brother is in constant isolation. He will only come out on the Day of Eternal Creation, and every single time he comes back, he'll make a huge ruckus. Even if yer dead drunk, you'll still wake up because of him. You'll have to listen to him shouting that he's finally out, and it's a real headache.

"You can treat him like a turtle. He usually sleeps, and when he wakes up he'll let out a loud yawn, then he'll go back to sleep." This was Hu Zi's description of his eldest senior brother.

"Our eldest senior brother is our older brother. He is an older brother who will stand in front of us and shield us from danger..." These were words once uttered softly by Su Ming's second senior brother as he looked at the foot of the mountain.

The scenes that appeared in Su Ming's head caused blood to flow down from his eyes. The color of that blood was crimson red, and it was formed by the maddened roars in his heart, as well as an outburst that was caused by a raging killing intent and extreme pain.

"Eldest senior brother..." Su Ming looked at the man walking out of the vortex on the ground, and his vision seemed to have become indistinct.

Eldest senior brother's eyes were lifeless. Not a single hint of light could be detected within them. His eyes were dull, as if they belonged to a dead person. However, the presence bursting forth from his body at that moment was strong enough that he could fight against Ji An.

This was clearly an attack Di Tian had prepared for Ji An, and it was the killing move that would help him determine the ownership of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Su Ming's gaze met with his eldest senior brother's, but the two of them had changed since that time long ago. Due to the grief on Su Ming's face and the apathetic expression on his eldest senior brother's, the meeting of their eyes brought no joy to either of them, like what had happened when they were a family in the ninth summit and their gazes had met. There was only a feeling of unfamiliarity between them, as if they were strangers meeting in a foreign land.

"Di Tian... As long as I live, I will definitely kill all Immortals, I will make you suffer utmost pain, and if I cannot achieve this, I will sink into the netherworld forever and have my soul disappear!"

Su Ming let out a shocking roar towards the sky as he cried tears of blood. Within that roar was a wave of madness and hatred that made all those who heard it feel their hearts tremble in fear.

At the instant Su Ming roared, his eldest senior brother lifted his right foot from the ground and, with his still apathetic face, took a step forward and appeared instantly in front of Su Ming.

His speed had already surpassed that of warping. At the instant he appeared, Su Ming instinctively lifted his hand, but the familiar presence, the warmth of his eldest senior brother from the past, and the endless scars on his body made Su Ming... unable to attack.

A loud bang shook the sky and reverberated swiftly through the air.

Su Ming coughed up blood and staggered backwards until he was several hundreds of feet away. He had lifted his right hand, but had never attacked. Instead, he chose to guard against his eldest senior brother's punch.

This punch was also so familiar it made Su Ming feel as if his heart was being torn apart. It the presence of... a Shaman.

As a descendant of Nine Li Tribe, his eldest senior brother was

exuding the ripples of power that belonged to a Shaman. As they spread out, a gigantic statue of the God of Shamans appeared. That statue had his arms crossed over his chest, and once it appeared, Su Ming saw that it had the same scars, same tears, and the exact same runic symbols as his eldest senior brother.

This statue of the God of Shamans was also covered in wounds, but not a hint of weakness due to them could be detected from it. Instead, there was a huge wave of overflowing life force. However, Su Ming could sense that the life force was burning.

His eldest senior brother's life was being burned so that this statue could appear.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. In the midst of his grief, he looked at his eldest senior brother and lifted his trembling right hand. He told himself that... his eldest senior brother was no longer around.

Only when he attacked could he chase away Di Tian's will from his eldest senior brother's body and let his eldest senior brother have a slim chance of survival.

However, even Su Ming himself found that he could not believe in these words. At the instant he lifted his right hand, which was trembling, and formed a seal, a gentle voice suddenly echoed in his ears, and that voice... came from his eldest senior brother's lips.

"Youngest junior brother, how long has it been since we last met..?" That voice was rather stiff, but it was incredibly gentle. That was... indeed his eldest senior brother's voice, the one that belonged to him in Su Ming's memories.

The appearance of that voice caused Su Ming's lifted right hand to freeze, and he looked towards his eldest senior brother as more tears of blood flowed down from his eyes while his heart clenched in pain.

That familiar voice made Su Ming feel as if he had returned to

the ninth summit. He knew this was not real. He knew.

But there were certain times when even if someone knew what they saw was fake, they would still choose to look and listen, because that was no longer their bodies taking action. Those were actions taken by their hearts driven by familial love.

Almost at the instant Su Ming looked towards his eldest senior brother, he lifted his head swiftly, and blood-red light shone in his lifeless eyes.

"Nine Li Tribe relic, Forbidden Curse: Blood Swamp..." Veins popped on eldest senior brother's skin at that moment, and his body was swiftly torn to pieces before he turned into a sea of blood that quickly disappeared as it rushed forward.

"He's not Di Tian... He's my eldest senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled. There was still blood trickling out of his mouth, and he was still feeling the sharp pain, which was caused by latest strike just now.

If eldest senior brother had executed Di Tian's divine ability, then Su Ming might have been able to deceive himself by saying that the person before him was not his eldest senior brother but Di Tian's clone... but he had cast a Shaman divine ability, Nine Li Tribe's Art. All of this made Su Ming unable to attack.

He could not attack his eldest senior brother, who was like a brother to him.

Su Ming laughed brokenly, and during that moment, the sea of blood that had disappeared just now swiftly appeared around him.

"Youngest junior brother, why don't you tell me where you've been over the past few years..?"

When that sea of blood appeared, eldest senior brother's apathetic voice echoed in the air once again, and it caused Su Ming to be filled with an indescribable sorrow in the midst of his broken laughter.

He did not choose to dodge as that wave of sorrow filled his body. Instead, he simply allowed his eldest senior brother to surround him. Then, that sea of blood swiftly gathered on him, and in the blink of an eye, it had Su Ming completely covered.

An even more shocking loud bang reverberated in all directions during that instant. Once the sea of blood regained its human form, Su Ming's body was like a kite with a broken string flying in a storm. Blood gushed out from his mouth, as well as other parts of his body. Su Ming's face turned pale. He fell back several thousands of feet before he managed to find his footing, and as he smiled brokenly, he looked towards his eldest senior brother.

His injuries had become worse. However, at this moment, his eldest senior brother's words reached him again.

"Youngest junior brother... with this power, how could you look for Master and your second eldest brother..?" Eldest senior brother took a step forward, and a loud bang exploded before Su Ming.

Su Ming coughed up blood and fell back once more. If his body had not been strong enough, he would have collapsed and died a long time ago, but even so, his body was still hurting badly, and the pain would not stop.

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth. In the midst of his grief, his body was no longer the one in pain; it was his soul hurting. He was about to lift his hand again, but right at the moment he was about to counterattack in his sorrow...

"Do you still remember the time when we worked together and attacked Phantom Dais Tribe..?" His eldest senior brother's voice echoed in the air.

Su Ming's hand shook.

"Do you still remember the Shaman Soul I gave you before you went to the battlefield..?" Those words reached Su Ming's ears, and a shocking boom immediately resounded.

Su Ming fell back again. His whole body was covered in blood, but no matter how much blood he spilled, it could not hide away the pain in his heart, and neither could it cover the thick sorrow that surrounded him.

A layer of silence covered the area. All the Immortals were watching the battle with complicated expressions on their faces. They could see Su Ming's abnormal behavior and could tell that the person who walked out of the coffin had an incredibly unique relationship with him.

Eldest senior brother, this was what Su Ming had called the person in the coffin, and youngest junior brother was what that person had called Su Ming. These titles only served to prove their guesses correct. Tian Lan Meng stared at Su Ming's eldest senior brother in the sky with a dazed look, then at Su Ming. She bit her bottom lip, and an absent-minded expression appeared on her face.

She had only learned of her identity as an Immortal moments before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. This had caused her to sink into a long period of silence, and no one could have possibly understood the confusion and mixed feelings in her heart.

When she gradually began to accept her identity, she found that the Immortals she saw and the things she heard them say were vastly different from those of the Berserkers. The Berserkers might also fight among themselves, but they were much less sinister and had way fewer methods they could deploy against their enemies compared to the Immortals, just like... what was happening right at the moment.

A fight to the death between brothers of the same Master. Perhaps Di Tian had already predicted this. He might have even wanted to see this.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a loud roar towards the sky. He told himself that his eldest senior brother's voice was numb and

apathetic. He told himself once again that as long as he destroyed Di Tian's divine will, his eldest senior brother could return.

Su Ming repeated this thought in his mind again and again, taking a swift step forward as he roared. With it, tears of blood were shed, and as he formed a seal with his right hand, the arms of his statue of the God of Berserkers immediately appeared behind him and charged towards his eldest senior brother with a bang.

This time, his eldest senior brother did not dodge. Strangely enough, he chose to stand in the spot. He did not move, but at the instant the arms of Su Ming's statue closed in on him...

"Youngest junior brother, kill me!

"Youngest junior brother, I'm your eldest senior brother!

"Youngest junior brother, I'm under Di Tian's control. I can only fight against him for a while. Kill me! And in our next life, let us be fellow clan brothers again!"

There was an anxious tone in eldest senior brother's voice, along with a wave of grief, causing Su Ming to forcefully stop his charging statue of the God of Berserkers at that instant.

Yet when he stopped, his eldest senior brother opened his eyes, and the apathetic, lifeless look in his eyes, along with the words he just said made Su Ming understand... that everything he had told himself was false.

"Youngest junior brother, kill me..."

Eldest senior brother may be saying these words, but he also took a step forward and closed in on Su Ming, ramming his head into him. With a bang that rang in the air, Su Ming staggered backwards, and a cross-shaped shadow appeared on his face.

That cross-shaped shadow was the same as the cross-shaped scar on his eldest senior brother's face. Once it appeared on Su Ming's face, it looked as if it had sunk deeply into his flesh, and a burning, rotting sensation swiftly came from it.

However, Su Ming was completely unbothered by this pain. He looked at his eldest senior brother and the apathetic, lifeless look in his eyes, before he closed his eyes. After a brief instant, he reopened them, and the grief in his own eyes had been hidden in the depths of his heart. What appeared at the front were complicated feelings, as well as understanding and anguish towards life.

"Eldest senior brother, I understand now." With pain and grief in his body and soul, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the sky.

"Later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... Activate!"

Su Ming's voice almost turned hoarse from his roars as he vented the endless depression in his heart at that moment.

Chapter 672: The Statue from the Palace

'I wasn't strong enough. If I was strong enough, Di Tian wouldn't have dared to do this!

'My power still isn't enough for me to be considered a powerful warrior, or else I would be able to break the will connecting Di Tian and eldest senior brother!

'All of this... is because I'm too weak!

'I want to become stronger. I want to become endlessly stronger. I want to become a powerful warrior that can dictate its own fate!' Su Ming roared in his heart. Red filled his eyes, and his Qi burst forth from his body at that instant.

This was his roar towards fate, his roar towards Di Tian.

The anomaly in the world caused by his Berserker Soul had yet to disappear. It was still around, and Su Ming's serendipity had yet to end. He could still become stronger, but he needed enough stimulation and incentives. The stimulation he had obtained from his battle with Ji An had not been enough. By devouring the golden-robed Di Tian, that stimulation had reached an incredibly high level. Eldest senior brother's appearance and fate's decision against him had caused Su Ming to understand many things within a moment.

There were certain things that were out of a person's control when he lived in this world, just like what happened between eldest senior brother and Su Ming himself. This was... perhaps a form of Life.

And they needed to gain control over the power that was needed to break this Life themselves. Only by endlessly becoming stronger and making themselves the lords of everything could they... make sure that something like this never happened a second time!

This was Life.

In anguish, Su Ming knew that he had gained a deeper understanding towards the word Life, but the price for this epiphany was too great, and he... would rather have not gained it.

As his Qi erupted and his power in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm continued rising until the large amount of signs for the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm showed up, Su Ming saw his eldest senior brother being pushed back by an invisible force. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand slowly and swung it at the sky.

"I understood how to clear my mind in the ninth summit, and after that, I understood the power of wind... I fused with the wind crystal and became the Wind Berserker." As Su Ming mumbled and swung his arm, the sky started roaring again.

More rainbows appeared, and their numbers were endless. They covered the entire sky until even the distortions up ahead looked as if they were only the wrinkles of the sky. When anyone looked over, they would find that their vision had been blocked off.

As loud booms echoed in the air, a humming sound that made it seem as if there was someone roaring begun in the sky. It was as if that person was trying to say something, but due to the distorted sky standing in between his words and the people's ears, no one could understand him.

Yet even so, the pressure and the anomalies in the world as Su Ming began his endeavor to reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm already surpassed what was brought out when he reached the initial and middle stages of the Berserker Soul Realm previously.

It was bound to happen. The vast presence of Su Ming's venture into the Berserker Soul Realm would be unprecedented!

It was bound to happen. All those who watched Su Ming reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find this scene to be the most brilliant and beautiful light that they had ever seen up

to that point in their lives!

"I, Su Ming, now bring forth the Berserkers' Wind Berserker! Appear!" Su Ming's voice spread out, and as the world rumbled, an infinite amount of wind rose swiftly around him. The violent gusts then rose above the nine heavens.

The sky and earth trembled. At the instant this sight caught the world's attention, waves surged and tumbled about the endless Dead Sea far beyond Eastern Wastelands. It was as if there were an endless amount of raging dragons roaring in the sea, and their roars swept up the seawater to bring up waves that surged into the sky, making it seem as if the entire Dead Sea was boiling and erupting.

Within the deepest depths of it was a place that practically no one knew about, and it was a place that was separated from the world by an immeasurable amount of seawater. That place was once a continent many years ago, but now... it had turned into a frozen world.

There was an entire city frozen solid within the depths of the Dead Sea. Freezing air spread out from it, causing that place of the Dead Sea to be much colder.

There was an innumerable amount of buildings and palaces within that frozen city. A tall altar could be seen within the silent city as well. On that altar was a frozen old man, and right before him was a long animal spine.

That was... Great Yu Imperial City!

In the midst of all the silent years, Su Ming seemed to have been the only living person who had coincidentally entered that place. Aside from him, it seemed like no one else had come to bother Great Yu Imperial City's sleep.

Yet at that moment, as Su Ming summoned the Wind Berserker from Eastern Wastelands, a powerful presence suddenly erupted

from a lofty palace to the right of the frozen Great Yu Imperial City, right in the depths of the silent Dead Sea.

The appearance of that presence broke the silence that had lasted for years there. As it erupted, a loud boom reverberated in Great Yu Imperial City. The lofty palace shattered in an instant and turned into broken pieces of rubble that spread out to reveal a huge statue that was several thousands of feet tall.

The statue looked incredibly ordinary, but there was an endless amount of light breezes surrounding its body. That wind grew stronger with each passing moment, until it eventually stirred up the entire Dead Sea and caused a giant whirlpool to appear at the surface of the sea.

As the whirlpool spun with loud booming sounds, a shudder shook the statue before it rose from the ground and charged towards the area above. Then, it disappeared into the whirlpool in the Dead Sea.

Almost at the instant that happened and Su Ming pointed forward with his right hand the moment he finished speaking, the world rumbled, and a long arc traveling with an indescribable speed that far surpassed Su Ming's own swiftly closed in from the distant sky.

The sounds of wind that were stirred up because of it were strong enough to tear through everything, including the sky and the earth. Quite a number of the tens of thousands of Immortals collapsed due to the piercing howls of the wind.

During that instant, a gigantic statue appeared right above Su Ming!

Naturally, this statue was the one that had appeared after the palace was destroyed under the Dead Sea! A power that belonged to wind burst forth from within the statue, stirring up all the wind within the land of Berserkers to gather about.

The weather changed, the winds and clouds moved, and the shock from this sight caused the entire world to fall silent within a moment!

The statue did not move, continuing to float in midair. Yet for some unknown reason, all those who saw it felt as if they did not know whether what they were feeling was just a figment of their imagination or not. The sense they got was that while this statue might not have been revived just yet, it still gave off an air as if it was worshipping Su Ming.

Right at the instant this feeling appeared within the hearts of all those in the land, their eyes immediately went wide. In the midst of their shock, they saw... the statue slowly rising its arms and wrapping a fist in a palm before... it knelt down and worshipped Su Ming.

This feeling of perfection made it seem as if the statue was supposed to do this right from the start. It was as if the statue... had been in this form when it was created!

"Lightning, I deceived you in the past with a trick and obtained half of the lightning crystal. I fused with that half... to let myself become the Lightning Berserker... Right now, I no longer need the other half of the crystal. I will use the half I've obtained as the guide and have... the Berserkers' Lightning Berserker... appear!"

Su Ming waved his arm, and an endless amount of lightning erupted from within his body with a bang. Those bolts of lightning swam in all directions and turned into lightning arcs that swept through the sky.

In another direction of the frozen Great Yu Imperial City was another hall in a palace. With a bang in the depths of the Dead Sea, an endless amount of lightning shattered the hall, and thunder traveled out, causing the entire Dead Sea to boil and erupt.

A large amount of lightning spread out madly within the Dead Sea, causing the ferocious beasts there to instantly let out shrill

roars and dodge madly.

At the same time as the hall was destroyed, a statue that was surrounded by lightning sparks appeared. As thunder roared, it moved through the entire Dead Sea and shot straight out of the water's surface.

The statue turned into a bolt of lightning that could break space itself, allowing it to leave that way.

Chi Lei Tian was leading his people in a charge through Eastern Wastelands, when his expression suddenly changed drastically, and lightning started bursting forth from his body uncontrollably, filling the entire area around him. Those bolts of lightning let out thunderous cracks that sounded like roars, excited cries, and shouts of submission.

The sudden change caused Chi Lei Tian to be momentarily stunned before he whipped his head around to look in the direction of the Dead Sea with disbelief on his face.

"I can sense the Lightning Berserker deity statue!"

It was also right at that moment that Su Ming swung his arm and finished calling for the Lightning Berserker. An endless amount of lightning instantly appeared in the wind. At the instant those bolts of lightning turned the sky into a pool of lightning, shocking roars instantly closed in from afar, and they... belonged to a gigantic statue that was exuding an endless amount of lightning.

That statue stopped right above Su Ming, directly opposite the Wind Berserker statue. Then, as if it was looking at Su Ming, it slowly lifted its arms and wrapped a fist in its palm, and like the Wind Berserker statue, it... knelt down with a bang and worshipped Su Ming.

"This world originally did not have any Fire Berserkers... The Fire Berserker was just an incarnation of the third God of Berserkers and was what the people called him... I inherited the

Fire Berserker's Art when I was young, and since this Berserker died with the third, then now... the Fire Berserker will appear in the world through my hands!"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, fire rage within them. Immediately, in another direction of the Lightning and Wind Berserker, a wave of flames appeared out of nowhere in the sky.

"He Feng has died, but his will still exists in this world. With his will as your soul, the fires of the Berserkers as your body, and the Berserkers' kismet as your consciousness... Fire Berserker, appear!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the flames that had appeared out of thin air.

Those flames immediately exploded with a bang, and at that instant, the entire land of Berserkers was set on flames by invisible fire. Right at the same time it seemed as if the entire land was responding to Su Ming, a figure with wings appeared within the flames Su Ming was pointing towards. The figure was like the Wings of the Moon, but it resembled... He Feng even more so.

However, He Feng had already died, and the one that appeared right then was his will, which was remembered by the world after his death. Right then, his will manifested and fused with the world of Berserkers' kismet, and as it burned, a figure gathered in the air.

It was also a statue, but it was a burning statue. It appeared as He Feng, and as it opened its eyes and met Su Ming's gaze, the Fire Berserker statue slowly lifted its arms and wrapped a fist in its palm as a salute before it knelt swiftly on the ground to worship him.

The Fire Berserker, Wind Berserker, and Lightning Berserker statues formed an equilateral triangle, and they were all kneeling towards Su Ming, who stood in the center, as if Su Ming was their king, their sovereign, the God of Berserkers which they acknowledged!

Chapter 673: Later Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Later Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming was standing in midair, right in the center of the three Berserker statues. He looked at the sky, and there was an endless amount of rainbows shining around him, as if they were all worshipping the Berserkers' King.

The distortions in the sky became a backdrop for this scene of Su Ming being surrounded by the statues, resulting in him looking like the core of the world.

Su Ming's Qi erupted forth with a bang as the three Berserker statues knelt down and worshipped him. An invisible wave of air surrounded him, howling, and caused Su Ming's hair to move without wind and his robes to flutter. The presence of his cultivation base also erupted forth at that moment.

It continued rising, until it reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm in the blink of an eye. He was only half a step away from the later stage, and he felt as if he could reach that stage if he just took one step forward.

However, this half a step was not easy to take. Su Ming's Qi and cultivation base might have increased exponentially, but they only reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Su Ming could not take that one step forward to truly become a powerful Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

It was as if there was a membrane lying between these two stages, and he could not break through it.

The seal within Su Ming's memories was also mostly broken as his cultivation base exploded forth, bringing with it sharp stabs of intense pain. This pain remained in his head, and as the seal cracked even more, it grew stronger.

Yet Su Ming always felt a wave of power that traveled through dimensions on him, preventing the seal in his head from breaking. It was as if that power would absolutely not allow the seal in Su Ming's head to break, and it was increasing its strength in attempts to it to stabilize completely.

It was this power that had become the membrane preventing Su Ming from stepping into the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, causing him to be unable to completely reach a full outburst to push through.

A freezing glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and swung at the sky. Immediately, the world rumbled, and the Fire Berserker, Lightning Berserker, and Wind Berserker statues lifted their heads, their movements causing a bang in the air. At the instant they stood up from their kneeling postures, they fused together right above Su Ming's head.

With the power that came from the fusion and the power of the world that was surging towards him from all directions, Su Ming charged once more towards the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. That charge turned into a loud bang that surged into the sky in his body and shook Su Ming's heart and soul... but he was still slightly lacking and could not break that membrane.

"Wind, rain, thunder, lightning. These are four of the eight runic symbols in Hidden Dragon Sect. I've fused lightning and thunder into my Lightning Berserker Art, and wind also has its own Berserker Art, only rain remains... Then, with my will, I will now gather all the rain under the sky to fuse it into my rain runic symbol and merge it into my statue of the God of Berserkers!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he lifted his hands and formed a seal, he spread out his arms, and a large amount of rain immediately appeared out of nowhere as thunder roared and lightning filled the sky. Together, they swept through the land.

This area was not the only place that was visited by rain. The

entire Eastern Wastelands, Dead Sea, and the land of Berserkers... were covered by rain during that instant.

It poured down from the sky, and as it continued without stop, an endless amount of rain drops gathered together to form a gigantic runic symbol before Su Ming. That symbol was shining with a brilliant light, and it charged towards the place where the three Berserker statues had fused together before it instantly merged with them.

Once that happened, the power that erupted from Su Ming's body became even stronger, but he did not immediately attempt charging into the later stage. Instead, with brightly shining eyes, he stared at the sky as if his gaze could penetrate space itself, pierce through Yin Death Region, and see the world outside, straight at the source that was trying to stabilize his seal.

'I understood the Curse from Madam Ji's ring and the Candle Dragon's eyes, and I mastered it when the reincarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World could not wipe away my soul!

'It was completed... because of Ugly Little Thing's pa and the grass knot doll in his hand.

'Today, I will fuse the Curse in my statue of the God of Berserkers and make the person who is trying to seal my memories have a taste of my Curse!'

At the instant the dark light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he lifted his left hand, and a wave of black fog instantly seeped out of his fingers. It swiftly turned into a doll that was surrounded by fog. That doll was an illusion. It looked as if it was made from grass, and its features could not be seen clearly, but there was an incredibly strange presence spreading out from it.

The fog doll seemed to possess a soul. It let out a piercing roar towards the sky, then charged to the three Berserker statues that had fused together with the rain runic symbol above Su Ming's head. The figures overlapped and merged together.

At that instant, Su Ming's Qi and cultivation base reached their pinnacle. This was the fusion of power from the Fire Berserker, Lightning Berserker, Wind Berserker, the rain runic symbol, and the Curse. As they gradually overlapped and fused together as one, a large amount of the rainbows in the sky collapsed and turned into an endless amount of crystalline light that charged towards Su Ming, then fused into the overlapped figure of the three Berserker statues, the Curse, and the rain runic symbol.

A loud bang that turned into a humming sound replaced all manner of sound in the world, causing the Immortals in the world to feel their minds roaring, and at the instant their minds turned blank because of the violent tremors in their heads...

The three Berserkers became one!

The Curse fused together with the rain runic symbol, and joined completely the three Berserker statues. When there was no longer any distinction between them, a huge body appeared in the world.

This was just a torso, but at the moment it appeared, the pressure that spread out from within it was powerful enough to shake the sky and earth. Su Ming swung his arm, and the torso immediately crumbled with a bang, then turned into pieces that charged towards Su Ming. Once they fused into his body, Su Ming lifted his head and let out a long howl that made the world tremble.

His howl reverberated through the nine heavens, and his cultivation base erupted at that moment, increasing madly within the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm before breaking through and allowing Su Ming to step into the cultivation stage that would only appear in his dreams when he was still in Dark Mountain.

The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The number of powerful Berserkers in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm might be a little higher than those who had attained great completion in the entire world of Berserkers, but no

matter in which region they resided, they could be said to be the most powerful warriors there, and even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would go out of their way to recruit them to their side.

All those who reached this stage were no longer weaklings. Unless they ran into people like Su Ming, who had managed to turn his whole body into that of a true Berserker and whose power could not be measured with any of the previous conventions because his condition had never appeared before, then they were people who could look down upon the world.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's level of cultivation reached the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the power which had come from another dimension and was holding down the seal in his head was faced with a direct resistance. Once Su Ming's cultivation base erupted, his power caused a large part of the seal to break.

As Su Ming fought back against that power, a bang went off in his head, and he immediately felt the power holding him down growing stronger, but even if it did so, it was not as pure as it was previously. It seemed that if more power was sent down, it would become increasingly murkier.

In fact, when Su Ming observed it with his power once he arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he found a trace of an invisible path that was used by this person to send his power into him.

That path seemed to have been carved into his soul and had turned into an indirect picture. This picture was formed after six points were connected together, and that seal was contained within what they had drawn.

This was the first time Su Ming saw the passage formed by those six points in his head.

He let out a cold harrumph and did not bother about the power of suppression that descended on him. Instead, he traveled up against

the flow of the path, and his divine sense instantly fused into the picture formed by the six connected points. He wanted to travel up the path this person used to descend on him and see... just who was the person who was suppressing him through another dimension.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's divine sense touched the six connected points, a loud bang rang in his head, and his consciousness instantly became clouded. He could vaguely see the endless Yin Death Fog surging about around him, and he felt like he was walking on a thin thread to charge towards the void.

He had no idea how much time had passed. When the area around him became clear, he saw the brilliant galaxy once again, as well as the vortex that was Yin Death Region below him. He also saw nine gigantic planets surrounding that vortex.

He could also see a thin thread stretching out from that galaxy into the vortex, and his consciousness had come out of the vortex through that thread.

Su Ming's consciousness swiftly traveled up that thread, but perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a shred of his will instead of his consciousness. He wanted to see with his own eyes Di Tian's will, which he believed was suppressing him from the real body.

The sensation of a shred of will wandering about might feel as if it had only gone on for an instant, but could also feel as if it had lasted for years. Su Ming had no idea how much time had passed. His will gradually grew weaker, and the reason behind it almost disappearing was because his power was still not enough to support his will spreading out like this.

Right at the instant it was about to disperse, Su Ming saw an innumerable amount of floating continents in the galaxy up ahead. There was a great amount of altars on those continents.

He had seen this place before. He saw it when Si Ma Xin died.

Su Ming's will dispersed, but right at the instant he was about to disappear, he saw himself following that thread and entering into the depths of the endless continents in the galaxy. It also meant that perhaps Di Tian's real self had cast an Art from this direction and caused Su Ming to be unable to break the seal.

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He stood in the sky, and there was an innumerable amount of gazes around him gathered on his person. He might have seemed to have gone on a long journey with his will, but in reality, it had only lasted for an instant.

At that moment, as Su Ming's cultivation base erupted and he entered the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the world roared. In the midst of the endless distortions, a large area of the sky immediately tore apart... and a gigantic body descended with a bang.

This body had no limbs, no head; it was only a torso. However, at the instant it descended, the arms of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers instantly manifested and fused with the torso at the empty spots where they fit. Then, what appeared before the people was a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers that had no head and legs!

A savage presence spread out from the statue, and there was no attempt to hold back that presence at all.

"The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm..." Su Ming took a step forward and stopped before the statue. He averted his gaze from the sky and looked towards... his eldest senior brother in the distance.

His apathetic eldest senior brother also turned his gaze towards Su Ming at that moment and looked at him with thousands of feet separating them.

After a short period of silence, as the pressure around Su Ming dissipated once his level of cultivation rose, a low growl that sounded as if it came from a wild beast swiftly fell out from eldest

senior brother's lips.

Chapter 674: This Battle!

This battle could not be avoided!

This battle must be fought!

This battle was known as a Shaman's sacrifice!

As Su Ming's eldest senior brother roared, his expression turned incredibly ferocious. He lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, a gigantic war drum was dragged out from the space in front of him.

That war drum was a hundred something feet tall and was entirely purplish red. It looked as if it had been dyed in an immeasurable amount of fresh blood over the ages. There was also a large amount of vengeful souls surrounding it, and as it appeared, those vengeful souls immediately let out piercing roars.

Eldest senior brother stood apathetically by the drum, and with the hook acting as his right hand, he struck it. A drum's beat that shook hearts and made the world tremble instantly spread out in all directions.

Layers of ripples reverberated in the sky. That drum was no ordinary drum. It was Nine Li Shaman Tribe's Nine Li War Drum. Once it was struck, it would terrify enemies and cause the person who had struck it to find their blood boiling. As it was stimulated, their cultivation base would also burst forth as if it had been set on fire.

The single beat of the drum caused eldest senior brother's face to instantly flush red. His eyes were no longer lifeless, but were shining with a glow that made him look like a wild beast that possessed no intelligence. At the instant he opened his mouth and roared, he charged towards Su Ming.

There was an endless amount of vengeful souls swirling about in the area behind him. These ghosts came from that Nine Li Drum,

and as its sound reverberated in the air, they became so agitated that they would only rest after devouring enough flesh and blood to calm their emotions.

Eldest senior brother rushed over with a shocking momentum. Su Ming stood in his place and silently lifted his right hand to point forward. Immediately, the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers behind him phased through his body and appeared right before him. The left hand, which represented lightning and thunder, was swiftly lifted up, and the statue hurled its left fist forward.

At the same time, the right arm that represented Destiny was lifted and swept toward the eldest senior brother's side. Due to being attached to a body, not only did the two arms become much more agile, they also became a lot more stronger than before.

A boom echoed in the air, and Su Ming closed his eyes behind the statue of the God of Berserkers. He formed a seal with his right hand before throwing a punch forward.

His statue was in the way, between his punch and eldest senior brother, but his attack still exploded at the spot where his statue clashed with eldest senior brother's divine ability. Su Ming's statue swayed and fell back several hundreds of feet before phasing through Su Ming's body to appear behind him.

Eldest senior brother staggered backwards until he arrived beside the war drum. Crimson gradually appeared in his eyes. They might still be dull and lifeless, but that crimson shade in his eyes could cover all of them, and almost at the instant that crimson started flashing, eldest senior brother struck the war drum with the hook acting as his right hand once more.

This time, three beats rang out!

The sounds from the drum rumbled in the air, and even if Su Ming was in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Real, he still felt his heart tremble. The statue of the God of Berserkers behind him

even began showing signs of distorting. At the same time, right after those three beats of the drum rang through the air, eldest senior brother opened his mouth and let out a shocking roar.

As he did so, an endless amount of cracks immediately appeared on his body. Black blood spread out from them and turned into magenta fog. Once it surrounded him entirely, a powerful presence erupted from within that fog with a bang.

This presence was the pure presence belonging to a Shaman, and along with it was the strangeness and the ancient air of the Shamans. As that presence erupted, a hoarse voice spread out from the fog.

"I, the descendant of Nine Li, will now transform into... the Shaman Lord!" As his voice echoed in the air, the fog was swiftly absorbed by his body. When there was no longer any of it remaining, the eldest senior brother that appeared before Su Ming was distinctly different from before.

Even though he still looked as before, but complex runic symbols had appeared at the center of his brows, his arms, his legs, and his chest. These runic symbols did not seem like they belonged to the Immortals, but looked more like words that could be found among the Berserkers, yet no Berserker would be able to recognize them.

These were the Shamans' seals for their Spells!

"Youngest junior brother... I struck the war drum three times previously so that my blood would boil. As my blood was stimulated, I could turn into the Shaman Lord... but I couldn't maintain this form for long in the past, and I wouldn't have been able to cast the more powerful legacy Spells.

"Today... with Lord Di Tian's help, I can do it. This feeling of obtaining control over power... is great, very great..." Eldest senior brother's expression was still as apathetic as ever. He spoke slowly, and his voice reverberated in all directions.

"Since fate arranged for us to fight, then I hope... that you will not disappoint me in this battle..." As eldest senior brother spoke, he lifted his left hand and knelt down swiftly, but he was not kneeling towards Su Ming. He was kneeling towards the sky.

"I am the descendant of Nine Li and the Lord of Shamans... Youngest junior brother, let's see how much Shamanic power you will be able to make me bring forth!

"With the first Shamanic Spell, Song of Heavenly Worship, I ask the Shaman Vessel of the heavens to destroy this person who dares go against us Shamans!" Eldest senior brother bowed towards the sky.

With it, the distortions above instantly stopped moving, and threads of purple fog seeped out of the air before they gathered together into a purple skull in the sky.

That skull floated in midair and started spreading out a similar presence as all the Berserkers' supreme and priceless treasures in all continents that existed to destroy the Immortals!

This was clearly Nine Li Shaman Tribe's supreme treasure, the God of Shamans' skull!

At the instant this treasure appeared, it looked as if it had been revived, and dark light instantly appeared within its eye sockets. As it swept its gaze through the land, its eyes landed on Su Ming.

A chilling presence instantly filled Su Ming's heart. That skull's gaze immediately made a sense of danger rise within him.

At the same time, his eldest senior brother lifted his left hand and pointed forward, and the skull let out a buzz and charged towards Su Ming. As it moved forward, its powerful presence erupted, and an illusion also manifested above it. That illusion was of a hand, and by the looks of it, it wanted to crush Su Ming within its grip.

'Di Tian, what a clever move. So this child is the direct descendant of Nine Li Tribe? But by the looks of it, he shouldn't be

the real direct descendant. He should lean more towards Xing Gan's line...

'Yet even so, just by using his blood as a lead, he could still summon the supreme treasure that belongs to Nine Li Shaman Tribe. Di Tian, oh Di Tian, by controlling this child, I can see... that you're aiming for many things!'

Ji An's eyes sparkled as he looked at Su Ming's eldest senior brother, and he looked as if he had understood something.

'This land is indeed mysterious. Not only did a terrifying existence like Lie Shan Xiu appear, it also has a powerful person like Nine Li's Shaman Lord. But it's also precisely because of this that the Berserkers were divided and the Shamans appeared. That was also why Lie Shan Xiu could not use many of the countermeasures he had left behind.

'Nine Li's Shaman Lord was born at the wrong time. His strength could compare to the first God of Berserkers and he even created the Shamans on his own. Then, he imitated Lie Shan Xiu and created several treasures to protect his race. These treasures can only be summoned by the direct descendants, and this alone makes him inferior to Lie Shan Xiu.

'Nine Li's Shaman Lord also has three clones that possess divine thoughts and intelligence. Each of them could be considered as direct descendant, and Nine Li Shaman Lords could appear from the descendants of those clones.'

As Ji An was busy musing, Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother and nodded his head in silence.

Almost at the instant his eldest senior brother executed the first Shaman Spell as a descendant of Nine Li and that purplish black skull appeared due to his Song of Heavenly Worship, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He formed a seal with his right hand, and his statue of the God of Berserkers also lifted its right arm behind him, forming a seal. Its left arm also moved.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. First Alteration... Disaster of the Stars!" Su Ming hands touched slightly above his head before they parted swiftly, and he swung his arms at the sky. With it, the distorted sky looked as if it had been torn apart by a pair of invisible hands, and an illusion appeared in the air.

It was a piece of sky which had an endless amount of stars shining there, and the place was bright with starlight. At that moment, the stars moved about, and as they shone, they formed rays that grouped together into one to form a shooting star that charged towards the hand that had manifested from the skull.

This battle was a fight between Su Ming and his eldest senior brother, but it was also a battle between the God of Berserkers and the Shaman Lord!

Su Ming was executing the God of Berserkers' Arts, and his eldest senior brother was casting the Spells that he had inherited as a blood descendant of Nine Li's Shaman Lord. As these two clashed against each other, they seemed to have returned to ancient times, when the second God of Berserkers and Nine Li's Shaman Lord had fought as if it was their fate to do so!

Loud rumbling sounds surged into the sky at that instant, and the entire sky filled with stars crumbled, turning into an endless amount of shards. This was Su Ming's divine ability shattering. The hand formed by that skull also fell back under that roar, with all its fingers crushed. Yet when it fell back, that skull let out cracking sounds and more illusions spread out, allowing the hand to instantly recover.

At the instant that happened, the hand stopped falling backwards and charged forward to seize Su Ming once again.

"Disaster of the Stars!" Su Ming stayed in his spot and did not dodge. He instead formed a seal and pointed towards the crumbling starry sky and shouted those four words.

In an instant, the broken starlight that still existed within the shattered and fragmented starry sky shone once again, and as they charged forward with their crumbling forms while the sky was still being swept away, the starlight shone down with a sense of incompleteness.

The rays of starlight started intersecting with each other as if they had gained corporeal form and turned into waves of murderous aura. This murderous aura came from the sky, the starlight, and the broken universe. At the same time the ground was illuminated, the starlight that filled the sky turned into arrows that rushed towards the hand that had gathered once again above the skull.

An even stronger bang reverberated in the air. Su Ming staggered backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood. As a dispirited expressions appeared on his face, his fighting spirit started boiling uncontrollably in his body. This fighting spirit did not come from his will, but was born from the world as a Berserker and a Shaman fought.

His eldest senior brother fell back and also coughed up a mouthful of blood, but that blood was black. As he was forced backwards, he lifted his head swiftly.

"The second Shamanic Spell of Nine Li's descendants, Earth's Burial! I ask the Shaman Treasure of the ground to destroy this person who dares go against us Shamans!

"The third Shamanic Spell of Nine Li's descendants, Cauldron Transmutation! The Berserkers may have a cauldron as their priceless treasure, but we Shamans also have a cauldron, and it is the treasure that we Shamans use to hold down our kismet. As the blood descendant of Nine Li's Shaman Lord, I now ask the Shaman Cauldron to appear!"

Eldest senior brother lifted his head and pushed his left hand towards the ground.

Chapter 675: Shamans' Sacrifice!

As eldest senior brother's voice traveled throughout the region, the ground started shaking nonstop, and the entire Eastern Wastelands looked as if it was tumbling about. The entire Dead Sea also trembled because of it, as if there was something that had been buried under the land of Berserkers and under the Dead Sea.

And at that moment, those things were being summoned into the world.

Three breaths. Only three breaths! Then, a loud boom that surged into the sky immediately shot up from under the ground. Right before everyone's eyes, the land squirmed and was continuously torn apart before a gigantic mountain shot out of the earth.

That mountain was clearly not buried here but had gathered together from the land of Berserkers due to eldest senior brother's call. Once it broke out and appeared, what revealed itself before everyone's eyes was a mountain that was tens of thousands of feet tall and standing erect on the ground, causing the pupils of all those who saw it to shrink.

Right when Su Ming shifted his gaze to the mountain as it shot out of earth, cracks appeared on it and booming sounds reverberated in the air. The mound of earth crumbled swiftly and turned into an endless amount of pieces that tumbled backwards. At that moment... a green armor appeared within it!

That armor had been clearly buried within that mountain, and when eldest senior brother summoned it, it was finally brought into the world. The armor shone with a piercing blue light and flew up from the crumbling mountain, appearing on eldest senior brother's body within an instant before turning into a blue vortex. As he stood inside it, he equipped the armor and stood there, stirring up the aura existing in all directions, just like a supreme

king!

Nine Li's Shaman Lord!

He lifted his right arm, and a circular hole that was the size of a palm appeared above the right hook. That hole was pitch black, and it looked as if it could swallow all light from the area, causing the space around its edges to look as if it was continuously shattering and disappearing. It was a terrifying sight to behold.

The black hole was lifted up by the right hook on eldest senior brother's arm, and he turned his gaze towards Su Ming.

"This is the Shamans' cauldron!"

Su Ming stared at the hole, then closed his eyes slowly. At the instant his eldest senior brother took a step forward and charged towards him like a blue shooting star, Su Ming's eyes flew open.

He lifted his right hand, then bent his body slightly to make himself look like a crescent moon. At the instant he formed that shape, he whispered softly, "God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. Second Alteration: Shift in the Moon!"

When the shattered starry sky turned dimmer due to his words, a crescent moon appeared in the night-view above.

A powerful dark light shone from Su Ming's body, and he turned into a crescent moon whose light scattered through the area. Wherever it went, a biting, desolate air would fill the place!

Almost at the same time Su Ming executed this divine ability, an illusion of a moon appeared on his eldest senior brother's body, who was still closing in on him in the form of a blue shooting star. That illusion enveloped his body, making him look incredibly bizarre.

"Moon Slaughter!" Right at the instant his eldest senior brother was about to arrive, Su Ming opened his mouth swiftly and shouted.

The moon in the sky cracked right from the center, and the moon on Su Ming's body also cracked, but it did not result in any harm to him. The illusion on him had just dissipated. However, an incredible amount of power erupted forth from the cracks that appeared in the moon on his eldest senior brother's body, making it seem as if it wanted to rip apart all that existed.

"Destiny's reincarnations created my right arm!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed forward. The right arm of his statue of the God of Berserkers immediately turned into a young man with purple hair, and the two mountains behind him closed in on his eldest senior brother.

"The Lightning Enchanted Vessel became the divine power in my left arm!" Su Ming swept his left arm sideways, and his statue's left arm instantly turned into a bolt of crimson lightning that rushed towards his eldest senior brother.

"The three Berserker statues, the Curse, and the rain runic symbol became the source that formed my torso!" Su Ming's words were still echoing in the sky. His statue's torso immediately turned into the three Berserker statues and surrounded his eldest senior brother. At the same time, black rainwater poured down from the sky, bringing with it powerful Curses.

"And the final alteration for the God of Berserkers' alteration towards the sun, moon, and stars... Sun's Sacrifice!" Once Su Ming said these words, a piercing golden light instantly erupted from his body. As it spread out madly through the area, his body looked as if it had turned into a golden sun.

That sun was radiated a powerful light and heat, causing the entire world to be swiftly illuminated by its brightness. Within that light, Su Ming fused together with that sun, and with a heart of a martyr, he executed the strongest style within the alterations towards the sun, moon, and stars.

The entire world was replaced by the sun's light, causing no

outsider to be able to see what was going on inside, but the continuous booms and tremors on the ground as well as the endless waves that were spreading in all directions were enough to prove just how powerful and shocking the clash was this time.

As booming sounds rang into the air, eldest senior brother fell back and black blood gushed out of his mouth. The blue armor on his body disappeared, and the Shaman Cauldron, too, vanished.

His body fell to the ground with a bang, right beside his war drum.

He lost, but he did not lose to Su Ming. He had instead lost to time, the time which allowed him to burn his blood. In the end, he could not make the span of time which he could become Shaman Lord last long enough.

The light in the sky disappeared, and Su Ming walked out from within. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and with a pale face, he looked at his eldest senior brother lying on the ground. If it was not because his eldest senior brother was unable to continue, then the victor for the battle just now would have still been undecided.

"Youngest junior brother... it is done..." Eldest senior brother struggled to stand up and lifted his head to look at Su Ming. "I have a final style... This style... is the limit of my blood. It is my fate... and also... my return..."

There was something unusual within eldest senior brother's words, and when Su Ming heard it, the grief that had originally been hidden away appeared once again. He nodded at him.

Just like how he had understood what was going on previously, he now understood that his eldest senior brother's will was not something that Di Tian could control completely. His will still existed, and it wanted to go through the Shamans' sacrifice. If he did not, then he would not live!

This was a form of life.

"I have the blood of Nine Li flowing through my veins. All the Shamans think I am a direct descendant... but I know that I am not. I am the scion of the three clones that belonged to Nine Li's Shaman Lord, Xing Gan...

"Xing Gan's descendants... have always been headless!" Eldest senior brother stood up and sliced through his neck with the hook on his right hand. With it, his head flew up, but even as blood gushed into the air, his body... remained standing on the ground. He showed no signs of falling down!

At that moment, a human face emerged on his chest. That face belonged to eldest senior brother, and the head that flew up crumbled in midair, turning into an illusion wearing a crown and an Emperor's robe. His face was filled with disbelief.

"As a descendant of Xing Gan, I will now forget my original name. From now onwards... I am Xing Gan! Axe of Execution [1], return!" A bang rang out of eldest senior brother's body, and the world went mad. Then, in eldest senior brother's lifted left hand, a gigantic bronze battle axe immediately manifested!

Translator's Note:

1. The connection between Xing Gan (刑干, xing2 gan4) and Axe of Execution (刑斧, xing2 fu3): The word 刑 can be a surname, which is the case for Xing Gan. It can also be execution/punishment, which is how Axe of Execution came to be.

Chapter 676: The Immortals Descend!

As the battle axe appeared and eldest senior brother grabbed it, a primal and savage air erupted swiftly from his headless body.

That presence turned into a gigantic vortex and started sweeping in all directions from the entire area where eldest senior brother was standing. The world rumbled, causing drastic changes in the faces of Immortals around the area.

It was especially so for Ji An, whose eyes had begun shining with a brilliant light. He stared at Su Ming's eldest senior brother, and a solemn expression appeared on his face. Even with all his experience, he had never noticed the plans Su Ming's eldest senior brother had harbored. Only at that moment was he able to see that determination and resolve within him.

'This person has an incredibly powerful will... that was why he was able to retain a small portion of his will even after he was controlled by Di Tian, and that will was resisting all this while in the depths of his soul. But the way he resisted was a little unique. He didn't struggle, but instead used Di Tian's power to stimulate his blood, which was equivalent to Di Tian helping him gain the greatest boost in the evolution of his blood.

'He even cut off his own head so that his blood would return to that which belonged to his ancestors. With Di Tian's power, he allowed himself to successfully turn into Xing Gan's will and bravery. This person... is the same as Su Ming. They're both incredibly difficult to deal with, and by the looks of it, this Xing Gan's presence is even a little stronger than Su Ming's!

'The things he told Su Ming previously belonged to Di Tian, but were also his own words! It was especially so when he used his head to knock against Su Ming previously. No one would be able to see anything off with his actions just now... but they're fellow brothers under the same Master, so it's clear that Su Ming had

been able to detect something.'

Ji An's expression turned dark. The process of forming his deductions after the events was much easier compared to forming all those guesses before everything happened.

It was just as Ji An had thought. Su Ming had mentioned that he had come to understand something earlier, and what he had come to understand was the meaning behind his eldest senior brother's actions. His eldest senior brother was a blade, and the person holding onto that blade was Di Tian. That blade wanted to become sharper, and it needed a whetstone.

Su Ming understood his eldest senior brother's intentions, and he was willing to become that whetstone and sharpen... the blade used by Xing Tian [1] to fight against the heaven!

The moment the edges of the blade were sharpened marked the instant the blade would turn against the person controlling it. Not only did the act of sending his own head flying into the air show how fierce and powerful eldest senior brother's will was, he had also managed to cut off all ties connecting him to Di Tian.

That was why the Di Tian which had appeared from the head when it flew up had shown disbelief on his face. As his soul disappeared and eldest senior brother lifted his body from the ground, the face that was protruding from his chest seemed to look at the sky.

During that instant, a muffled roar that shook the sky erupted from eldest senior brother's mouth.

"Youngest junior brother, I don't know where Master went. His presence has disappeared from the land of Berserkers, but I can sense that he hasn't died... However, your second senior brother's presence is incredibly weak... He's in Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

"No matter the results of this battle, you must go to the land of Berserkers' Great Leaf Immortal Sect and save... your second

senior brother!" Eldest senior brother's voice reverberated in the air until the ground trembled and the sky roared.

"Youngest junior brother, your cultivation base is still showing signs of increasing, and you still can reach an even higher level of cultivation, but your heart is not resolute. I can tell that the world of Berserkers has acknowledged you. The world of Berserkers' kismet is upon you, and you are... the fourth God of Berserkers!

"But you still haven't acknowledged the world of Berserkers and the kismet in you. You also haven't acknowledged the status of the fourth God of Berserkers. I will fight this battle for you. Think carefully on whether you want to accept the title of God of Berserkers!"

Eldest senior brother was usually a man of few words, but at that moment, he uttered a long string of them. Almost at the same time he said all that, he took a step towards midair.

During that instant, Ji An's pupils shrank. He could feel a wave of killing intent and savagery from Xing Gan. Ji An moved and formed a seal with his hands before he swung his arm. Immediately, an endless amount of light hoops appeared around his body. Those light hoops surrounded him like a dimensional mouth. At the moment that happened, an eerie and sinister presence swiftly spread out.

Su Ming's eldest senior brother closed in and lifted the battle axe in his hand to cut down on Ji An.

A booming sound surged into the sky. These two people immediately started fighting fiercely. The near hundred imperishable Shaman Souls on the ground lifted their heads, and at the same time sobriety returned to their faces. They roared towards the sky, then cut off their heads at the same time. Once they became similar existences to Su Ming's eldest senior brother, their heads turned into battle axes. When they held them, they instantly flew up and charged towards Ji An.

Su Ming was silent by the side. As he watched his headless eldest senior brother fight against Ji An and listened to the continuous rumbles in the world, what appeared in his head was his eldest senior brother's words. They branded themselves in his heart.

It was indeed as eldest senior brother had said. Within the depths of Su Ming's heart, he had not acknowledged the world of Berserkers and its kismet. He did not have the desire to become the God of Berserkers.

If his memories of Dark Mountain were fake and if everything was fake, then he was not a Berserker and he did not have the blood of Berserkers flowing in his veins. If he continued tracing back, he would find that the memories of his childhood were clearly different from those of other Berserkers. The only reason he had succeeded in the first Berserkers' Initiation and obtained the right to practice the ways of Berserkers was because of...

Su Ming touched the black stone fragment that had been hanging over his chest for many years. It was all because of it.

Su Ming was feeling slightly miserable in his heart. In truth, he had noticed a long time ago that he was a tree without roots. He floated in the sky and did not know where he was supposed to go and where he could return to, neither did he know... where he was born.

In this state, he was indeed unable to acknowledge the world of Berserkers, its kismet, and that he could possibly be that God of Berserkers.

"I'm not a Berserker..." Su Ming mumbled.

The rumbles in the sky continued. Eighteen gigantic statues appeared behind Ji An. Each of them looked incredibly strange and evil, and all of them had different appearances. There were some in the form of people, and some in the forms of beasts. They were filled with ferociousness and evil, and they were also exuding an eerie and chilling presence.

There were also presences akin to those of vengeful souls on the eighteen statues. However, they were not filled with grudges. They were instead filled with bloodthirst and murderous intent. It was as if they were not creatures that existed in the world, but came from the boundless galaxy. They were ferocious spirits that had drifted about for years.

Their roars were incredibly unique. While sounding piercing to the ears, they were also sonorous. When anyone heard them, they would find their Qi and blood flowing backwards, their heartbeats increasing, and their emotions changing.

As Su Ming looked at the eighteen statues, his pupils suddenly shrank. He seemed to have recalled something and felt that the roars from these ferocious, murderous fiends from the world beyond sounded rather familiar. It was as if he had heard them somewhere before.

Yet right at the moment this sense of familiarity appeared but before Su Ming had the time to mull over it carefully, a loud boom that sounded as if the sky had shattered suddenly traveled from the sky.

At the instant these roars rang out, a presence that did not belong to the land of Berserkers spilled out from the sky. Su Ming sensed it instantly, because at the moment that presence came down, his body immediately started showing signs of decaying.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. When he looked up, he saw the two gigantic Runes that had originally been there but had later on been hidden away by the distortions in the sky!

The presence that did not belong to a Berserker but clearly was one of an Immortal was spreading out from the Runes in the vortex, which looked as if they had sunken quite considerably.

"Bright Yang's presence!"

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. His past self would have been

completely unable to withstand the Bright Yang's presence. Yet now, he had one half of a Bright Yang Stone sealed within his body. As he continuously resisted that presence, he could last a little longer under compared to his past self.

His eyes sparkled at that moment, and with one move, he charged towards the two Runes in the sky. He did not need to listen to the excited voices coming from the tens of thousands of Immortals underneath. He could tell himself that there were... Immortals descending to the place.

Almost at the instant Su Ming closed in, the booming sounds instantly increased exponentially. Right before everyone's eyes, two gigantic light hoops appeared, shining with a piercing light in the sky. They descended to the ground with a bang, forming two gigantic pillars of light that connected the sky and earth.

Several figures could be seen within the two pillars of light as they shone. In their distorted and indistinct states, these figures gradually appeared, and as if they were being elongated, as the forms of these figures gathered together and shrank, their bodies slowly showed up.

Almost at the moment these people showed up but before they completely regained their forms, Su Ming closed in on them with killing intent surging within him. He was so fast that he rushed into one of the pillars of light in the blink of an eye. At the instant he stepped in, black fog that surged into the sky immediately spread out from his body. He was not letting out this black fog intentionally, but due to the thick and dense power of Bright Yang, it had naturally come out from within him as his body withered and aged.

Su Ming's body started aging quickly, but not only did his speed not decrease, he instead traveled even faster. He quelled the pain that had appeared all over his body due to the power of Bright Yang and lifted his right hand swiftly to swing it in the direction before him.

With it, three of the people who had yet to regain their forms immediately trembled, and shrill screams of pain came from another dimension. The three figures instantly crumbled and disappeared into the air.

Su Ming did not stop for even a single moment. In a flash, he tapped another figure who had regained most of his or her form with his right index finger. As that figure shattered, Su Ming stomped the air beneath him, and with it, a large amount of ripples spread out violently under his feet.

The ripples caused the three nearest figures to immediately begin trembling, and they exploded with a bang. Su Ming moved and clenched his right hand into a fist before punching the final figure in this pillar of light.

This punch contained the full force Su Ming could gather within the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm. Along with the power he gained after turning his entire body into that of a true Berserker, even Di Tian's clone would need to be wary of this punch. As he hurled his fist forward, he punched the figure that had regained most of his or her form.

Translator's Note:

1. Xing Tian: This is probably what Xing Gan was based upon. He was a nameless giant serving under the Flame/Red Emperor. After the Flame/Red Emperor was killed, he swore revenge and brought a shield and a blade to fight against the Yellow Emperor (the one who killed Flame/Red Emperor). But he lost and his head was cut off, but then even after his head was cut off, he continued fighting. His face appeared on his chest as well. After that, he was known as Xing Tian. This came from Classic of Mountains and Seas: Classic of Regions beyond the Seas, West.

Chapter 677: The Curse's Pursuit!

The figure seemed to have let out a low growl and even showed signs of resisting against Su Ming's attack even if he was still caught in the state of regaining his form as he descended. Clearly, this person had extraordinary power, since he could do such a thing. After all, all the other Immortals descending to the place had been unable to put up even the barest form of resistance while their bodies were in the process of regaining their forms. They could only vanish while hate burned within them as Su Ming attacked them with his swift execution of his divine abilities.

The figure lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pressed towards Su Ming's incoming fist. The two sides clashed, and loud bangs surged into the sky. A layer of ripples instantly spread outwards before tumbling backwards, shaking the pillar of light so much that it almost crumbled. Su Ming staggered nearly a thousand feet backwards and his Qi churned within his body. When he lifted his head, a brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

The figure in the pillar of light shuddered and crumbled swiftly, turning into thin black threads that eventually vanished into thin air. This person had failed in his descent, and even if he did not die, he would definitely be injured gravely!

A roar filled with discontent came from the pillar of light from another dimension.

"Who attacked me?! I'll remember this! Next time I come here, I'll definitely destroy you a thousand, no, a million times over!"

Su Ming turned a deaf ear towards those words. He might have dealt with the Immortals descending from this pillar of light, but there was another one. At that moment, several figures were rapidly gaining form within it, and two of them had even taken a step forward, as if they wanted to walk out of the pillar of light.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Immediately, threads of black

smoke manifested around him. That black smoke instantly gathered on his right hand, and almost in an instant, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear appeared. Once Su Ming grabbed it, he swiftly lifted it up and tossed it towards the other pillar of light.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear was like a purplish black dragon that sliced through the air with a piercing whistle. It instantly shot into the pillar of light and penetrated through one of the figures who was taking a step forward. When Su Ming lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pointed towards him, that figure instantly exploded and turned into a large wave of impact that swept through the entire area within the pillar of light.

It caused the figures that were still regaining their forms to freeze for a moment, and during that instant, Su Ming closed in on them like a shooting star. He rushed in among them. The black fog around him had covered his face, and wherever he went, the only thing that could be seen of him was an emaciated hand that looked like a skeleton stretching out from the fog. That hand crushed all the figures that could not put up any form of resistance, but among those who descended, there was one who retreated swiftly under Su Ming's ambush.

That figure had only regained half of its form, but he did not slow down the slightest in his retreat. Almost at the instant Su Ming stepped into the pillar of light, that figure avoided the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and shot back in desperation. He turned into a pale looking middle-aged man dressed in a black robe, and as he ran, his expression was filled with livid sullenness.

The Evil Sky Sect's Sect Elder was among the first batch of Immortals descending to the land, even though he could not have his real body come to the place. He could only form a magical body and send it to the land of Berserkers. But even if this was just a magical body, it could still bring up power that could suppress the Berserkers. After all, based on the Immortals' knowledge, the strongest group of people in the land of Berserkers were only

equivalent to those who had reached great circle in Ascendance.

Yet during the instant he descended, he sensed a life threatening danger that made his skin crawl. He had never expected something like this to occur in the process of him descending to the land of Berserkers. This was something that he had never even considered.

No matter how intense the battle between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect were, they would not do something like destroying the bodies of those who had yet to regain their forms. This sort of thing was too despicable! And the Immortals would definitely not accept it!

"Who are you?!"

Once the black-robed man shot out of the pillar of light, he swiftly retreated. When he lifted his head to look, there was no longer any of his people in the pillar of light. There was only an illusory figure surrounded by fog, and that person was leaving with a single step.

Once the person surrounded by fog walked out of the pillar of light, most of the fog dissipated to reveal an old face. However, his face soon started squirming about, recovering rapidly. When he took his seventh step, Su Ming regained his normal appearance.

"Just what is going on?!"

The man in black's face turned even paler. The strange sight of Su Ming's body had filled him with fear, and his act of destroying the Immortals who descended made him wary. In the distance, he could see a headless person fighting against Ji An and the booming sounds that surged into the sky due to their battle left him shocked. He did not know... just what had happened in this place.

It was especially so for the tens of thousands of Immortals standing on the ground. They consisted of people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects, but they only watched the Immortals who

descended be destroyed. None of them did anything to prevent this. In fact, as he looked over, he could see hesitation... and even fear on their faces!

"They're afraid... What are they afraid of?!" The black-robed man retreated once again, then lowered his head swiftly. Once he swept his gaze across the ground, he fixed his stare on Evil Sect's crowd.

"Shen Dong, tell me what is going on?!" The black-robed man clearly knew Evil Spirit Sect's Shen Dong. As he roared, he could see the pained look on the man's face, but he did not manage to last till his answer.

Su Ming's gaze landed on him at that instant. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he turned into a bolt of lightning that charged forward.

The man's expression immediately changed. He instantly turned into seven figures that spread out rapidly into seven directions. His power had not completely descended at that moment, and he only had power equivalent to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance. As the figures spread out, he did not choose to escape, but instead had them charge towards Su Ming from seven different directions.

Su Ming might have intimidated him previously, but he also managed to determine Su Ming's origins. He had the presence of a Berserker, and the most powerful group of people among the Berserkers were only equivalent to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance. He had been ambushed in the pillar of light previously, so the man believed that it was completely impossible for Su Ming to fight him on even grounds now that he was out.

'As long as I hold him back for a moment, the second batch of Immortals will descend, and at that time... this person will surely die, and I'll also know just what had happened here!

'But there's something really strange here. Who's the person fighting against Ji An? He's actually preventing Ji An from even

have a chance to speak, for he has to pour every single bit of his attention on attacking!

'And where is Di Tian?' As these thoughts raced in the head of the black-robed man, he charged towards his attacker.

Su Ming swept his gaze around him. There were seven figures—this divine ability was incredibly ingenious, he decided—but he didn't need to spent too much effort to find the real person. Instead, he chose to stand on the spot.

Almost at the instant Su Ming stopped moving and froze in midair, the seven people that were transformed from the black-robed man spotted glints in their eyes, and cold sneers appeared on their lips.

In the span of a breath, these seven figures accelerated and appeared around Su Ming right away. All of them formed a seal at the same time. Then, with a low shout and several dozens of feet between each of them, they pushed their palms at Su Ming.

A power that belonged to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance rammed into Su Ming's body at that instant. Booming sounds reverberated in the air, but Su Ming did not move. He simply allowed those waves caused by the attack land on his body, then lifted his right hand to punch the fourth person.

The world trembled. The fourth figure shuddered and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He immediately fell back, and disbelief as well as shock appeared on his face.

"This is... power that has surpassed Ascendance. You..." As the fourth figure fell back, the other six figures shattered and were destroyed. The fourth figure was the black-robed man's real body. At the instant he started falling back, Su Ming had already disappeared from his sight.

His heart trembled, and a strong sense of danger rose within his heart. He turned his head around, and as his pupils shrank, the

final picture that he would see for the rest of his life appeared in front of him.

It was a finger, and it filled his entire vision. That finger tapped the center of his brows, and a destructive power surged into his body with a bang. It tore through his flesh and blood, and at the same time it crushed his Nascent Divinity, a Curse also fused into his soul, charging straight towards his real self in the land of Immortals through the faint connection that existed between them.

"This is impossible!"

The black-robed man let out a shrill scream, and there was true terror within that scream. In truth, even if his magical body died, his real self would at most feel a decrease in its power, but his life would not be in danger. As long as he did not die, then he could redo everything. Yet now... the chilling Curse within his soul could attack his real self through his magical body. This was something he had never expected and was the true source of his terror.

When shrill scream rang out in the air, the black-robed man erupted with a bang, and died.

In the region of the endless floating continents in the Immortals' galaxy, there was one continent at the center that had several altars built on it. There was a middle-aged man sitting on one of the,, and that man was the black-robed person Su Ming had just killed.

At the same time his magical body died, his body started trembling violently, and black patches appeared on his skin. They began rotting rapidly, and almost in an instant, they covered his entire body. That person opened his eyes and let out a shrill scream of pain. Fear appeared on his face and he swiftly stood up. He swung his right arm before himself, and a Rune immediately appeared in front of him. He lifted his foot, intending to step into that Rune.

Yet almost at the moment he lifted his foot, his eyes turned dull and he trembled, then fell to the side. His body turned into black blood at that instant, and even his Nascent Divinity was unable to escape. He... truly died!

Moments before that, he saw more than a hundred altars around him as well as in the other continents shining with a powerful light. It was as if... the Immortals were about to activate another round of transportation and send another batch of people to descend.

Su Ming pulled back his finger in the land of Berserkers. He lowered his head and looked at the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground. All those who met his gaze instinctively lowered their heads.

Even if they were prodigies, and even if they were people who were familiar to him from his memories.

'The Berserkers gave me strength.' Su Ming's gaze swept past the crowd on the ground.

'The Berserkers gave me the power to search for the truth...

'There are people here who I can't bear to part with.

'The home which I will find hard to forget is here...

'I was born here. My existing memories contain the presence of the land of Berserkers...

'Then, from now onwards, why should I not... be a Berserker?!'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the two still operating Runes in the sky, which had the presence of Immortals descending to the place appearing once again. There was no longer any confusion in his eyes, but a look of determination, resolution, and also... acknowledgment!

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you. When you no longer know who you are, you will be you."

The faint song of a xun that carried with it an ancient air
resounded in Su Ming's ears...

Chapter 678: Great Completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

'I am the God of Berserkers!' Su Ming lifted his head and said these words quietly in his heart.

At the instant they echoed in his heart, the presence of those descending appeared once again within the Runes in the sky. Those presences came from new Immortals, and they were coming from their distant land.

It was also at that moment that the rainbows beyond the two Runes increased, and the distortions also became even more violent. Sounds of something being ripped apart shook the sky and earth, and there seemed to be a faint voice roaring continuously towards the ground from those distortions.

"God of Berserkers!" If anyone listened closely, they would be able to tell vaguely that those roars were crying out these three words!!

Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared instantly before him. The torso that had no head and only two arms was exuding an endless mighty pressure. Under that pressure, Su Ming's eyes shone with a brilliant light that surged into the sky.

"My statue of the God of Berserkers still lacks a pair of legs before it can reveal itself in its complete form in the universe... I am the God of Berserkers, and the third God of Berserkers' soul shall be my statue's left leg!"

As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, the three pearls that were transformed from the third God of Berserkers' body after he died flew out. Those pearls turned into an illusory old man in midair. That old man opened his eyes, and once he swept his gaze across the land, he looked towards Su Ming. His obscured face made it impossible for anyone to see

his appearance clearly, but they could still tell that he was smiling.

As he smiled, the old man's figure gradually disappeared. Almost at the moment he completely vanished, the left leg of Su Ming's statue appeared!

Su Ming's hair moved without wind. He watched the old man disappear, and saw the smile on his face. That was the smile the third God of Berserkers' soul left behind throughout the ages.

That smile contained acknowledgment!

At the instant the statue's left leg manifested, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted within his body and reached the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm within an instant. Only a membrane stood in his way to attain great completion!

As Su Ming's cultivation base increased, his presence was like a tidal wave that shook the sky and earth. The roars within the distortions in the sky grew stronger, and more rainbows appeared all around the area.

The figures within the pillars of light that were formed due to the Immortals descending from the Runes were gradually showing up. There were about a hundred of them, and they were rapidly gaining form.

Su Ming did not bother himself with them. He looked at his own statue of the God of Berserkers, then closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he lifted his right hand and swung it swiftly against the sky.

With it, the sky boomed, but those booming sounds could not cover Su Ming's voice, which brought shock to all the people's hearts at that moment.

"Second God of Berserkers, you, who exist as soul fragments in the world, who cry out during each Day of Eternal Creation, are you willing... to gather here and become my statue's right leg?! I swear the oath of a Berserker to you, I will surely destroy the

Immortals and take revenge for you!" Su Ming's voice reverberated in all directions, causing all those who heard it to swiftly fall silent.

Besides the booming sounds from Ji An and Su Ming's eldest senior brother's battle still ringing in the air, the area was in dead silence.

Su Ming silently waited for his answer. If it had been any other moment, his words would not have obtained any answer, but now, he had the world of Berserkers' kismet in his body, and he was in the process of forming his statue of the God of Berserkers. His voice fused into the world of Berserkers, and it reverberated with his meaning, all the soul fragments in the world could hear it.

Time passed. With each breath, more Immortals appeared within the two pillars of light from the vortex. Some of them had even almost completely gained their forms.

Then, a whiff of green aura appeared out of nowhere at the empty spot where the right leg was supposed to be for Su Ming's statue. Soon after, more of it manifested from all directions of the world. As that aura gathered together, it formed an indistinct green figure before Su Ming.

This figure's appearance was as obscure as that of the third God of Berserkers. His eyes were blank when he turned, as if observing Su Ming. Su Ming also cast his gaze on the indistinct green figure.

The meeting of their gazes made the sense of familiarity that was hidden within the depths of Su Ming's memories rise up once again. This had happened the first time when he fought against Si Ma Xin and stepped on the second God of Berserkers' arm.

Right then, as this sense of familiarity rose up the second time, a dazed look appeared on Su Ming's face. He seemed to have returned to that unknown time all those years ago. In his ears he heard a baby girl's cries, a woman's gentle voice soothing her, and also... a man's voice that was filled with dignity, but at the same time a sense of gentleness.

The second God of Berserkers...

The green figure in Su Ming's eyes was made up of the second God of Berserkers' soul fragments, which had scattered through the world. This was the embodiment of all his unwillingness to admit defeat and his grudge before his death. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming, and his empty eyes slowly gained light. Then, he gradually closed his eyes.

At the instant he did so, the green figure charged towards Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers to turn into its right leg, causing this statue to truly stand in the world.

At that instant, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted with a bang. At the same time, his statue became mostly complete and was only lacking a head. The statue of the God of Berserkers that stood in the world was ten thousand feet tall and looked like a colossal giant that was exuding a mighty pressure which shocked all the Immortals in the sky.

"The first God of Berserkers... Lie Shan Xiu, who left the land of Berserkers... who crafted the Berserkers' Enchanted Vessel to protect the entire land of Berserkers, the legacy you left behind will only last till the third God of Berserkers...

"It is impossible for the fourth God of Berserkers to appear among the Berserkers, because they no longer have any legacy and inheritance, that is why if that person really appears, he would no longer be the fourth God of Berserkers, but would be... a new God of Berserkers!

"Then, I will use the monument you left behind and the items you scattered in the land of Berserkers today to make the head for my statue. From now on, I will lead all the Berserkers... into new glory!"

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he swiftly opened his mouth. His words reverberated through the world and caused the world to resonate with him. During that instant, all the ferocious

beasts in the entire land of Berserkers—Eastern Wastelands, the islands of South Morning, Northern Province, and the Alliance of the Western Region—started worshiping the sky while letting out shocking roars.

Hidden in the forest of Eastern Wastelands was Berserker Fang Tribe. There were several thousands of people kneeling on the ground behind the old man standing on the empty ground at that moment. Their bodies were trembling, and the desire as well as the expectation in their eyes had almost reached their limit.

Their gazes were gathered on the old man, who was the only person standing. At that moment, he was looking silently at the sky. After some time, he seemed to have made a decision in his heart, and he turned his head around and looked at all his tribe members behind him.

"Oh well, the flames within us have caused our blood to reach a boiling point. We of Berserker Fang Tribe will take this risk, and if we succeed, the Berserkers will be different from now on, and if we fail... we will die buried under the Berserkers' sky!

"Berserker Fang Tribe, come with me to pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!"

The old man swung his arm, and roars immediately rose from within the forest. In the span of a breath, nearly ten thousand long arcs charged out into the sky to move towards the spot where their burning blood directed them.

The person in the lead was the old man.

The tribe that was hidden in the mountain range had moved out earlier than Berserker Fang Tribe. They could no longer remain silent. The flames in their blood had increased their level of cultivation, and at the same time, a will had also erupted within their blood. Eventually, most of the people in the tribe chose to fly into the sky to meet the God of Berserkers.

All the Berserkers in Eastern Wasteland erupted at the same time and charged towards the spot where Su Ming was from all directions.

Right at that moment, Su Ming swung his right hand at his statue of the God of Berserkers, and a gigantic stone monument immediately flew out from his storage bag. An ancient air spread out from it, and it was the legacy the first God of Berserkers had left behind after he went away!

Su Ming's words made the stone monument shake as it flew out. It crumbled on its own and gathered instantly on the empty spot where the head of Su Ming's statue was supposed to be. Within an instant, that dust turned into a head!

That head had no features, but its appearance completed the statue of the God of Berserkers!

As his statue of the God of Berserkers was completed, a vast presence spread out. The world rumbled, and the statue slowly turned its head around, and its featureless face was like a mirror that was looking at Su Ming.

During that instant, he completed the final requirement to arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm— having his own reflection on the God of Berserkers!

Curves immediately appeared on the featureless face of the God of Berserkers, and gradually, a face that was the exact same as Su Ming's took shape. At the instant that happened, all the rainbows in the sky crumbled with a bang and gathered within the statue.

The distortions in the sky all collapsed as well, until there was not a single one left, and the sky to become transparent at that moment.

The sky in this area was not the only part that became transparent. The entire Berserkers' sky turned transparent during that instant, causing all the Berserkers to be able to see, perhaps

for the first time in their lives... the true Berserkers' sky!

The world of Berserkers had no sky.

There was only a gigantic vortex. It was large enough to cover the entire land of Berserkers. It did not matter which corner a person resided in the land of Berserkers, they would be able to see that gigantic black vortex in the sky.

The vortex was still spinning at that moment. It was formed by an endless amount of dense fog that isolated their world from everything beyond. As it rotated with loud, booming sounds, some ferocious beasts that were several hundreds of thousands of feet in size or even bigger occasionally appeared within the fog.

However, while these creatures might be big, compared to the vortex, they looked like little animals in an ocean, and they could not even hope to compare with it.

This was the true Berserkers' sky!

This was also the sky that had existed during the first God of Berserkers' time. The sun, moon, and stars that appeared later on were all... fake!

They existed because of the Immortals' Rune!

At the instant everyone saw the sky, all the Berserkers who were flying stopped moving and stared blankly at the vortex.

As for Su Ming, at the instant the face of his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared, his cultivation base broke through the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he attained... great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Chapter 679: The Thirty Seventh Time!

At the instant Su Ming attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, a sharp, extreme pain immediately traveled out from the seal in his head. That pain caused veins to pop up on his face as cracks appeared on the seal. Su Ming sensed the power coming from the dimension once again, but it felt as if... it was no longer coming from another dimension. It was instead not too far away from him. Over that spot was a pair of eyes, and they were staring at him.

They were interfering with the cracks in the seal so that it would not break open. Instead, as the seal continued breaking, those cracks repeatedly closed up, resisting again and again within Su Ming's consciousness.

He could clearly tell that this was the power that had been trying to seal his memories all this while. The only difference between then and now was that it had previously been in another dimension. Right then, it seemed to be right in front of his eyes, having arrived in the land of Berserkers.

Su Ming lifted his head slowly. The eruption from his cultivation base, the resistance in his consciousness, as well as the cracking and subsequent closing of the seal caused a large amount of red to appear in his eyes. They looked as if they had turned crimson red, and as he swept his gaze across the area, his eyes landed on the pillar of light that was descending from the Rune at that moment!

"Are you... all ready?" Su Ming asked hoarsely. There was an unimaginable amount of power from the world in his body. He even had the feeling that he could cause the entire world to crumble with a single thought.

If he was the sky, then the sky was also him!

As his words traveled through the air, his voice seemed to have become one with the sky and rose with a loud rumbling. His words

even sounded like a law that was implemented the moment it appeared, resulting the trembling of the entire world. As his voice reverberated in the air, the two pillars of light from the Runes began shivering, as if they were about to be unable to handle his might and crumble.

There were nearly a hundred figures within those pillars of light, most of which had already completed their descent, and all of them were silently looking at Su Ming with their hearts filling with shock.

They saw the entire process of Su Ming attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and they also saw the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers before him. The terrifying might spreading from it caused their hearts to race.

Su Ming's voice caused the pillar of light to tremble, which brought disbelief to the faces of all those people watching.

"Welcome... to the land of Berserkers!"

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. At the instant his words left his mouth, the world rumbled, and the two pillars of light trembled violently before they crumbled with a bang. At the same time, the people within them instantly shot out in all directions.

Most to these people had extraordinary power, and some of them had even reached great circle in Ascendance. There were even two of them who had power equivalent to Di Tian's clones.

Yet at the instant they rushed out, Su Ming lifted his right hand, opened his palm, and seized in the direction before him, just as he did all those years ago when he saw the old man in the Undying and Imperishable Realm, and just as he did towards the endless undying souls in that world.

Su Ming was doing the exact same thing he did in that world. At the instant he lifted his right hand, his statue of the God of Berserkers also lifted its right hand and performed the same

action.

Booming sounds instantly rose into the air, and most of the Immortals from the pillars of light froze. As their bodies trembled, they let out shrill screams filled with despair and exploded with a bang.

As that happened, wisps of life force tumbled backwards and charged towards Su Ming's right hand. Once he held them in his fist, the power of his Curse spread out and rushed straight to the land of Immortals by tracing back the trails provided by the Rune!

At the same time, Su Ming took a step forward, and his body instantly appeared before one of the cultivators with power equivalent to Di Tian's clone. That cultivator turned his head around, and dark green light instantly appeared on his body. Just as he was about to retreat, Su Ming lifted his left hand and pierced through the dark green screen of light, completely unperturbed by it. He grabbed the cultivator's chest and squeezed.

The man's eyes went wide, and his heart was crushed.

A Curse also spread out and destroyed this person's Nascent Divinity before it went straight towards the land of Immortals to destroy his real self!

"From now on, the land of Berserkers... is forbidden grounds to Immortals!" Su Ming stated calmly.

Once he unclenched his hand, he turned around, his long hair dancing behind him. He lifted his left index finger and pointed forward. At the instant he turned around, the other cultivator with power equivalent to Di Tian's clone had already warped towards him. Mountains and rivers appeared in his hand, and the sun, moon, and stars as well as the entire universe also seemed to be contained within it. These things turned into a gigantic flag, and he was swinging it at Su Ming.

Su Ming's left index finger did not stop moving. It shot through

the flag and touched the cultivator's chest. That cultivator coughed up fresh blood, and as shock appeared on his face, he fell backwards. Su Ming took a step forward and snatched the flag with his right hand. Then, with his left, he hurled a fist towards that cultivator through the air.

"All Immortals who come here will be killed!" As Su Ming's flat, emotionless words reverberated in the air, his punch landed, and a voice that surged into the sky and earth shot up, stirring up multiple ripples in space. The cultivator's body crumbled and turned into pieces of flesh that scattered outwards. This person hadn't sent an ordinary clone, and the person before him hadn't either. Both of them had sent their magical bodies!

Magical bodies were of a higher level than clones. These were existences that were equivalent to Nascent Divinities among Immortals. Cultivators could entrust their lives to these bodies and refine them into beings that could help them preserve their lives.

That was why their levels of cultivation were equal to that of Di Tian's clones. However, now that Su Ming had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and obtained the world of Berserkers' kismet, killing Di Tian's clones... was no longer a difficult task for him.

Su Ming waved his arm and took a step forward to appear on his statue's shoulder. As he stood there, he looked at the sky, and a wave of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

"Di Tian, since you arrived a long time ago, why don't you just show up?"

As Su Ming spoke, the two radiant Runes in the vortex that was the Berserkers' true sky let out rumbling sounds again. At that same time, a man with a black crown who was dressed in a black Emperor's robe slowly revealed his body below the Rune, to its right.

At the instant he appeared, a wave of power that even had

corporeal form spread out from him, turning into thunderous booms that surged into the sky and traveled through the air in the process.

This was not a clone!

Su Ming looked at the black-robed Di Tian with a calm expression on his face. He could tell with just one glance that this Di Tian was clearly different from the three others he'd killed previously.

This person gave Su Ming a feeling that Di Tian had not obtained this body via Possession, but that it was truly born after gathering the power of the world. His features were also incredibly stark. There was not a hint of indistinctness that could be found on his face.

In fact, this was the second time Su Ming had this feeling. The first had been when he saw a man in black robes standing on a gigantic head in the black void while he himself was bound in chains after he left Dark Mountain to enter South Morning. The memory of it instantly rose in Su Ming's head.

The first time he had had this feeling was when he had first encountered Di Tian's clone. With his power at that time, he had been unable to find many clues that hinted at the fact of him being a different Di Tian than the one he saw in the void, which was why the feeling he had the first time could be dismissed.

From then onwards, he saw Di Tian's second and third clones. They might be strong, but they could not make that feeling appear within Su Ming, and he had never felt it again... up till now!

It could be said that with Su Ming's current level of cultivation, at the instant he saw the black-robed Di Tian, a large portion of the seal on his memories tore up, and he seemed to have remembered something, albeit only vaguely.

However, as vague as it might be, he had a clear feeling... this was definitely not the first time he saw this black-robed Di Tian.

The person who had appeared in the void was this Di Tian!

Perhaps more accurately speaking, this was the only one who could truly be considered as Di Tian. All the ones that Su Ming had killed previously were clones that Di Tian had controlled after he gathered his will and placed it on those bodies!

"This is... the thirty-seventh time I sent my magical body to this place..." the black-robed Di Tian said calmly. His voice had an ancient quality to it, and it was greatly different from that of his clones. The awe-inspiring air was absent in his speech, but there was an air of supremacy that made it seem as if he was looking down on all manner of living, even as his eyes were focused on Su Ming.

Then he lifted his foot slowly and walked towards him.

"The previous thirty-six times I came here was because you broke your promise and failed to fulfill the pledge you swore all those years ago. You tried to fight against me... and in the end, I killed you thirty-six times.

"I never truly killed you, but only made you sink back into oblivion ... This is the thirty-seventh time... and it will also be the last." Di Tian's emotionless voice seemed to be the law itself. As he closed in, the pain brought by the seal on the memories became stronger, and the cracks also increased in number.

"This time, there were more changes than ever before... It is also the only time you were able to destroy all my clones... However, in the end, you... will still fall!"

There were only several thousands of feet separating the black-robed Di Tian from Su Ming at that moment. A sharp pain that was enough to drive him mad appeared in Su Ming's head, and his memories... were gradually being restored.

At the instant Di Tian took another step forward, a bang resounded in Su Ming's head, and a large amount of pictures

erupted swiftly in his mind, turning into a chaotic mess in his brain.

In the midst of all that chaos, he saw images... that belonged to a thousand years ago!

The boy a thousand years ago had been sucked into the void during the change in Dark Mountain, but he did not appear in South Morning. Instead, he had gone to a continent he had never been to before. That place was filled with wind and snow... and the people there were all strangers. The things there were all unfamiliar...

Several hundreds of years later, when he arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he found his memories and tried to turn against heaven. Di Tian appeared, and during that battle, he had been bound by an endless amount of chains. At that time he had lost miserably, and the person who defeated him was a man who stood on a gigantic head. He was... the black-robed Di Tian standing right before his eyes at this moment!

"This is the thirty-seventh time I descended, and just like the previous thirty-six times, if you will manage to destroy my magical body, from then onwards, I will no longer be able to descend to the land of Berserkers, and you will truly regain your freedom... I will even give you this plate..." In Su Ming's newly appeared memories, these were exactly the same words spoken by the black-robed Di Tian before they fought a thousand years ago.

"You truly disappoint me..." This was the end of Su Ming's memories a thousand years ago, and they came from the same person.

The black-robed Di Tian walked towards him slowly and asked flatly, "Do you remember now?"

Su Ming's eyes became even redder. He lifted his head and glared up at him with killing intent flashing in his eyes.

"Just like the previous thirty-six times, if you can kill my magical body, then you will truly be free from now onwards, and I... will give this plate to you."

As Di Tian spoke, he lifted his right hand, and a black plate flew out. There was a complete spine on that plate, and a ghastly presence surrounded it.

At the instant Su Ming saw this thing, a loud booming sound instantly resounded in his head. He'd seen this plate before!

Chapter 680: The Berserkers Arrive!

"Among those thirty-six times, there were nineteen when you fell under my Abyss Sword. This time, I'd like to see how you will fare!"

When Di Tian moved forward, his presence was like one Su Ming had felt when he first saw him all those years ago. It was the presence of supremacy that was like mountains crushing his body, and as it charged towards Su Ming in an attempt to intimidate him, Di Tian lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

A ray of dark light instantly appeared above and charged towards Di Tian's right hand before turning into a sword on his palm. This sword was Di Tian's Abyss Sword!

It was still the same, but the wielder of it before had been Di Tian's clone. Right then, the person who held it was Di Tian's black-robed magical body who had made Su Ming fall into oblivion time and again over a countless number of years!

This magical body was connected to Di Tian's own life, and his strength surpassed all his clones'. It was the strongest power he could muster in the land of Berserkers.

During the previous thirty-six times, Di Tian had used his magical body to perform the final judgment, and every single time he sent this magical body over, it would mean the end for Su Ming.

Only at this moment did his magical body descend from the land of Immortals, and it was telling enough that Di Tian had only now truly made his decision.

The most important reason behind his decision was because his magical body had descended to this place thirty-six times over the years, and the force of the laws within the land of Berserkers rejecting him had become incredibly powerful. Even if he did

manage to descend, he could not stay for long, and so he had to end the battle as soon as possible.

The other reason was because Di Tian had sensed a strong danger after the thirty-sixth time he made Su Ming fall into oblivion and sealed his memories. This sense had not come from Su Ming himself, but a pair of invisible eyes in the land of Berserkers.

This pair of eyes always seemed to be staring at him, causing him to only send his clones to the land over the past thousand years and not dare risk sending his magical body again, as it was connected to his life. If it was not because he had to destroy Su Ming, he would not have sent his magical body to the land of Berserkers.

Di Tian was also too worried to send someone else to handle this matter, and since all his clones were destroyed, he could only... send his magical body!

Once the Abyss Sword appeared, the boundless vortex in the sky suddenly increased the speed of its rotation for an instant, and a wisp of Yin Death Aura was dragged down by the sword to the land. It turned into a ball of black fog that surrounded the Abyss Sword, and that black fog seemed to have turned into several faces of malicious ghosts once they surrounded the blade, and all of them were roaring at Su Ming.

"The first Abyss Sword is to extol the heavens!"

"The second Abyss Sword is to rise the land!"

"The third Abyss Sword is to execute people!"

The black-robed Di Tian swung the Abyss Sword in his hand, and it immediately split into three, resulting in three swords now flying around Di Tian. As they danced about, more Yin Death Aura surged forth from the vortex in the sky.

"The fourth Abyss Sword is to send off souls!"

"The fifth Abyss Sword is to mourn the body!"

"The sixth Abyss Sword is to destroy the spirits!"

A glint appeared in the black-robed Di Tian's eyes. The three Abyss Swords swayed once more before they turned into six swords that formed a sword Rune. They charged towards Su Ming with a sharp whistle, and the Yin Death Aura that they stirred up turned into thick black fog that tumbled about and formed a gigantic face of a malicious ghost in the sky. As it howled, it charged swiftly towards Su Ming.

A powerful sense of danger instantly rose in Su Ming's heart. That sense of danger came from his soul and from a spot in his memories that even he did not notice previously. It was as if his sealed memories remembered that there were a dozen more times when his body and soul had been destroyed under this particular style and he had sunk into oblivion because of it, just like Di Tian had said.

"If what you said is true, then this is the thirty-seventh time. I don't know why I would lose to this Abyss Sword the previous dozen something times, but now..."

Su Ming did not finish speaking. As he left his sentence hanging, not only did he not retreat, but he even took a step forward. At the instant his foot landed, his body disappeared in a flash. When he reappeared, he was already right before those six Abyss Swords.

At the instant he threw his punch forward—

"The seventh Abyss Sword is to bid farewell to life!"

"The eighth Abyss Sword is to bury the void!"

"The ninth Abyss Sword... is to destroy!"

The black-robed Di Tian swung his arm, and shadows instantly overlapped the six Abyss Swords around him. Once another three other swords were added to their number, they turned into nine Abyss Swords that clashed with Su Ming, and booming sounds reverberated in the air, surging into the sky.

Su Ming's fist stopped for a moment. When the nine Abyss Swords cracked inch by inch and fell backwards, they turned into fragmented pieces, but they did not disappear. Instead, once they fused with the fog, they turned into an eerie gigantic mouth of a malicious spirit that looked as if it had corporeal form, and it charged towards Su Ming to devour him.

This power could devour all those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, so even those who had incredibly great cultivation bases would find it difficult to escape it. This backlash from the power of Yin Death came from Di Tian's ultimate divine abilities, and it was an attack that could kill Su Ming a dozen something times in the past.

Di Tian's magical body did not bother to hold back even a single bit right from the start of the battle. His attacks were all filled with killing intent.

However, while this divine ability could destroy Su Ming a dozen something times in the past, it could not deal even a little damage to Su Ming on this day. Di Tian had made a miscalculation, and this mistake would cause him to pay an unbearable price.

In his memories, this was Su Ming's thirty-seventh awakening. To him, Su Ming's might came from the final burst in his cultivation base every single time after he awakened, and with each time, his cultivation base would be much stronger than before. Yet even so, he believed that he could control this Destiny who had awakened for the thirty-seventh time.

However, he did not know that this was not the thirty-seventh time Su Ming had awakened. He had awakened... a countless number of times!

Each destruction of his soul in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World was like a real death. This resulted in not only the strength of Su Ming's will increasing by leaps and bounds, but he also obtained... innumerable awakenings the precise number of

which even he himself did not know!

With each awakening, his potential would increase a little. This unforeseen circumstance of him awakening an endless amount of times in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World now caused a miscalculation in Di Tian's plans, and had also molded Su Ming to become greater!

Almost at the instant the big mouth formed from the Yin Death Fog closed in on Su Ming, his expression twisted. He lifted his head swiftly and let out a low roar towards that mouth.

"Yin Death Aura is the aura within my body! How dare you try to devour me!" Su Ming's roar reverberated in all directions. Veins popped up on his face, and as his roar echoed in the air, the gigantic vortex in the sky rumbled as well.

The big mouth that closed in on Su Ming shuddered, and fear as well as hesitation appeared on the malicious spirit's face. Then, as Su Ming roared, it changed its direction, turned its head, and charged towards the black-robed Di Tian.

Powerful killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. With a single move, he rushed towards Di Tian like a shooting star. It did not matter whether this was his clone or his magical body, the entire world of Berserkers was filled with Su Ming's murderous aura, and whoever it was that he wanted to kill had to die!

"Di Tian, you're going to die!"

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. The seal in his head continued breaking, and his memories raged in his mind like a storm.

Almost at the instant Su Ming charged towards Di Tian, nearly ten thousand long arcs that looked as if they had blotted out the sky and covered the earth rushed over from the horizon. The person in the lead... was All Entities Clan's Grand Clan Elder, Tian Qi, a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Excitement was rife in his eyes. The Berserkers behind him were all burning with passion, and their roars traveled forward with a loud echo.

At that instant, there were also nearly ten thousand long arcs charging forward from another direction. The person in their lead was an old man that was as thin as a skeleton. That old man was Xue Sha, the Elder of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds!

Chapter 681: Bright Yang, Yin Death

It did not matter whether it was the tribe members for the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds or the disciples of All Entities Clan. At that moment these people, who numbered to nearly twenty thousand, saw a shocking sight at the same time from two directions. They saw the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers in midair, and at the instant their gazes fell on it, all of them felt their blood boiling with a bang.

That statue of the God of Berserkers gave Immortals pressure, but to the Berserkers, it brought them a wave of excitement and madness that could not be described with words. It was as if their full potential would explode forth if they were beside that statue, and their combat abilities would also increase by a large margin compared to before.

Aside from the statue causing these Berserkers to feel their blood boiling, the tens of thousands of Immortals on the land also caused the people from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan to have their pupils shrink.

The Immortals on the ground also saw the Berserkers coming en masse as well. All of them were silent, but they no longer had the arrogance and suppressive air they put on when they met in the past, because there was a terrifying person here who had slaughtered an innumerable amount of their own and even destroyed Di Tian's clones, and they had witnessed the entire process of this happening!

The Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan caused a slight change to happen to the battlefield. However, before the two forces of Berserkers could understand what was going on, they saw the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers and the Runes rotating and rumbling in the sky!

As those Runes rotated, powerful light spread out from within

them, and it was clear that a new batch of Immortals were about to descend.

Aside from these, there was also something else that caused the Great Tribe of Surging Cloud's Xue Sha and All Entities Clan's Tian Xi's gazes to gather in the same spot.

It was the sight of Su Ming's eldest senior brother fighting against Ji An in the sky, with loud, booming sounds echoing around. Eldest senior brother held a battle axe in his hand, and in his other hand was a huge shield that had been formed by the near hundred Shaman Souls at some point in time. He was engaged in a battle to the death with Ji An, and Ji An's expression was dark while retreating continuously. He had already executed a large variety of attacks, but none of them could suppress the fierce will that propelled his opponent to press forward courageously!

Black fog churned at the spot where these two people fought, and there seemed to be an endless amount of ferocious fiends from the world beyond roaring about. However, none of them seemed to have the courage to get closer to Su Ming's eldest senior brother. Booming sounds continued spreading outwards, and their battlefield took up half of the sky.

There was a long arc that was charging towards the person with the crown and the black robe. The face of that person in the long arc could not be seen clearly; he was only a blurry shadow. Almost at the moment these Berserkers arrived and saw the battle in the region, a loud boom that shook the sky and earth traveled swiftly in all directions from the spot where there was a person fighting against the black-robed man who looked like an Emperor.

"It doesn't matter whether it's thirty-six or thirty-seven times, neither does it matter whether these memories are real or fake... none of them matter to me!" Su Ming's voice echoed in the air in the midst of the rumbling. He staggered nearly a thousand feet backwards, and when he stopped, he lifted his head. There was blood trickling down the corners of his mouth.

This blood was not due to him being injured by Di Tian. It had instead been caused by Su Ming biting the tip of his tongue to force his mind to clear up in the midst of the chaos that had been brought about by his memories erupting to the front of his mind.

"It was incredibly difficult to break this seal previously, but when you arrived, some of my memories were automatically released when the seal cracked. Di Tian... this is too fake. It doesn't matter to me whether what you said is true, as long as I kill you, none of this is important anymore!" Su Ming's eyes turned crimson, and he swiftly took a step once again towards Di Tian.

When he lifted his right hand, the statue of the God of Berserkers in the sky let out a roar and lifted its right hand as well before it hurled its fist forward. But it did not throw its punch towards Di Tian, it had instead directed its fist towards... Su Ming!

It was also at this moment that the people from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan gathered their gazes on Su Ming from two different directions, even if they were still tens of thousands of feet away from the battlefield.

They... saw Su Ming's face clearly, and also saw the exact same face on the statue of the God of Berserkers. At the instant their gazes gathered on Su Ming's body, an impulse rose within them, and that impulse made their blood start erupting out of their control.

It was boiling violently in all Berserkers now. They did not know who was the first to cry out, but quickly more roars joined in, and the sound of them all instantly rose and fell in the air until there was only one voice left in the sky in the end!

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

That voice shook the sky and earth, born from twenty thousand

people shouting at the same time. This was the booming sound coming from the blood of twenty thousand people. This was the roar of the Berserkers after they traveled several tens of thousands of li to this place!

Almost at the moment that voice reverberated in the world and shook the entire area, the right fist of the statue crashed into the charging Su Ming.

The ten thousand foot tall statue of the God of Berserkers lifted its head and let out a violent roar, as if it was responding to the Berserkers' roars.

In the midst of that roar, Su Ming's body swiftly fused into his statue. At the instant he disappeared, a powerful light that had never appeared in the statue's eyes suddenly begun shining. That light was killing intent and intelligence. At the instant it appeared, it was as if the statue of the God of Berserkers became Su Ming himself!

Fusing with the statue of the God of Berserkers was a racial divine ability that could only be executed by those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Before they attained this level of power, a strong Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm could place their statue of the God of Berserkers in their body, but once they attained great completion, they could reverse the process and fuse themselves into their statue. Then, from there... they could bring out the Berserkers' powerful might!

The black-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank slightly. He let out a cold harrumph towards Su Ming's declaration that he did not care whether his words of killing him thirty-six were true. Di Tian did not bother to continue speaking. Killing intent instead shone briefly in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand swiftly, swinging it at the sky. During that instant, he opened his mouth and spat out a golden stone.

This stone was not big. It was only the breadth of a finger and

half a finger long. However, once it appeared, the stone abruptly exploded, and the area around its edges began squirming. In the span of a breath, it grew to the size of a fist, and in the next instant it grew as large as a skull!

Once that stone appeared, a wave of power that belonged to Bright Yang abruptly spread out, causing the world around it to look as if it was being torn apart. Ripples spread out from around it, as if space itself could not withstand the stone's existence!

This was a Bright Yang Stone!

In fact, it was a Bright Yang Stone that was refined by Di Tian. The light it spread out could destroy all souls of Yin Death.

"You are, in the end, something from Yin Death. This Bright Yang Stone will be the item that will bring you your death. Under the radiance of Bright Yang, I'd like to see how you will manage to not be destroyed!" The black-robed Di Tian lifted his right hand and seized that stone before he squeezed it. The stone cracked and exploded.

When that happened, it looked as if a sun had broken down. Powerful rays of golden light spread out through the area with a bang, but it only spread out to a thousand feet before gathered together and charging towards Su Ming.

It caused the entire area around Su Ming, who had transformed into his statue of the God of Berserkers, to instantly turn gold. Moments later, a large amount of black fog spread out from inside it.

The face on Su Ming's statue began to swiftly and violently wither away. This feeling was much stronger than the first time Su Ming had walked out of Yin Death Region.

Su Ming let out a muffled roar, but he did not retreat. Instead, he took a step towards that golden light. He lifted his right arm, and with his palm facing upward while the back of his hand was turned

downwards, he swung them towards the Bright Yang Light around him.

"What scatters away is the past, and what remains is the future, but the moment now... is Destiny!" Su Ming stated, his voice echoing in the air.

When he swung his arm, the Bright Yang Light that had caused him to feel death instantly fell back and moved away from his body, as if time had started flowing back. At that moment, the statue that was Su Ming's body was no longer enveloped by Bright Yang Light.

However, this was the divine ability Di Tian's magical body had used specifically to curb Su Ming. Even with Destiny's time reversal, Su Ming could only make that light retreat for an instant. Immediately after, Bright Yang Light gathered on Su Ming's body once again.

However, in that instant when there was none of it covering him, a large amount of black fog had spread out from Su Ming's body, and he looked as if he had grown endlessly older. His statue lifted its left hand at that moment and seized the Yin Death that filled the sky above the world of Berserkers.

"Verdant Abyssal Seal!" Su Ming let out a roar towards the sky, and as he shouted, seven green shadows immediately appeared around him. They were Su Ming's Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal!

Bright Yang could curb Yin Death... but if he flipped it over, Yin Death could also curb Bright Yang!

Bright Yang Light came towards him once again. At the instant it covered Su Ming's body, the seven green figures around Su Ming gathered together to kneel and bow towards him.

At the instant they bowed down, the vortex in the sky let out a violent roar, and a large amount of black smoke descended swiftly, but it was not aiming to attack anyone. It was instead charging

towards Su Ming.

Su Ming had placed the Verdant Abyssal Seal on his own body. By doing so, at the instant Bright Yang Light was about to reach him, the black fog that was Yin Death came rushing towards him with a loud rumbling.

A ceaseless noise that shook the sky and earth erupted. It shook the world so much that the sky changed and the earth looked as if it was about to start tumbling about. When that sound gradually dissipated, Su Ming's statue still remained standing in the sky.

He looked old, and an incredibly weakened air spread out from his body, but as killing intent flashed in Su Ming's eyes, he immediately started recovering from his weakened state, because those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could absorb the power of the world and use it for their own!

It was especially so when Su Ming had fused together with his statue of the God of Berserkers. The speed at which he absorbed the power of the world made it seem as if he was devouring it.

Bright Yang Light that had been around him was already gone without a trace. The only person remaining before him was Di Tian, who was standing thousands of feet away with an incredibly dark expression.

"Nine Abyss Sword could not kill you, and neither could Bright Yang Light destroy you... Then, I'd like to see how you will handle... Punishment!"

Di Tian's lips lifted in a cold sneer, and he raised his right hand and pointed swiftly towards the sky after he formed a seal!

Chapter 682: Dying with You!

When Di Tian pointed upward, he also bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of golden blood.

At the instant this blood appeared, it immediately turned into drops of golden pellets that charged towards the vortex in the sky as he swung his right arm.

"With mine will, I activate the Immortals' Vessel and have it descend to Yin Death Void to execute Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!" Di Tian's voice reverberated in the area at that moment. There was a supreme might in that voice, causing all the people who heard it to feel their hearts tremble.

It was especially so since the divine ability Di Tian cast this time was definitely nothing ordinary. This was an Art that could only be executed by having him give up a mouthful of his magical body's blood as a price, and it would definitely not be on the same level as what his clones could execute.

Ever since Di Tian's magical body appeared, he had not once executed a weak Art. It did not matter whether it was his Abyss Sword or this Destiny's Punishment, all of them were killing moves!

Almost at the moment his blood turned into long arcs and charged towards the vortex that covered the entire Berserkers' sky, the vortex froze because of it, as if the rotations within it had stilled.

In the boundless galaxy beyond the vortex in the Berserkers' sky were nine cultivation planets that kept vigilance on Yin Death Region. When the vortex stopped moving, brilliant light erupted from the galaxy, and as the light grew to a piercing degree, a strong ray swiftly erupted with a bang from one of the cultivation planets and shot straight into that layer of Yin Death Fog. This forced the fog to spread out, allowing a little of that strong ray of light to seep

through and charge towards the land of Berserkers.

But it was not just one!

There were nine of them!

Eight other strong rays of light came from the other cultivation planets as well. With a loud whistle in the air, they burst into the galaxy, causing the Yin Death Vortex to roar and a thick layer of fog to start spreading outwards madly. Then... a pit appeared in the center of the fog!

Anyone in the world of Berserkers who lifted their heads and looked at the sky at that moment would be able to clearly see the center of the vortex in the sky. Once the fog stilled and started tumbling about with those booming sounds while looking as if it was boiling, the fog started dispersing at the edges, and as it scattered away, it revealed...

A gigantic pit at the center!

And for the first time in their lives, the Berserkers... saw the true galaxy!

Yet the instant the galaxy appeared, it was immediately replaced by nine powerful rays of light that were piercing to the eyes. They sliced through the sky with loud whistling sounds and shot through Yin Death Fog to descend on the land. Their appearance immediately turned them into the most powerful light in the world of Berserkers.

The nine punishments appeared at the same time, and they were all coming to destroy Destiny!

In fact, this would not just affect Destiny. The might of these nine powerful rays of light could destroy the entire Eastern Wastelands. This... was the powerful killing move that Di Tian had prepared to destroy Su Ming!

"You're mad!" Ji An let out a furious roar as he fought against Su Ming's eldest senior brother in the black fog.

In the midst of shock, the Immortals on the ground spread out and started fleeing in all directions. Before the nine powerful rays of light closed in, the land begun to feel like a sea of fire, and a wave of heat washed over everyone present!

The two Berserker forces in the sky were stunned, their gazes fixed on the sky. They watched the powerful light coming towards them, because... they had nowhere to run!

"Destiny, I refuse to believe that you will be able to fight back against this punishment! Besides..." A ferocious look appeared on the black-robed Di Tian's face. He bit the tip of his tongue once again and coughed up another mouthful of his magical body's blood. That blood charged towards the sky with a loud whistle.

At the same time, powerful light spread out from the nine cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Fog once again, and another nine rays of powerful light shook the planets, then burst forth with a bang.

"I'd like to see... how you'll fight against this!" The black-robed Di Tian let out a low growl. A malicious and cruel look appeared in his eyes as he looked towards Su Ming, who had fused with his statue of the God of Berserkers in midair.

Forget what sort of price Di Tian would have to pay to activate these eighteen powerful rays of punishment. If they descended on Eastern Wastelands, then it would bring this continent a disaster that was equivalent to the amount of damage that was brought forth when the it had rammed itself into South Morning.

The Immortals' might was shown clearly with this priceless treasure that could deal out a punishment strong enough to destroy the world of Berserkers. Perhaps this peerless treasure was the greatest reason for caution and would also bring about the greatest amount of damage to the Berserkers!

"I can spare you, as long as you lower your head before me and fall once again. I can give you... one final chance!" The black-robed

Di Tian stood in midair and looked at Su Ming coldly.

At that moment, he had a real upper hand in this battle. Now that the true Punishment had appeared, Su Ming would not be the only one who died. The endless amount of Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands would die alongside him.

Su Ming looked at the sky. He saw the nine powerful rays of light charging towards him with loud whistles and also saw the second batch that had appeared right behind them.

This was not the first time he saw Di Tian executing this attack, but clearly, what he saw last time could not compare to what he was seeing right then. This... was the true Punishment!

'Is everything... about to end..?' Bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart. Even if he attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, in the face of the priceless treasure that could destroy the entire world of Berserkers... he was still unable to fight.

At that moment, his vow to kill Di Tian seemed to have turned into a massive joke, a spoof, a fact telling him that he could not hope to fulfill his vow.

And this was not even the real Di Tian. This was just his magical body.

'But I don't want to accept this!'

Madness appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and a crimson red light shone in them. It was formed by blood capillaries filling his eyes and determination that appeared in the statue's gaze when he fused with it.

"I refuse to accept this! How can I lower my head to you?!" Su Ming let out a hoarse roar. It was a voice filled with madness, a cry screaming that he was not bothered by death.

"I can die, but even if I die, I will remain standing! I will hold my head high as I die! Who are you, Di Tian?! You are not worth me lowering my head!"

"My power may not match up to yours, but my backbone... is made of madness that not even the universe can bend!" As Su Ming roared, he swiftly charged out and lifted his left hand to strike the first powerful ray of light that came from the sky.

He was full of an indomitable determination, a shocking will and resolution. It was a madness screaming that he would rather die than lower his head!

He hurled his fist forward, and at the instant his hand clashed against the first ray of light, loud booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the left hand of Su Ming's statue exploded with a bang. It turned into shards that fell backwards before turning into powder that scattered in all directions.

As violent ripples swiftly spread through the air, Su Ming's laughter reverberated in the air.

"I lived in an illusion, I was lost, I could not find my home, I did not have a home... but why does it matter?!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards the second ray of light as he charged towards the sky.

A roar reverberated in the air once again, shaking the world so much that the weather changed. Su Ming's right arm... was ripped into pieces and completely shattered.

"Why does it matter?! Between the threat of death and a spine that would never bend, I will choose... the latter!" Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers had lost both its arms, but his body still continued charging forward. With a spin, he lifted his right leg and kicked the third incoming ray of light.

It became darker, and the right leg of the statue was completely shattered!

This scene even shocked the black-robed Di Tian. The horrifying charge made him feel as if he had just gotten to know Su Ming for the first time ever.

Ji An and Xing Gan were no longer fighting. The horrifying booms were enough to shock all the people's hearts. The tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground were shocked to silence as Su Ming went through the horrifying and devastating blows.

During that instant, some among the two Berserker forces wept.

A loud bang shot into the sky, but it could not cover Su Ming's laughter. He lifted his left leg and kicked forward, making his leg clash against the fourth ray of light. Once it was destroyed and disappeared, Su Ming, who had lost all his limbs, used his body to fight against the fifth ray of light.

With each bang, all those who bore witness would fall into a deeper state of silence. At the moment the torso of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered and he only had a head left in the sky, the sixth ray of light charged towards him.

Su Ming laughed long and hard, then rammed his statue's head against the sixth ray of light. Booming sounds swept through the world. At the instant the statue's head shattered, Su Ming's real body appeared in the sky. He coughed up a mouthful of blood and his body plunged down towards the ground.

The seventh, eighth, ninth... and up to the eighteenth ray of light were all charging towards him.

"I can still continue!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth. Without his statue of the God of Berserkers, he would immediately disappear into the wind under this light. Right at the instant the final burst of power erupted from Su Ming's body and he was about to force himself to charge towards the seventh ray of light... a tall, headless body appeared right in front of him.

"Youngest junior brother, I'll die together with you!" a muffled voice said, and tears fell from Su Ming's eyes. He laughed loudly.

"Damn it, if I knew about this beforehand, I wouldn't have come

here... but since I'm already here... I, Xue Sha, from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds, will die together with the God of Berserkers!" The thin old man from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds let out a sigh at that moment, and his speed increased exponentially as he charged towards Su Ming.

"We of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds will die together with the God of Berserkers!" The near ten thousand members of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds behind the old man did not retreat. All of them roared and charged forward.

"I, Tian Qi, from All Entities Clan, hereby greet the God of Berserkers, and am willing to die together with the God of Berserkers!" All Entities Clan's Tian Qi was the first person to have chosen to come and pay his respects to Su Ming. At that moment, there was a slight complicated look on his face, but there was no hesitation within him as he said these words. With one move, he charged towards Su Ming.

Right behind him, the members of the twelve tribes that formed All Entities Clan roared together and charged forward with loud whistling sounds.

"We are willing to die with the God of Berserkers!"

The voices from these twenty thousand people shocked all the Immortals' hearts at that moment!

These voices created a huge wave of emotion in Su Ming's heart... He had never experienced this kind of feeling before. The indescribable warmth that was formed from what he was seeing now spread, for the first time, through his heart.

Chapter 683: Elder!

A race should have a soul!

A race without a soul was bound to die out!

The Berserkers' soul had gradually faded away and died as the first God of Berserkers left, as the second God of Berserkers was torn apart, and the third God of Berserkers disappeared.

The only thing left behind was bewilderment and a sickly illusion. The Berserkers lived in the glory that existed in ancient scrolls and refused to wake up. Perhaps more accurately speaking... they could not accept the state of decline their race was currently going through.

The Berserkers were indeed no longer the race that had the worship of all worlds under the first God of Berserkers' rule... It was like an old man who had one foot in his grave and was walking down the final stretch of his life.

The separation of the continents, the inability to continue their culture, the inner strife caused by the Shamans' betrayal, and the permeation brought by the numerous Immortals who descended over the years had caused the Berserkers to fall apart, leaving behind only an empty shell.

Even their level of cultivation was eternally stuck at the Berserker Soul Realm and they could not enter the next Realm. As time passed by, this race began to gradually be unable to catch up to their history, and they were slowly... abandoned by time.

Would such a race still have a soul? No, it no longer possessed one, because it had already died!

Its past glory only remained in the moaning notes of a xun. Its past prosperity had also been destroyed and turned into emptiness. It was a skeleton burning in flames, and it was destined to only be a comforting dream. It could let her people's blood burn, but it

would be difficult for it to set fire to its people's souls!

The Immortals' Nine Planetary Punishment was the guillotine hanging over the necks of the people in this world!

Perhaps this guillotine should have fallen a long time ago... but no matter what, this was the land of Berserkers that had been worshipped by worlds in the past, and a person who had made all Immortals bow their heads to him and made Sacred Morning Dao World tremble before him had been born in this world.

Lie Shan Xiu!

This was his hometown... and even though he had gone missing a long time ago, he... might perhaps not be dead! Perhaps he would come back one of these days.

Even if he did not return, he had left behind priceless treasures in the world of Berserkers to protect his people, and had also left behind... the Berserkers' law, which was much stronger than all his various priceless treasures!

This law was also Yin Death Region's law. Under this law, all those who descended to the world would find their power weakened without bounds. If it was not for this law, then the Berserkers... might have disappeared in time a long time ago.

However, these were all just external forces. If a race was void of a soul, then it was still walking only towards extinction.

What is a soul? Su Ming had no knowledge about it, but the roars echoing in his ears and the warmth as well as the powerful emotion he felt in his heart allowed him to understand something.

Perhaps these roars, these declarations to die together, and the state of their blood being set on fire had allowed... a shred of the Berserkers' soul to bloom!

They were afraid of death, but they quelled their terror and faced death bravely without turning back. If the people's soul had already disappeared, if the race itself had already been cast aside by

time, then... if he could not make his people rise once more, he would... die with his race!

The declarations of dying with the God of Berserkers might not have even been aimed at Su Ming... but toward all the Berserkers!

They would die with the Berserkers!

The roars from these twenty thousand people, their shouts that shook the sky and earth turned into the strongest howls in the world at that moment. Madness could be heard in their voices, and it was an outburst that was born after being oppressed for an innumerable amount of years. Under this outburst... why should death even matter to them?!

Under this outburst and under this will to rather die with the Berserkers, the emotion Su Ming felt in his heart made a warmth bloom in his body. It was one that he had never experienced before, and it had nothing to do with any sort of love. This was... the shoots of the newly born Berserkers' soul!

This soul was no longer the Berserkers' soul of the past. It was a soul born from the unwillingness to accept fate even in the midst of destruction, a madness born from being empty... and a determination to die in glory rather than live in dishonor!

This soul had no form. It could not be seen, could not be touched, but during that instant, the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground could strongly sense a will from the twenty thousand people in the sky that seemed as if they could rise from ashes and crush everything!

Ji An's face turned pale. He took a few staggering steps backwards. At the level of cultivation he was, he could see the hints of what was going on with just a glance. As he watched the twenty thousand Berserkers roar and saw their wills erupting with loud booms, his expression changed rapidly.

'The Berserkers' soul...'

The black-robed Di Tian's expression changed immediately. He had also not expected that the Nine Planetary Punishment he executed would cause these twenty thousand Berserkers to show signs of forming a soul.

This sign was a form of belief and a worship. It was also a form of determination. Once this sort of resolution appeared within a race, then it would become incredibly terrifying in the future. It was a racial soul that no form of power could destroy.

Unless... all the descendants of that race were killed off, and none remained!

'These twenty thousand people are seeds. If they don't die in this disaster, once they spread out, they will spread the seeds of this Berserkers' soul throughout the entire world of Berserkers, and they will affect all those with Berserker blood. At that time... the Berserkers will be like a race that opened its eyes, having woken up after sleeping for tens of thousands of years!

'I absolutely can not let this happen. These people... must all die!'

A glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes, and he bit the tip of his tongue to cough up another mouthful of blood before he lifted his right hand and swung it at the air. The golden drops of blood charged towards the vortex in the sky, and as it rumbled, piercing light erupted once more from the nine cultivation planets that kept watch over Yin Death Region beyond Yin Death Fog, and another nine powerful rays of light descended with loud booming sounds.

Yet at the moment these nine rays of light shot through Yin Death Fog and were just about to charge into the world of Berserkers, a moaning note of a xun suddenly rang through the world of Berserkers, coming from Yin Death Fog in the vortex!

The notes of that xun begun ringing incredibly abruptly, and they sounded like the weeping of the Berserkers. The notes of that song reverberated in the air, and it caused the nine powerful rays of light to freeze at the instant they descended. At that instant, the

entire universe and the world that was within Yin Death Region looked as if they had stopped moving.

The second batch of light also stopped moving, and so did the seventh ray of Punishment which was located right above Su Ming and which Xing Gan as well as a large number of Berserkers wanted to block!

Everything seemed to have instantly come to a halt. The only thing that existed was the moaning song of the xun. It echoed in the world, and at the instant the notes from the song fell into Su Ming's ears, he lifted his head slowly and looked towards the sky.

He was familiar with this song. He had heard it several times before, and the last time he heard it was before his battle against Di Tian's clone. The previous time before the last... was when he was looking at an old man, and he had played this song before Su Ming.

The old man's face appeared in Su Ming's head, but suddenly, he found that he could not remember how the old man looked. His breathing quickened, and to his shock, he noticed a fact that he had never realized before!

The old man's face... seemed to be different every single time Su Ming saw him. The only thing that remained clear in Su Ming's face was his actions, which looked like those of a blind man.

It was blatantly obvious that this old man had a different appearance every single time Su Ming ran into him, but only at this moment did Su Ming notice it. This was an incredibly strange matter, and it allowed him to understand a lot of things.

"A soul has finally appeared among us Berserkers. How can I just let you destroy it?!" An ancient voice that seemed to have lived through an endless amount of time came from the fog in the vortex. Once it started speaking, the moaning notes of the xun started echoing in the air even more animatedly.

The black-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank swiftly. This was the

first time he had heard this voice, but it was not the first time he sensed the presence that now came from the vortex!!

It was this presence that had made him not dare to send his magical body to the land for years. It was also this presence that had given him that faint sense of danger!

"Who are you?!" Di Tian took a step forward. When he lifted his right hand, his fingers shattered and turned into five blood arrows that charged into Yin Death Vortex.

These five blood arrows immediately turned into five blood dragons that fused together as they roared ferociously, transforming into a five-headed beast of blood that charged into the vortex. A booming sound surged into the sky.

In the midst of that noise, Yin Death Vortex looked as if it had crumbled and started spreading outwards swiftly. At the instant it spread out... a person in white was revealed within!

That person was an old man with dull eyes. His face was different in everyone's eyes, and in fact, his face would also change every single time anyone looking at him blinked.

However... there were very few who noticed this. It was as if their minds had automatically ignored the fact that his face was constantly changing.

At the instant Su Ming saw the old man, he recognized him. This was the old xun maker!

However, this time, once he saw the old man's face clearly, he found his heart trembling violently. The amount of shock he felt was something he had never experienced before. Even when he learned that the world of Berserkers was really Yin Death World, the amount of shock he felt could not hope to compare to what he was feeling now.

He felt as if there thousands of lightning bolts crackling in his head, and all of them were roaring at the same time. His mind

instantly turned chaotic and his body shuddered violently. He was stunned, unable to think, and the only thing remaining before his eyes was the old man's face.

He did not dare blink. He was afraid that if he blinked, the old man's face would change once again, and the face that was making him tremble would go away.

That face was the one that had left the deepest mark in his memories. That smile was the most difficult thing for him to forget in his life. All of these things caused Su Ming's soul to become empty, clear of all confusion.

"Elder..." Su Ming mumbled, and right after he mumbled these words, he let out a shocking cry. "Elder!"

The old man's face before Su Ming's eyes at that moment... was the one that belonged to Dark Mountain Tribe's Elder. He was Mo Sang, Su Ming's... elder!

Chapter 684: One Point!

Humans would usually describe time passing as something that happened in the blink of an eye. They would usually say something akin to "Many years have passed by in the blink of an eye." This was a metaphor, because time was short, resulting in most people finding that it was already too late by the time they wanted to treasure it.

This was an expression of regret after time passed. It was a thought that would appear after something had happened, and they would find themselves reminiscing over the time they had not cherished.

But for Su Ming, it was the opposite!

He did not dare blink, because he knew that if he blinked even once, he would no longer be able to see the same face. One blink, and time would pass. The reluctance to part before the eventual parting made Su Ming feel tears well up in his eyes as he stared at the affectionate smile and familiar wrinkles in the sky.

"You... suffered..." the old man said in a hoarse voice. Su Ming trembled, but he could not say even a single word.

"You're Mo Sang... No, you're not Mo Sang..." The black-robed Di Tian stared at the old man in the sky and uttered these two conflicting sentences. Almost at the moment he finished speaking, a glint appeared in his eyes. He swiftly lifted his right hand. His previously destroyed fingers had recovered, and Di Tian seized the air in the direction towards the sky.

"I understand now... but you're just a Yin Death Soul. Even if you've mastered the power of Yin Death and became an undying and imperishable existence... You can only do so here!" The black-robed Di Tian's words were a little jerky and difficult to understand. Once they were voiced and he lifted his right hand, a ball of fire started burning the black-robed Di Tian's body.

He was... burning his magical body!

The act of the black-robed Di Tian burning his magical body was telling enough that he was incredibly wary of the old man who had walked out of Yin Death Fog. He almost instantly let out a low roar that reverberated through the area.

"I won't be able to kill you here, but I can seal you... Immortals' planets, send Yin Death downwards!" As Di Tian seized the air, a string of complicated and difficult incantations tumbled out of his mouth. At the same time, the flames burning his body became even stronger, and his legs disappeared straight away.

As they vanished, a boom immediately surged into the sky from the vortex. Muffled, it traveled through the air. Then, four out of the nine cultivation planets in the Immortals' galaxy that keep watch over the world of Berserkers beyond the vortex changed their trajectory!

A powerful white light erupted from the four gigantic cultivation planets. Once they changed their trajectory... they swiftly charged towards Yin Death Vortex!!

This was Di Tian assimilating with the power from the cultivation planets by burning his magical body. With the descent of the cultivation planets, the power needed to suppress the old xun maker erupted forward.

With a loud rumble, one of the four cultivation planets sank its body into Yin Death Fog. All those who were watching could clearly see that it was sinking rapidly. Within an instant, it disappeared without a trace, just like a gigantic stone that had sank into the depths of a river.

The other three cultivation plants sank into the fog one after another, right behind that first planet as loud banging sounds rang in the galaxy.

At the same time, all those within the land of Berserkers lifted

their heads and looked upwards. The fog in the sky was churning so violently that it had already surpassed the level of activity it had when the powerful rays of light shot through earlier. At that moment, the fog in the sky was roaring like a raging sea. At the instant that happened, a gigantic cultivation planet appeared within the fog in the sky.

The fog started spreading madly in all directions. The cultivation planet that was so big it would be difficult to describe its size with words replaced the whole sky. A curved edge appeared, and all those in the world of Berserkers could see the mountains and seas on it, as well as the shocking pressure that was coming from it.

That was... a planet descending into the world of Berserkers!

No matter where any person was, as long as they were in the land of Berserkers, they would be able to see the cultivation planet that had revealed a small arc of itself in the sky!!=

Eastern Wastelands trembled. The Dead Sea roared. The entire land of Berserkers started showing signs of collapse as this cultivation planet descended. During that instant, booming sounds that reverberated through the entire world of Berserkers traveled into the air, and right before everyone's eyes... there appeared other arching edges that belonged to three other cultivation planets!

There were four cultivation planets in total, and they had completely occupied the sky, shocking everyone who saw them.

If these four cultivation planets exploded at that moment, then the entire world of Berserkers... would no longer exist. The Dead Sea would completely dry up, and Yin Death Region might even end up turning into a gigantic pit.

"I'd like to see you stopping me from killing the person I want to kill and destroying the soul I want evaporated!" There was only a small portion of Di Tian's body that remained as he continued burning it. He laughed madly and lifted his arms to swing at the

four cultivation planets that were now occupying most of the Berserkers' sky.

The four cultivation planets that had revealed their edges let out rumbling sounds and sank down, but no matter how fast they were, since they were too big, they looked as if they were sinking down slowly. It was the same no matter from where on the land of the Berserkers a person watched them.

As they descended and the circumferential area grew larger, Eastern Wastelands showed signs of collapse.

At that moment, a sigh echoed in the area. The person who let out this sigh was the old xun maker. At that instant, his body grew endlessly larger before everyone's eyes, and in the blink of an eye, he turned into a gigantic figure that could hold up the world.

That body was a mere illusion, and everything within him was made up of thick Yin Death Aura. It was as if his existence was formed by it alone. Once he supported the sky, his gigantic body changed once again with a bang.

He turned... into a piece of cloth that had no bounds!

The blue cloth was the color of the sky. As it tumbled about, it covered the entire Berserkers' sky and charged towards the four cultivation planets, enveloping them within.

Su Ming had never blinked, not even once, and he still did not blink when the old man turned into the cloth that was the sky and covered everything, also blocking Su Ming's gaze. Due to this, he was... no longer able to see that familiar face.

It was also at that moment that the black-robed Di Tian turned to look at Su Ming. He only had a head remaining after even his arms disappeared as his body burned.

"Su Ming, no one will be able to save you anymore... I've prepared a divine ability specifically for you. You'll like it a lot. You'll like it really much... And I will end this farce with this Art!"

At the instant a cold sneer appeared at the corners of Di Tian's lips, a powerful dark light erupted from his eyes.

That dark light spread out instantly. It covered the entire blue sky that was formed by the old xun maker's body, causing the whole sky to turn dark.

But it was not complete darkness. There were sparkling stars in the sky, and each of these stars were like Di Tian's eyes. At the same time a chilling light shone from those stars, they seemed to connect to form...

A gigantic face!

Su Ming's heart trembled violently. He felt as if every single person around him had disappeared. It did not matter whether they were Berserkers or Immortals, only Su Ming himself remained in the entire world under the sky.

He stood there and looked at the human face formed by the stars. At the instant he saw it, a loud bang rang out in Su Ming's mind.

How could he possibly forget this sky? How could he possibly forget this ancient face that was formed by the stars?

"Su Ming, remember this sky..." The final divine ability his elder had cast all those years ago in Dark Mountain seemed to be echoing in Su Ming's ears. It was a divine ability that made a flag cover the entire sky.

It was the same sky, the same face, just like how it was in his memories...

That face was incredibly similar to Su Ming's, but it was a lot older than his. However, there was no gentleness in its eyes. There was only an overbearing look, as well as a murderous, bloodthirsty glare!

He looked at Su Ming, and Su Ming was also looking at him.

"Do you want... to return to Dark Mountain?" The face in the sky

gradually opened his mouth and let out a voice that sounded like thunder booming. It echoed in the air and fell into Su Ming's ears, shaking his soul.

"Do you want... to see your elder..?"

"Do you want... to fulfill your promise to Bai Ling..?"

"Do you want... to see Dark Mountain's sky once again..?" The voice grew louder with each question. Eventually it became part of the world, causing perplexity to appear in Su Ming's soul as it trembled.

"Do you want... to return to the past..?"

"Do you want... to restart from the beginning..?" When that voice asked this question, a powerful ray of starlight erupted from the sky. It spread out and covered the land, causing the world to turn muddled before it started repeating itself in a loop.

"A thousand years of reincarnations. A thousand years of destiny. A thousand years..." The voice and its overbearing pressure gradually weakened. Eventually, it became so faint that it was barely noticeable. Su Ming slowly closed his eyes. A deep wave of fatigue turned into a whirlpool within his soul that drowned his consciousness and... submerged everything about him.

A loud boom that shook the sky and earth surged up toward Su Ming's ears, and he instinctively opened his eyes. The fatigue that was spreading through all of his body made him unable to help himself, and he closed his eyes at the instant he reopened them.

However, right at the moment he opened his eyes, he saw a piece of blue sky, he saw that the now incomplete Dark Mountain only had four summits, and Black Flame Mountain no longer had any summit.

He also saw... Black Mountain Tribe's Elder, who should have been dragged into the void.

There was also... the familiar figure of his elder, who was

originally standing on the mountain before he fell down in the midst of his exhaustion!

"This is... the past..." Su Ming mumbled. This was the final scene he saw before he closed his eyes once again.

This time, after he closed his eyes, Su Ming felt that he had a very long dream. In his dream, he saw himself going to a place called South Morning. Over there, he came to a place named ninth summit, which he called his home. He had three senior brothers and a strange Master who liked to change his clothes often.

He also went to Eastern Wastelands and became the God of Berserkers...

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he woke up from this dream and found himself lying on a small bed. Everything around him was incredibly unfamiliar.

"You're awake..." A familiar voice reached Su Ming's ears. It came from a pale looking teenager, who was... Bei Ling.

Chapter 685: Sixty Years

So... it was all just a dream.

However, the world in his dream had been so real. South Morning's ninth summit had been so warm. The concern shown by his senior brother Hu Zi, his second senior brother, and his eldest senior brother would filled his whole entire body with warmth when he recalled it, and he would miss it dearly, in a manner which he could not describe.

So... those were all just part of the dream...

He had not been swept into the void above Dark Mountain. His elder had not disappeared. He had never gone to... South Morning, and neither did he have a Master called Tian Xie Zi.

So... it was really just a dream...

He had not entered Freezing Sky Clan and neither had he gone to the World of Nine Yin. He did not meet with any Shamans either, much less witnessed the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. Neither did he form all that amount of enmity towards that man called Di Tian.

He did not attain great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in the end as well, and he did not become... the God of Berserkers.

"This dream lasted so long..." Su Ming mumbled as he leaned against a dried up tree in the region Wind Stream Tribe had given to Dark Mountain Tribe. He sat there and looked into the distance. The wind from the horizon sounded as if it was moaning, and as it blew on his body, it made him instinctively feel a little cold.

'In my dream, I saw all those familiar faces. Bei Ling, Chen Xin, Wu La, and the others... I saw the Immortals, Shamans, Berserkers, the old xun maker, and Yin Death Region.' Su Ming sighed softly.

'Was it really... just a dream?' He lifted his head and looked at the

flying snow in the sky. A dazed look appeared in his eyes.

Right behind Su Ming was a tribe that was no longer whole. His tribe members who had migrated from Dark Mountain had lost their families and their home. They could only be affiliated to Wind Stream Tribe within the tribe's area.

The elder was gravely injured, and he was still in a state of unconsciousness.

Lei Chen left. Su Ming had no idea where he went. Perhaps he would return some day. Perhaps...

Wu La died. Nan Song died. Many of his tribe members had already turned into corpses. Waves of sorrow filled the entire tribe, and they were so heavy that it made Su Ming's breathing freeze a little.

Shan Hen had also died. He died in Su Ming's hands, and Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his own hands, staying silent.

The little girl called Tong Tong was curled in a corner of the tribe behind him. She was hugging a broken doll, and tears were falling down her cheeks.

"Su Ming, we're about to start." In the midst of his silence, a deep voice reached him from his side. That voice belonged to Bei Ling, and he was walking towards Su Ming with a pale face, stopping under the tree Su Ming was sitting on.

Su Ming looked at Bei Ling. In his dream, he saw that this person was an Immortal, and he belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect. He was Di Tian's disciple, but that was... just a dream, was it not..?

Su Ming shook his head and jumped down from the tree.

A funeral service to make offerings to the deceased in Dark Mountain Tribe was held in the tribe in the midst of the tribe members' grief and silent cries. The burning flames danced about in a strange, distorted fashion. Arranged neatly within those flames... were the corpses of all those from Dark Mountain Tribe.

Those were all the remains they had managed to retrieve of their deceased.

Most of these corpses were incomplete. There were few that were whole. The flames licked the bodies. In the midst of the coldest blizzard during winter, all Dark Mountain tribe members silently knelt on the ground.

They looked at the flickering light from the burning flames and listened to the cracking sounds traveling through the air. All the silent cries of the tribe members turned into a depressing air, causing the area around them to become even colder.

Su Ming saw Wu La and many familiar faces within those flames, and a number of those that were less so.

The funeral service ended during the third midnight. Su Ming stood in his tribe and looked at the snow in the sky, then at the ground that was no longer dark due to the illumination of the snow. He saw a girl's figure standing there, as if she was waiting for him in silence.

It was Bai Ling.

The blizzard was strong, so strong that it seemed to have broken the world into fragments, and these pieces could no longer gather together to become one. In that snow, Su Ming walked towards Bai Ling and stood with her. They remained in silence. Neither of them spoke.

Bai Ling, who was dressed in white mink fur and who had snow on her dark black locks, was an incredibly breathtaking sight with her beautiful face in this snow. However, the concern and sadness in her eyes caused her to look at Su Ming with a dazed expression, and slowly, tears fell from her eyes.

"I'm about to leave... I'm going to a place far away. My parents have sent a message to have someone pick me up..."

Bai Ling bit her bottom lip and looked at Su Ming.

"Come with me," she whispered softly.

Anguish filled Su Ming's heart. He had lost a lot of his tribe members, and too many other things had slipped from his hands. He could not leave, but it was even more difficult for him to make Bai Ling stay. He... did not know what right he had to make her stay, preventing her from seeing her parents.

"Have... a safe trip." Su Ming remained silent for a long time before he whispered in anguish.

Almost at the instant he finished saying those words, Bai Ling walked up to him and hugged him gently. Then, a pair of icy cold lips and that face which Su Ming could never forget occupied his entire world.

Her lips were very cold, but there was a hint of warmth amid their chill. The anguish in the girl's tears had also fused together with that warmth to turn into this... kiss of farewell.

"Our promise still remains. It won't end in seven days, nor will it end in seven years. It will last for an eternity... Su Ming, I will wait for you. I will always, always wait for you..." Bai Ling turned around and ran into the distance. Su Ming could not see where her tears fell in the snow, but there was one drop that seemed to have fallen on his cheek.

It was as cold as the snow, and Su Ming could not tell whether it was really her tear or just snow.

He stood in the snow and continued standing there until he saw two vague shadows of tall figures appearing beside Bai Ling, and as if they were protecting her, they took her into the distance.

Su Ming could not describe how he felt in his heart. He remained silent for a long, long time.

Half a month after Bai Ling left, his elder regained consciousness.

The elder mentioned nothing about the fight against Black Mountain Tribe's Elder, and neither did Su Ming talk about it with

anyone. As time passed by, the death of Black Mountain Tribe's Elder gradually turned into something of the past.

Su Ming could sense that his personality had changed. He was no longer lively and had gotten used to silence. The cheerful sounds in the tribe in the past had also disappeared. The sorrow brought by the loss of their loved ones had caused all of them to choose to become silent.

He started training day and night, began creating medicinal pills without stop so that his level of cultivation would increase. However, he would often still open his eyes as he meditated in the dark, and he would remember that dream.

In the blink of an eye, ten years passed by.

Ten years could change many things. As the children grew up and time passed, the sorrow of ten years ago became incredibly faint. However, the people would still remember the devastating tragedy that occurred at that time every memorial day.

Dark Mountain Tribe had turned into an affiliated tribe of Wind Stream Tribe, because their elder... had already lost his power and become an old man who had one foot in his grave.

During these ten years, Su Ming stayed beside his elder, until the winter of the tenth year. That was a cold night. Freezing wind moaned in the air and blew against their tent, causing the lamp within the tent to flicker. His elder lay inside. At that moment, he was already incredibly old. He was looking at Su Ming, at the young man who had grown up before his eyes.

"I cannot continue staying by your side... La Su, don't be sad. This day was bound to come... Remember the things I told you in the past. Remember... Berserkers' Realm Mountain... You must find Berserkers' Realm Mountain. You have to find it.

"I don't know precisely where this mountain is either. I only know... that it is in your heart. Look for this mountain. You will be

able to find all that you desire there."

These were the elder's final words to Su Ming before he breathed his last.

The elder passed away...

On the third day the flames of the elder's life were extinguished, and Su Ming entered the Awakening Realm, becoming the second to do so in the tribe. The first was Bei Ling.

The existence of two Berserkers in the Awakening Realm caused Dark Mountain Tribe to have an incredibly high position among all the affiliated tribes in Wind Stream Tribe, and it also allowed Dark Mountain Tribe... to migrate back to their home.

Even Wind Stream Tribe would not prevent this migration, because the current Dark Mountain Tribe had already obtained this right.

This was a trip back to their home after a long separation of ten years. At the instant the entire Dark Mountain Tribe returned to the ruins of their home, many of the elderly folk wept and knelt down on the ground. Their cries echoed in the air.

Dark Mountain was no longer as it was. There were only four mountains left, and after ten years, this tribe under Dark Mountain began rebuilding itself, and its past form gradually reasserted itself.

This was their home. It was Dark Mountain Tribe's home, and it was their people's soul.

Time passed by quietly as the four seasons went by one after another. Bei Ling and Chen Xin's wedding was held during autumn under Dark Mountain. That wedding was incredibly grand, because one of the people in the couple was the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe, and the other was the daughter of their previous tribe leader.

At the moment Bei Ling reached Awakening Realm, he was

elected as Dark Mountain Tribe's tribe leader.

This wedding that was hosted after their people returned to their home was filled with joyful laughter, and many became drunk in this happiness. Su Ming stood in the distance in silence and looked at his people dancing around the bonfire at night. Joyful songs reached his ears. He saw the happy smile on Chen Xin's face and also saw the tall and firm stature that would give the handsome Bei Ling the might that belonged to a tribe leader. Su Ming silently drank his wine.

He remembered Bai Ling.

It had been seventeen years since Bai Ling left.

Su Ming could still remember the cold kiss she had given him seventeen years ago, before she left. He could also remember that promise.

He could still remember the long dream that he had when he woke up seventeen years ago, but it only appeared in his head occasionally now.

On this night, Su Ming became drunk. The seventeen years of silence and his personality that made him a man of few words caused him to possess an incredibly awe-inspiring bearing within Dark Mountain Tribe. It was especially so after he became Dark Mountain Tribe's Elder. That imposing air around him made all his tribe members not dare speak too much before him.

With a hint of tipsiness and a pot of wine in his hand, Su Ming looked at Bei Ling and Chen Xin before he turned around and walked back to his house. He started training, and right outside his house was a Fire Ape that was now a little old. It was Xiao Hong.

The passing of time and the people's separation from their loved ones due to death caused the leaves in the autumn to draw out growth rings like those from trees as they floated down. With each circle, another year went by.

Another thirty years passed.

Chapter 686: From Now Onwards, You Will Walk the Path of Life Cultivation!

"That is a very long story... In that story, there are Immortals, Shamans, and Berserkers... In that story, there is South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, and Great Yu Imperial Palace...

"In that story, there is ninth summit, the Undying and Imperishable World, and also the God of Berserkers..."

During one particular autumn within the tribe there was a dozen something children sitting in a circle under a big tree while autumn leaves fell all around them. These children all had their eyes wide open as they listened attentively to an old man telling his story while he sat under a tree.

That old man looked incredibly ancient. Wrinkles had already appeared on his skin, and there was white in his hair. His smile was incredibly affectionate. There seemed to be some strange power contained within his voice that attracted the children's attention, and they were all immersed in his story.

That old man was Su Ming.

It was the sixtieth year since Bai Ling left.

The people who went through the upheaval that happened to Dark Mountain Tribe sixty years ago had already returned to the earth. New generations of their tribe members grew up and became the pillars of strength for the tribe.

Dark Mountain Tribe had become much bigger, and the territory they occupied under Dark Mountain had also become incredibly large.

When Su Ming reached Bone Sacrifice Realm three years ago, he became the strongest person in a circular area of ten thousand li. Even if there were powerful Berserkers who had reached Bone Sacrifice Realm in Wind Stream Tribe, but they... were not Su

Ming's opponents.

He was no longer the boy he had been all those years ago. Time had left behind wisdom and age on his body in its tracks. Perhaps it was because he was old now, but as Su Ming gradually forgot the battle sixty years ago, he began to feel nostalgic about it.

"In the end, he became the God of Berserkers and fought against Di Tian..." Su Ming smiled and told the story to the children around him slowly.

"Grandpa elder, who won in the end?"

"That Di Tian is a jerk! Grandpa elder, come on, tell us! Who won in the end?"

"I don't know who won in the end either. The story ended at this point, or perhaps... it hasn't." Su Ming stood up and patted the head of a boy about seven or eight years old beside him. This child was Bei Ling's youngest grandson.

In the midst of all the children's reluctance and unwillingness to part with him, Su Ming left. His story had indeed ended. During these sixty years, he had expanded Dark Mountain Tribe by a lot more than it had ever possessed in the past. He had made Dark Mountain Tribe become the strongest tribe in the area. Even if he left the place, danger would not come to his home, because Bei Ling... had also reached Bone Sacrifice Realm, and during the past sixty years... four other Berserkers had reached Awakening Realm!

And there were many more of those under the Awakening Realm.

This was the effect of Su Ming's medicinal pills.

During this year, on the day when leaves fall the most during autumn, Su Ming packed up his luggage and walked out of his house, intending to leave the now powerful Dark Mountain Tribe.

Xiao Hong did not follow behind him.

Xiao Hong had already become old, and it had returned to the

forest to stay with its children...

It was morning. At this point in time, there would usually not be many people walking out their houses and moving about in the tribe. Yet now, at the instant Su Ming walked out of his house, he found his entire tribe standing outside, and they were all watching him quietly.

"We send you off with our respect, Elder!" All his tribe members, no matter young or old, knelt down. Their voices echoed in the air, causing Su Ming's footsteps to come to a halt. He looked at his people, and after a long, long time, he smiled and nodded.

"Go off now. I'll come back." Su Ming waved his arm and walked towards the tribe's gate. When he walked out of his tribe, he saw an old man standing next to the gate.

This old man stood as tall and straight as a spear. His sparkling eyes looked as if they contained lightning inside, and as he looked at Su Ming, Su Ming, too, looked at him.

This was Bei Ling, who had reached Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"Are you really leaving?" Bei Ling remained silent for a moment before he asked languidly.

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at his tribe before he stated calmly, "It's been sixty years after that upheaval... Dark Mountain Tribe has become powerful. You don't need me here anymore..."

"But Lei Chen hasn't come back..." A reluctance to part appeared on Bei Ling's face. Making Dark Mountain Tribe great had been a pressure that he and Su Ming had shouldered together for the past few decades. During these sixty years, they had experienced many, many things.

"This is his home. He'll come back... I'll... be going now." Su Ming walked past Bei Ling and patted his shoulder. As he smiled, he took a step towards the sky and turned into a long arc that gradually

disappeared into the horizon.

Su Ming left. This was the first time he truly left after sixty years.

Ten years later, in a boundless forest filled with evergreens to the south of the Alliance of the Western Region, Su Ming moved from the middle stage to the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

Twenty years later, he stood on the highest mountain in the continent to the east of the Alliance of the Western Region and let out a long howl towards the sky. He had attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Five years later, Su Ming stood on a boat at the edge close to the Dead Sea in the Alliance of the Western Region. At that moment, he was no longer a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The ripples of power that could fuse with the world coming from his body were a clear sign that he had already reached Berserker Soul Realm!

He had searched through the Alliance of the Western Region for thirty-five years, and during this time, he had walked through the entire Alliance of the Western Region... but he could not find Bai Ling.

They had been separated for nearly a hundred years, and that separation seemed to have turned into an eternity. It only existed as he reminisced about the past, but he could no longer clearly see that memory.

When Su Ming stood on the boat, he left the Alliance of the Western Region. As the waves in the Dead Sea roared, he rushed forward along with the waves in the sea, alone in his boat.

The Dead Sea was incredibly huge. With its foul stench crashing into his face, Su Ming plowed through. His goal... was South Morning!

During the first thirty something years in the Alliance of the Western Region, he learned of the other continents in the land of

Berserkers - South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, and Northern Province! When he learned that there was indeed South Morning and Eastern Wastelands in the world, Su Ming gained the desire to go to South Morning. He wanted to see whether everything in his dream was real.

He wanted to see the ninth summit and find out whether that place was the same as in his dream.

Su Ming spent ten years on the Dead Sea, and ten years later, in the midst of battles and slaughter, he reached the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. He also reached the Land of South Morning!

There, he saw Shamans, Autumn Sea Tribe, the yet to be completely formed Sky Mist Barrier, and also... some Immortals.

In South Morning, he saw Han Mountain City. However, there was no city there. It was only a barren hill.

He saw Freezing Sky Clan and also the ninth summit, but the people living there were not Hu Zi, his second senior brother, his eldest senior brother, and not his Master.

Su Ming stayed for a hundred years in the Land of South Morning. He walked through every single place he had went to before in his dream and tried looking for familiar sights in these places. Some of them were familiar to him, but some were not.

On the year Su Ming chose to leave the continent, he attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he saw... the Shamans' Great Patriarch, and he also witnessed a gigantic battle between the Shamans and Berserkers!

He had originally not wanted to join this battle, but then he saw two people in the battlefield. One of them was the Grand Elder of Western Sea Tribe, and the other was a middle-aged man that had never appeared in the continent before and seemed as if he had only reached South Morning. At the instant Su Ming saw the man's

face, something happened that rarely afflicted him, his heart trembled a little!

The middle-aged man was incredibly similar to Tian Xie Zi!

However, Su Ming's face was already ancient and filled with signs of time. He watched the middle-aged man working together with Western Sea Tribe's Grand Elder to fight against the Shamans' Great Patriarch. That Great Patriarch seemed to have surpassed the strength of those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, so Su Ming chose to join the battle and attack!

The battle ended. The Great Patriarch dissipated and his soul fell into deep sleep. Even if he regained consciousness, he would no longer have his current power, because his soul had been grievously injured.

The reputation of the three great Berserkers in South Morning rose up because of this battle, but no one knew Su Ming's name, and he gradually turned into the most mysterious one among the three great Berserkers.

Su Ming left. He had found his answer. He stepped on the boat that carried him all the way here from the Alliance of the Western Region, and with complicated as well as sentimental feelings, he left South Morning to go to Eastern Wastelands.

He went to two places when he arrived there. One of them was located in the depths of Eastern Wastelands. It was a barren piece of land under a mountain, which was the place where Ugly Little Thing's family lived in his dream.

He also went to the center of Eastern Wastelands, to a place that was filled with endless pits and floating stones - the place where Immortals had descended in his dream!

He stood on one of the big stones in the land where the Immortals had descended for a long, long time. He looked at the

sky as everything in his dream continued surfacing in his head. In the end, he started laughing. There was a carefreeness to his laughter, along with understanding.

It was an understanding towards life. It was a thorough insight towards reincarnation, and also... control over fate.

"Di Tian..."

As Su Ming laughed, a chilling glare gradually appeared in his eyes. He lowered his head and looked at the ground before he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. That blood gathered swiftly before him and eventually turned into a blood crystal!

Su Ming brought the blood crystal to his forehead and poured all his power as well as his understanding towards fate into that crystal. Once he did so, he threw it towards the ground. That blood crystal immediately broke through the earth and entered the deepest depths... to be buried eternally under the ground.

Once Su Ming finished doing all these things, he walked towards the world in the distance without any hesitation.

"Reincarnation is just a point..." Su Ming's voice seemed to be echoing faintly and indistinctly in all directions even after he left.

Time passed, and another hundred years went by.

During these hundred years, Su Ming went to various mountains in the world of Berserkers in search of... the Berserkers' Realm Mountain his elder spoke had spoken of but he never managed to find it. Another hundred years went by, and another...

He had no idea how much time had passed. Su Ming walked through the entire land, but he still did not manage to find Berserkers' Realm Mountain.

When he was eventually filled with fatigue in his heart and soul, he sat down at the top of a mountain at a place whose name he had already forgotten and which was located in a continent somewhere

in the world and looked at the sky in the distance.

"Berserkers' Realm Mountain..." he mumbled to himself.

'Elder said it's in my heart...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. Once he did so, the four seasons began passing by one after another in a circle around him, and time passed, though he had no idea how much...

One day, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a smile filled with understanding appeared on his aged face. When he opened his eyes, a mountain appeared right before him. It was a mountain that reached the clouds, and three big words were carved deeply into its walls.

Berserkers' Realm Mountain!

Su Ming stood up, and with one step, he landed on Berserkers' Realm Mountain. He looked towards the canyons that ran a hundred thousand feet deep from the top of the mountain, and with a smile, he took a step towards there. He did not activate any of his power and charged swiftly into the depths of the canyon.

The piercing howls of the wind roared in his ears, and his face started rapidly changing, and in the end... that ancient face of his turned into that of a teenage boy.

His world crumbled with a bang at that moment, and as it turned into an endless amount of fragments that tumbled backwards, he heard the song of the xun from his dreams.

"You have understood reincarnation, mastered inception, and awakened the race's soul...

"You gave up your life in the Berserkers' Realm Mountain. You broke out of fate's clutches and entered... the other side of the mirror.

"From now onwards, you will walk down the path of Life Cultivation...

"Who am I..? I will give you the answer when you reach Berserkers' Realm Mountain once again in reality. I will wait for you..."

Chapter 687: That Point

The song of the xun and that voice were the final things Su Ming heard before he sank into unconsciousness. His world rapidly crumbled as his body sank and turned into fragments that were swept away, like a ball of flame that had been lit out of thin air and burned away everything.

This might perhaps not have been a dream, but another form of reality.

The goal of Di Tian's Art was to make Su Ming sink into oblivion. It was... just like what Su Ming had went through previously. He would sink into oblivion and go through his next life as if he had been reincarnated.

Besides Di Tian himself, no one knew what his plans were. Even if there were many Immortal sects who had joined the plan and entered this setup that had lasted for years, they could only continue guessing his plans. No one could get a clear grasp of Di Tian's thoughts.

Perhaps the destruction Di Tian mentioned was not aimed towards his life, but to his memories. However, this time, Su Ming had escaped Di Tian's control, and that control Di Tian had over him was to be understood in its literal sense.

At the moment Su Ming opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the gigantic Yin Death Vortex which covered the entire sky. The second thing he saw were the arching edges of the cultivation planets up ahead, as well as the sky which had been covered by the blue cloth.

The third thing he saw was the starry sky that was summoned by Di Tian's divine ability. The huge face which was formed by the stars was showing an expression of disbelieving shock, and his gaze met Su Ming's own.

The fourth thing Su Ming saw was the black-robed Di Tian, who by then only had his head left as his magical body continued burning in the distance. It was the first time Su Ming saw shock and astonishment on Di Tian's magical body.

His shock was real. As well as astonishment. And the disbelief on his face was also real!

Su Ming woke up.

"This is impossible!" Di Tian, who now only had his head, lost his dignity for the first time ever and lost control over his emotions. He also, for the first time, cried out in disbelief.

Veins popped up on his face. Clearly, his agitation was so great that it could almost surge into the sky as if it had form. He could not believe what he was seeing. This had overturned all that he knew and crushed his confidence.

"It's impossible for you to wake up! This is the Art that will make you sink into oblivion, which I activated by burning my magical body. This is a process that you cannot fight against, you should be incapable of fighting back against it... You should be like the previous times and sink into oblivion because of this Art and go through another one of your reincarnations, again and again, for all eternity...

"This is your destiny! This is the destiny I bestowed upon you!

"How could you wake up so soon?! Your life is mine! Everything concerning you has to go according to my will!"

Di Tian went mad, and his cries of surprise echoed in the air. At that instant, he lifted his head swiftly and roared towards the sky madly, as if he had sunk into hysteria.

"It's you! You are the one who intercepted my Art! You are the one who made him wake up from his state of oblivion! It's you! Who are you?! Just who are you?!"

Di Tian's voice rumbled in the air. Compared to him, there was a

slightly complicated look on Su Ming at that moment, but calmness was the dominant expression on his face.

"I finally understand everything..." Su Ming mumbled. He, too, lifted his head and looked towards the sky. At that moment, the face formed by the stars was distorted, as if it was also roaring.

"A long time ago, an Enchanted battleship flew out of True Sacred Yin World... which was the Spirits of Nine Yin's Enchanted Vessel. With Sacred Yin's will, they searched for all the corpses that belonged to the strong in the boundless galaxy within the four Great True Worlds.

"One day, the Spirits of Nine Yin found an infant's corpse. They believed that this corpse fulfilled their requirements, and that was why they sealed it within the Enchanted battleship...

"Many years passed since then. The Spirits of Nine Yin's Enchanted Vessel crumbled when it ran into an accident in True Morning Dao World. It fell into a place called Yin Death Region. That place... is where the Berserkers are, and due to the Spirits of Nine Yins' Enchanted Vessel, the World of Nine Yin was formed.

"The first God of Berserkers went to that place. The second and the third also went there... Perhaps the second God of Berserkers took with him a baby when he left the World of Nine Yin.

"Perhaps it was the first's order to search for that baby, but no matter what, the second God of Berserkers brought that baby back to Great Yu's palace and treated that baby as his own child, no different from his own daughter.

"That was a dead baby, because he was originally a corpse to begin with..." Su Ming mumbled softly. There was no anguish in his voice, only understanding.

"Not long after the second God of Berserkers brought the baby's corpse back, due to the first's departure and the fact that the Berserkers were no longer as strong as they were before... due to

the Immortals' wariness and their fear towards the Berserkers' growth, they launched a war against the Berserkers.

"They won that war. They killed the second God of Berserkers and tore up his body. That war tore the land of Berserkers, and it was divided into several continents.

"That war caused Great Yu Imperial Palace to be frozen, and Great Yu Imperial City to disappear from the land of Berserkers from then onwards.

"After the war, the dead baby's corpse and the second God of Berserkers' daughter was taken back to the land of Immortals by Di Tian...

"They discovered the remarkable qualities of that dead baby, and perhaps because the second God of Berserkers' daughter had come into contact with the dead baby, the baby girl also possessed some of those remarkable qualities. From then on, the siblings were reduced to mere puppets.

"The dead baby was sealed in a region somewhere in the land of Immortals, and his little sister was taken away by Dao Chen... Di Tian, at that time, perhaps you found a method for you to become infinitely stronger by using that dead baby, and from then on, you executed that so called plan of yours that would last for years against that dead baby...

"Perhaps the baby was not really dead. Perhaps his death in Bright Yang Region meant that he could be alive in Yin Death Region. I don't know what you discovered, but this discovery made you carry out a plan. This plan was to make that dead baby sink into oblivion again and again in Yin Death Region.

"He sank into oblivion and was sealed time and again. You fabricated a memory for the baby, and that memory was known as Dark Mountain... With that memory as a foundation, you made him sink into oblivion again and again.

"Since memories are like a picture, once you paint it, you can make that baby sink into it and never be able to walk out...

"I don't know how many times I've sunk into oblivion, but I do know that this time, after I woke up, after Xiao Hong gave me that stone fragment in Dark Mountain, I was... different from all those previous times.

"This is reincarnation. This is fate. This is me..." Su Ming averted his gaze from the stars in the sky and looked calmly at Di Tian, who was practically in a state of hysteria.

"There is one person, perhaps he is just a soul, but when you first carried out your plan, he entered your plan and started changing things quietly in an attempt for me to wake up. He wanted me to truly open my eyes and take a look... at the world outside.

"I also have an answer in my heart as to who that person is," Su Ming whispered softly.

Di Tian's breathing quickened. He, who now only had his head left, found it burning as well. Red filled his eyes, and madness shone within them. He glared at Su Ming, and for the first time ever, greed appeared in his eyes, revealing his true emotions.

That greed made him look as if he wanted to swallow Su Ming whole and obtain everything of him!

"You are Destiny. Your life has been planned out. It doesn't matter even if you've come to understand many things. You are still in Yin Death Region. You are still in a state of oblivion. Even if you've woken up, you are still in that state!"

At the same time madness appeared in Di Tian's eyes, stars began shining in them. The light grew to a piercing degree within an instant, and brilliant starlight erupted from the eyes of the roaring face made of stars in the sky.

"This is your destiny for a thousand years, and you will sink into oblivion for a thousand years! Now... sink into oblivion again!"

As Di Tian roared, the face in the sky roared as well. All the starlight gathered on Su Ming at that moment, showing Di Tian's unwillingness to admit defeat; he was executing the Art once more.

"It's useless." Su Ming sighed deeply and shook his head. He lifted his right hand and pointed forward with his index finger.

"This is a point." As Su Ming spoke softly, a crystalline dot appeared at the spot where his index finger was pointing.

"I will draw towards the left and make a circle, and when I stop drawing... I will find that the end is in the same spot." Su Ming's right index finger started drawing towards the left and he drew a circle. The spot where the circle was completed was its beginning and its end. It was the point that fused both the beginning and the end together.

"This is reincarnation. Then if I draw from the right and make a circle, rotating from the end..." As Su Ming spoke, his right index finger started drawing another circle backwards from that dot. The spot that caused the circle to be complete... was still the same point.

"This is also reincarnation." When Su Ming finished speaking, an indefinable presence radiated off his body. That presence was not of those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but was... a presence that surpassed Berserker Soul.

It grew thicker and surrounded Su Ming's body, causing the starry sky to erupt with a bang at the instant it descended and touched it. It was as if the area where Su Ming was had turned into a forbidden region for starlight.

His hair flew while his eyes remained calm. His words contained endless wisdom, and they were echoing in the world.

"Reincarnation is a point, and that point... is Berserkers' Realm Mountain. That point is the start and also the end. You can walk to

the future from that point, and you can also head to the past.

"This point is also the mirror's point. The mirror's face is the normal world. It is where the past moves towards the future. It is then the opposite inside the mirror. Life and death move in opposite directions. The past and future move in opposite directions. It is just as I have understood it in Hidden Dragon Sect. It is like the process of winter moving to spring... because the people in the world of the mirror move from the future to the past.

"The Immortals are the face of the mirror. They live in the world outside the mirror and move from life to death. The Berserkers' Yin Death Region is the world inside the mirror. They move from death to life..." The presence that had surpassed great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from Su Ming's body at that moment and surrounded him, causing him to look like a deity!

"You... you..." An even greater level of shock appeared on Di Tian's face. At that moment, the Su Ming in his eyes was so terrifying that he was making his heart tremble. That terrifying aspect was not due to his power... but due to his epiphany!

"I originally did not understand something, but the experience I went through just now made me understand everything," Su Ming whispered softly.

Chapter 688: Rise!

"What I don't understand is that if the face of the mirror means walking from life to death and the world in the mirror naturally moves in the opposite direction, heading from death to life... then what were those reincarnations I went through. What was that state of sinking into oblivion you speak of. And was that Art that made all those things seem so real but were illusions..." Su Ming stated flatly. He looked at Di Tian, but he was not asking anything. He had already obtained his answer.

"During that moment just now, I finally understood. The face and back of that mirror don't make a complete cycle of reincarnation." Su Ming shook his head, and a variety of emotions stirred up slightly in his heart.

"It is just like the existence of Yin and Yang. People only see these two faces, but they forget... that there is another point!

"The world outside the mirror belongs to the Immortals, and the world inside the mirror belongs to the Berserkers. But in truth, there is a mirror inside the mirror. If two mirrors were positioned opposite each other properly, then the endless darkness would then be the mirror inside the mirror!

"That is the place where you had me sink into oblivion, and it is also the point of reincarnation. It also the world of reincarnation!

"That is also the place the elder kept telling me about... Berserkers' Realm Mountain.

"Jumping down from Berserkers' Realm Mountain was not so that I would die, but to find that point. By walking out of that point, I walked out of the mirror in the mirror and moved into the world inside the mirror itself.

"The me right now truly exists in the mirror... and my next step is to move from death to life, from the world inside the mirror to

the world outside, from Yin Death to Bright Yang, from the land of Berserkers... to the land of Immortals!"

At the instant Su Ming finished saying all these things, the presence that surpassed that of great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm increased exponentially. It caused the world to roar and the earth to shake, filing the entire world with splendor during that instant.

It also made the face made of stars in the sky to distort. When Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it in the air, the face shattered with a bang, revealing the blue sky. This was what the old xun maker had transformed into, and it was the Art that prevented the cultivation planets from descending.

Su Ming's hair moved without wind.

His cultivation changed drastically at that moment. This change caused the presence that was spreading out of Su Ming's body to turn into a mighty pressure, and it instantly covered the entire land and sky, spreading over the whole world of Berserkers.

The Berserkers' sky and world trembled. All the mountains shook, all the rivers stopped running, and all the ferocious beasts on the land lifted their heads at the same time to roar at the sky.

Even the ferocious beasts that were fighting against each other stopped fighting and lifted their heads to roar. Their voices echoed through the entire land of Berserkers.

Huge waves rose up in the Dead Sea, surging into the sky. It was as if the entire Dead Sea had started boiling. The roaring of the waves shook the sky and earth, and it was as if the entire world of Berserkers had risen up to roar.

The roars that erupted from South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, the Alliance of the Western Region, and the Northern Province caused the entire land of Berserkers to obtain a soul that could gather these split up continents together at that instant.

This was Berserkers' soul!

During that instant, the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds' Xue Sha and the near ten thousand tribe members beside Su Ming found their blood reaching boiling point. Their breathing quickened, and a presence they could not hold back erupted from their bodies.

The tens of thousands of Immortals found their bodies trembling under this pressure, and one by one, they started kneeling down, unable to control themselves. This was not their will, but the will that existed within the world. It told them that if they did not prostrate themselves on the ground, they would immediately be squashed by the world.

Ji An's face turned pale. All of this had surpassed his expectations. In fact, perhaps not even a single Immortal had expected that something like this might happen due to the appearance of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Su Ming's power climbed up madly. The change in his cultivation base turned him into the most radiant light in the world.

Streams of light, which had appeared out of nowhere, begun gathering together before Su Ming, then turned into a gigantic statue!

Su Ming could recognize this statue. In fact, some of the Berserkers had seen this statue before as well. It... was the deity statue of Awakening!

All those who manifested a certain amount of blood veins among the Berserkers would see this deity statue appearing in front them at the moment they reached Awakening Realm. This statue was created by the first God of Berserkers, and it was worshipped by all Berserkers. It was the being that allowed them to obtain the power of Awakening - the deity statue of Awakening!

The deity statue looked exactly the same as it did in Su Ming's memories. Once it appeared, a strange light appeared in its eyes,

and it stared at Su Ming as if it had resuscitated. It wrapped its palm in its fist and bowed swiftly!

This was the deity statue of Awakening's form of worship. It was the deity statue of Awakening's sign of respect!

Almost at the instant the deity statue of Awakening bowed towards Su Ming, the sky rumbled. More streams of light erupted madly from empty air, and then right above the deity statue of Awakening and in front of Su Ming... the light gathered together into another gigantic statue.

That was... the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!

Every single time the highly exalted deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared, it meant that there was a person among them who had incredibly great potential. It meant that someone among them had obtained Great Yu's acknowledgment and had been appointed a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice!

This was a supreme form of glory. Every single time the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared, most of the people who saw it would prostrate themselves on the ground and worship it. Yet now, once the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared... it lowered its head towards Su Ming, just like the deity statue of Awakening. Then it wrapped its fist in its palm and bowed in respect.

As it bowed, the sky rumbled. As it bowed, the whole world looked as if it was trembling.

Once it bowed, more streams of light gathered swiftly above it. A radiant layer of light swept past the sky like running water, and a deity statue that was even bigger and stronger appeared in the sky with a bang.

"That is..."

"That is the deity statue of Berserker Soul?!"

"That's the deity statue of Berserker Soul that has appeared the least, and its appearance was rare even during ancient times!"

An uproar rose at that moment. Right before everyone's eyes, the deity statue of Berserker Soul, which stood erect in the sky, lowered its head just like deity statue of Bone Sacrifice and Awakening had done, and then wrapped its fist in its palm, bowing respectfully towards Su Ming as if it submitting itself to him!

The appearance of the three deity statues and their subsequent show of worship caused Su Ming's Qi to erupt with a bang. At this moment, he had far surpassed the power those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm possessed, and his Qi was still rising continuously. A terrifying, mighty pressure was spreading out from his body, and the statue of the God of Berserkers that had crumbled previously slowly manifested behind him.

All these scenes caused a dazed look to appear on Di Tian's face, along with a fierce and crazed expression of struggle.

"The three deity statues of Berserkers have bowed towards him. This is... the legendary Life Cultivation Realm! This is the presence of Life Cultivation. This is... the presence of Life Cultivation appearing once again in the land of Berserkers since ancient times!"

The thin and old Xue Sha from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds could no longer control his excitement. He looked at Su Ming with his body trembling. The fire and respect within his eyes instantly flared up, burning at an intense degree.

"This is the day the Berserkers rise! I, Xue Sha, am willing to follow the God of Berserkers and die with the Berserkers to break a path that will lead us to the land of Immortals for the God of Berserkers!" Xue Sha had went mad, a madness born of excitement. He knelt down towards Su Ming, and as he trembled, he swore the Berserkers' oath!

"From now on, I offer my soul to the Berserkers, and I sacrifice my body to the people. With my flesh and blood, I will break open

the sky for the Berserkers, and with the power contained in my blood, I will give up everything for my people's rise to power!" Xue Sha's voice reverberated in the air with his agitation, with the resuscitated excitement in his old heart, and with his tears that were falling down from his eyes in his exhilaration.

He loved the Berserkers, truly, deeply, loved his race... and only at this moment did he no longer need to suppress his love. Only at this moment did he no longer need to be in despair and could let out his emotions in a violent outburst.

The near ten thousand tribe members from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds knelt down behind Xue Sha and shouted out the same Berserkers' oath as he did!

All Entities Clan's Tian Qi was also weeping at this time. He knelt down in excitement and with the near ten thousand people from the twelve tribes behind him, he, along with them, shouted out the Berserkers' oath, offering his everything to Berserkers' people!

It was also at this moment that the endless long arcs from several other directions arrived in a mad dash. This sort of speed had already surpassed the limits of what a person could do. It was a form of madness born out of recklessness.

"I, Chi Lei Tian, greet the God of Berserkers! I offer my soul to the Berserkers, and I sacrifice my body to the people. With my flesh and blood, I will break open the sky for the Berserkers, and with the power contained in my blood, I will give up everything for my people's rise to power!" That was Chi Lei Tian's voice, and right behind the old man who was surrounded entirely by lightning sparks was the ten million something members of his tribe shouting out the oaths in roars that could shake the sky!

"I, Ya Man, Elder of Berserker Fang Tribe, greet the God of Berserkers! From now on, I offer my soul, my body, my blood, and my flesh to the Berserkers! With the power of my blood, I will give up my everything to the Berserkers! I am willing to have my soul

scatter for the rise of the Berserkers, and I will never regret it!" There was a certain timbre to his ancient voice that showed just how excited he was. Then, the ten thousand people from Berserker Fang Tribe descended to the place with the fastest speed they could muster and shouted out their oaths as well!

"I, Wu Shuang, Elder of Goldenrain Mountain Tribe, brought ten thousand of my people to greet the God of Berserkers! We of Goldenrain Mountain Tribe are willing to be the vanguards for the rise of the Berserkers, and we are willing to trample through the universe for the God of Berserkers and our people!" The hidden mountain tribe had also arrived with a bang. They appeared and knelt down altogether, resulting in Su Ming being the only one in the entire world standing in the air as his Qi continued erupting forth.

Su Ming's hair danced in the air and he looked calm. In his ears, familiar voices echoed.

"I, cultivator of Fated Kin, greet Respected Senior Mo!"

"I, Nan Gong Hen of Fated Kin, greet Respected Senior Mo!"

The people who did not come in groups appeared from all directions and shouted in loud, booming voices that were filled with excitement and passion.

The Fated Kin had arrived!

Su Ming looked at all the people kneeling around calmly, as he stood in midair. He looked at Di Tian, who only had a small portion of his head left due to the flames burning him, and he saw that his face was pale. He saw the madness and the unwillingness to admit defeat in his eyes, as well as a deep perplexity.

'Reincarnation is a point... That point is Berserkers' Realm Mountain. It is also here.'

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground. With it, the ground collapsed, and a blood crystal that

was buried in the depths of the earth for an unknown amount of time turned into a long arc and charged towards Su Ming, bringing with it an ancient air.

Right behind it, more blood crystals flew out from the ground with a bang. These blood crystals turned into long arcs and charged towards Su Ming, swiftly fusing with his body. With each fusion, Su Ming's cultivation base would erupt madly, the might of his body increasing at a terrifying pace!

"From now onwards... I will walk down the path of Life Cultivation!" Su Ming stated flatly, with determination and resolution shining in his gaze!

At that instant, he sensed the frozen Great Yu Imperial City!

Chapter 689: Entering Life Cultivation Realm!

The blood crystals closed in on Su Ming and fused with his body. With each blood crystal, Su Ming's cultivation would swiftly increase exponentially. His Qi stirred up the world and the universe, and an awe-inspiring air that could not be described with words was born in his eyes.

This mighty pressure was the peerless presence of the universe and the world. This awe-inspiring air also symbolized the Berserkers' crazed outburst after living in oppression for a countless years.

Su Ming did not count just how many blood crystals he obtained, and neither did he need to calculate the number, because he was no longer bothered by it.

It did not matter how many reincarnations there had been. There might have been ten, a hundred, a thousand, or even more. To him, it no longer mattered. What was important was that he had moved out of the cycles of reincarnation from the mirror within the mirror and that he now knew clearly that he was no longer... in that cycle of reincarnation!

Because he was no longer in the mirror within the mirror. He had leaped off the Berserkers' Realm Mountain and found that point, then had walked completely out of there!

He knew that he was real, and he was the only one who was real!

That is why it no longer mattered to Su Ming how many reincarnations he had went through!

Su Ming, who had come to understand all of this, found that the power erupting from his body after the numerous blood crystals fused had fused with him surpassed the power he had obtained after attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and it

had exploded with a bang. The seal in his memories also completely shattered at that instant. With its destruction, a large amount of memories surged into Su Ming's divine sense like a tidal wave, and he saw a world.

That world was black, and it was filled with a kind of loneliness. He heard the voice of the second God of Berserkers' daughter again. She was his little sister, and every single time she called out to him, Su Ming's heart ached in pain.

He did not recover many of his memories, for it only lasted for a very short time, but even from that short memory, he could sense that he had been outside Yin Death Region and within the Immortals' Galaxy. There was someone urgently calling him from there. This was not his little sister's voice, but came from his soul, and it felt as if it was a summon that seemed to be a part of his body.

While this summon might be incredibly urgent, there was an endless amount of other, weaker and fainter, voices calling to him as well. They gave Su Ming a strange feeling.

It was as if... all the cultivators in the land of Immortals possessed... what originally belonged to Su Ming. This was why he felt as if there was an endless amount of voices calling to him from the entire land of Immortals at that moment.

As these voices called to him, Su Ming took the most critical step after attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and from then onwards walked down the path of Life Cultivation!

The four Realms within Life Cultivation were Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life!

To understand what Life meant, to understand their own Life Matrix, to understand the changes in the world, and to obtain the power of knowing about the will of heaven—this was Life Matrix!

"My Life Matrix is to move from death to life. My Life Matrix is to

head to spring from winter. My Life... is to not bow down to the will of heaven and obey its orders, but to have heaven bow to me. I will dye my whole life with my will of death!" Su Ming declared languidly.

At the instant he said these words, the power of One World contained within the fragment given to him as a form of blessing by the Candle Dragon when he was in the World of Nine Yin immediately started melting within his body and soul.

As it melted, Su Ming's eyes shone like the stars. During that instant, his presence completely changed. It was as if his body was going through a spiritual metamorphosis, evolving!

The entire world of Berserkers roared, and right behind Su Ming, his statue of the God of Berserkers, which had previously crumbled, manifested once again.

As the ten thousand feet statue manifested in the air and slowly gained corporeal form, all the Berserkers who had arrived here let out delighted howls, worshiping the statue as they knelt in its direction.

These voices spread in all directions and shook all the Immortals who heard them, for within those voices was madness, a frenzy born from oppression, and the Berserkers' soul!

As those voices echoed in all directions, the Dead Sea started churning even more violently and looked as it was about to surge into the sky. The endless waves roared madly, and many of the sea creatures inside the sea trembled before quickly rushing away.

At the time when the Dead Sea produced its most intense roar, the water of the sea started spreading back in all directions... as if there was something big rising from the depths!

As the sea water flowed backwards, a whirlpool that was several hundreds of thousands of li big appeared on the surface of the sea. That whirlpool rotated with loud booming sounds, and wisps of

freezing air spread out from within it, causing the world of Berserkers to instantly become much colder.

Almost at the same time this drastic change occurred to the Dead Sea, the Immortals' Runes used to descend to the land let out a shocking boom behind the blue cloth in the sky, right above Su Ming's head. Light flashed rapidly, and it was a clear sign that more Immortals were about to descend.

By the looks of how these two Runes were operating, the number of Immortals descending this time might be incredibly huge!

Su Ming turned around slowly and looked at his statue, which had revealed itself behind him. As he looked at it, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards it.

"From now onwards, my statue of the God of Berserkers will be the deity statue of Life for all Berserkers who will break through Berserker Soul Realm! From now onwards, Berserkers will be able to break the limit of cultivation that was Berserker Soul Realm and will be able comprehend the principles of Life Cultivation!"

Su Ming's words were implemented as law and spurred on the world of Berserkers' kismet. As his voice reverberated in the air, his statue of the God of Berserkers instantly let out a ray of light that surged into the sky, and the presence of Life Cultivation appeared on it.

It was spoken in the Berserkers' ancient legends that when another God of Berserkers appeared, he would be able to change the fact that Berserkers' cultivation system so Berserker Soul Realm would no longer be the limit. When that new God of Berserkers created the deity statue for the new Realm, all the Berserkers... would reach a breakthrough!

All the Berserkers present found their cultivation bases immediately rising by leaps and bounds. Even those who were not in the battlefield also noticed their cultivation bases increasing exponentially as their blood burned.

It was especially so for the powerful Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had been stuck there for a long period of time. During that instant, they felt the signs of Life Cultivation from the deity statue of Life as their cultivation bases boiled within them.

Before long... they would be able to have a possibility of taking that one step into Life Cultivation Realm, just like Su Ming had due to their boiling blood and the epiphanies they had gained!

This was the true hope and sign of the Berserkers' rise!

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

The roars from the Berserkers reverberated in the air even louder, turning into the only sound in the land. As that sound rang in the air and Berserkers worshipped Su Ming in reverence, he turned his head around and looked towards Di Tian, who now only had a small part of his head left as he continued to burn.

"Your Reincarnation Art is far inferior to the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World... far, far inferior." To be more precise, the reincarnation in the mirror within the mirror which Di Tian had set on Su Ming's body had the same principles as the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World.

However, Su Ming had been able to keep his mind intact even through the innumerable cycles of reincarnation in the Undying and Imperishable World, even refining a powerful will inside it before walking out after gaining an epiphany from it. Compared to it, Di Tian's Art was simply nothing.

He had sunk into a state of oblivion earlier and returned to Dark Mountain hundreds of years ago, but if Su Ming had been unwilling, he would not have returned. He had only sunk into oblivion earlier because he had wanted to search for that point!

There was a complicated look as well as an expression of shock that could not disappear on Di Tian's sullen face. All of these things were out of his expectations, and so it was completely impossible for him to change anything. Only at this moment did he understand that this time he had truly lost control over Su Ming. He knew that, from then onwards... Su Ming would no longer have any connection to him, and he could no longer make him be reincarnate.

Because of this, what awaited him would not only be the Immortal sects who were involved in this plan questioning him, but also the reality that he'd have to face... Su Ming trying to kill him after he got out of the world of Berserkers.

Su Ming might not be too powerful compared to his real self... but Su Ming's growth and comprehensive abilities made him remember the signs of the Abyss. He remembered the disaster spoken of in the Immortals' legends and the benefits that corpse in the land of Immortals had brought to all the Immortals, including himself. Over the years, almost everyone had been able to walk down the path of cultivation because of this benefit, and if anything happened to it, a new disaster would be brought to the Immortals!

An insane thought suddenly bloomed in his head, 'I absolutely can't let him leave the world of Berserkers!'

Almost at the moment this thought appeared in Di Tian's head, a strange light begun to shine in Su Ming's eyes. He could clearly sense that once he stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, there was a faint link born between him and Great Yu Imperial Palace, which was located at the depths of the Dead Sea, and that link was becoming more distinct with each passing moment!

Su Ming took a step towards Di Tian. At the instant his foot landed, blood capillaries filled Di Tian's eyes, and the remainder of his head exploded with a bang.

With the power brought by the explosion, Di Tian let out a shrill roar, "Destiny's Heavenly Punishment: Light from the nine stars, leave no traces of the stars' radiance!"

Di Tian's explosion reverberated in the air with his roar. At the spot where his head fell apart, an illusion instantly took shape. That illusion was like the surface of water, and the nine cultivation planets were reflected off its surface. In that illusion, the nine cultivation planets let out powerful rays of light. They shot them through the surface of the illusory water, and the rays actually charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever. At the moment he took a step forward, the endless amount of powerful light phased through his body. And that's all it did. It was unable to do anything to Su Ming. At the instant he took that step, he appeared right before the surface of the illusory water reflecting the nine planets inside.

"With my Life Matrix, I curse..." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed towards the surface of the water.

At the instant his palm landed, the water immediately looked as if ink had been poured in it, rapidly dyeing it black. A presence of decay rose from there, causing wisps of black smoke to immediately appear. They quickly disappeared around Su Ming, but at that instant, a muffled groan came from another place.

This was Su Ming's Curse. Even if Di Tian's magical body had disintegrated, but that Curse would chase after the life that was linked to this body and arrive at where his real self was so that it could cause him to rot!

Just as Di Tian's magical body disintegrated and Su Ming's Curse went after his real self, the blue cloth in the sky scattered away. As ripples appeared on the blue cloth to turn into an old face, the song of a xun filled the air. That face cast a glance at Su Ming from the sky, and an affectionate smile appeared on his lips.

"I'll wait for you at Berserkers' Realm Mountain..."

The blue cloth disappeared, and the sky returned to the image of the vortex. The cultivation planets that had descended previously had disappeared without a trace, but the Immortals' two Runes that were used to send Immortals down were flashing brilliantly, and the figures of people were appearing one after another.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand... nearly ten thousand people appeared with a bang!

Chapter 690: Great Yu Appears!!

That was not nearly ten thousand, but several tens of thousands!

Several tens of thousands of Immortals descended at the same time. This was something incredibly rare even in the past. Besides the massive invasion launched by the Immortals a long time ago, when they attacked Great Yu Imperial City, the same thing had never happened again.

This was because descending in such a large scale within a short amount of time would waste too many of the Immortals' resources. But this was just secondary. What was really important was that they would also need to bring out what little remained of Morning Dao's power as well.

Morning Dao's power was the strongest power in True Morning Dao World, and that power was bestowed upon them by Dao Chen himself. But there was already very little left of that power. After all... it had been a long, long time since Dao Chen had performed any miracles.

Besides using up Morning Dao's power, each cultivator would also have to personally sacrifice some of their life to be able to suppress the laws in Yin Death Region. The amount of life they had to sacrifice was incredibly huge, and it was not something tens of thousands of people could withstand. They would need people that numbered to nearly a hundred fold to the amount of Immortals descending to sacrifice part of their lives to do so, and they could not regain those parts after. The amount of life they lost could never be recovered.

There were some other conditions as well, such as they even needed to use some of their supreme and priceless treasures to be able to send a massive amount of people over. And they would also not be able to have these Immortals over at Yin Death Region for a long period of time.

It was just like when the millions of Immortals had descended to the land of Berserkers all those years ago. Those Immortals might have won that battle, but if they factored in the price they'd had to pay, then it could only be considered as a pyrrhic victory. The Immortals had been in a state of recovery for many years after that.

This time was a far cry from back then, and so it meant that they wouldn't need to bear such huge consequences. However, even if they only sent several tens of thousands, they would still... have to pay quite a large price.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could sense that the connection between him and the Great Yu Imperial City in the Dead Sea was growing greater. He first cast a cold glance at Ji An, then swept his gaze across all the tens of thousands of Immortals on the land. All of them had become shocked silent because of him, and all of them lowered their heads when his gaze landed on them.

Almost at the moment Su Ming saw this, his chilling voice immediately reverberated in the air. "All Berserkers, hear me! Kill all the Immortals that fight back against us!"

At the instant Su Ming spoke those words, the close to sixty thousand Berserkers in the area instantly started roaring "Kill them!" These roars screaming of bloody murder instantly shook the sky and earth, and the tens of thousands of Berserkers sliced through the sky to charge towards the Immortals who had just descended.

Su Ming took a step forward and disappeared to appear right above the crowd. He charged towards the Rune used by the Immortals to descend and lifted his right hand to strike it.

He was not aiming to kill, but to destroy the Rune!

With his previous power, Su Ming could not even dream of accomplishing this, but now... once he had stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, he possessed incredibly great combat abilities.

And he also possessed the right to do as he wished.

Almost at the moment he struck the Rune, causing it to tremble, Ji An's expression changed. While he was full of hesitation and struggle, Su Ming's eldest senior brother, Xing Gan, lifted his gigantic battle axe and looked over at him with a cold gaze.

At the same time, the sounds of battle between tens of thousands of people swiftly rose into the air. The Immortals who had descended were clearly prepared. At the moment they landed, before their bodies even gained physical form, their still invisible hands crushed something, and they completed the process of gaining corporeal form instantaneously. Their bodies manifested fully and they started fighting against the Berserkers.

"Send the orders of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors to all. The Berserkers have rebelled! Slaughter all Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands and South Morning to serve as a warning!"

A voice filled with a mighty pressure came from the Runes in the vortex. Immediately, hundreds of people walked out, and the ripples of power from their bodies were those of Ascendance. Not all of them had reached great circle in that Realm, but the intimidating force coming from hundreds of cultivators in Ascendance was incredibly strong.

Almost at the same time that voice reverberated in the air, a violent boom rang out. It was Su Ming ramming his fist against the Rune in the sky. A wave of ripples spread out, and the Rune instantly started shaking.

That loud noise lifted the curtains of battle, and the sounds of fighting spread out, surging into the sky. Tens of thousands of Immortals fought against the Berserkers, resulting in the sight of blood raining down from the sky. This blood splashed down on the ground and corpses plunged down after it. Torn pieces of flesh fell from above, causing the Immortals on the ground to shiver as they continued staring at the sky. That wasn't entirely correct though,

they were staring at Su Ming.

No one could say who was the first to let out a low growl before he flew into the sky, intending to join the battle with a ferocious look on his face, but before he flew even a hundred feet into the sky, a shudder wrecked his body. He looked as if he had knocked into an invisible barrier, and his body exploded. He was instantly reduced to bits and pieces.

This brutal sight immediately made all the Immortals who wanted to rush out stop moving. At some unknown point in time, a barrier had been placed in the air a hundred feet above their heads. All those outside could enter the barrier, but those inside could not rush out. It was like a cage.

Su Ming was the one who had set up this barrier, and he had his own reasons as to why he had chosen not to kill these Immortals who were stunned to the ground.

The battles in the sky became even more intense. Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw another punch. The ripples of destruction spread out from his body in all directions. At the same time they crashed into the Rune, they also destroyed all the Immortals who had wanted to get closer to him.

"The Immortals' Rune..."

Murderous aura flickered in Su Ming's eyes. During that instant, a large amount of black aura of death surrounded his body. Due to it, Su Ming seemed to be filled with malice and ghastliness.

He lifted his right hand and threw another punch.

At the instant he did so, the Immortals' Rune let out a loud bang that shook the entire area. With it, an endless amount of cracks appeared on the Rune, and they continued spreading until they covered the entire thing.

However, almost the instant those cracks appeared, they instantly closed up, and vast waves of Bright Yang Aura spread out.

The Rune then was surrounded by a golden light and looked like it could not be destroyed.

Long arcs charged forth from all directions in the Immortals' galaxy towards the region with the endless continents. There were tens of thousands of these Immortals.

There was an incredibly huge Rune on one of the floating continents. At that moment, there were thousands of people defending it by meditating on it. Among them were three old men with incredibly great power, and they were sitting at the center of the Rune.

With each Relocation, these thousands of people would instantly become older. Quite a large number of them would instantly turn into ashes, but new people would immediately take their place and offer up their lives to keep the Rune running. And so they would continue sending their warriors to the land of Berserkers.

As booming sounds echoed in the land of Berserkers due to Su Ming, the Rune in the world shone. Even if cracks appeared, they instantly recovered under that light from the Rune as thousands of people continued suppressing it.

As the Rune continued running, more Immortals rushed into it and were swiftly Relocated.

"Shatter!"

Su Ming's roar sounded as if it could tear apart space it as it rang in the world of Berserkers. His body shot through the air like a black shooting star. At the instant he crashed into the Rune, it started shaking violently.

But it did not shatter!

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar. He shot into the Immortals' crowd, and as he charged through their midst, all the Immortals were unable to resist his attack wherever he went. From the distance, the blood that gushed out where Su Ming

passed through looked like a blood dragon, and Su Ming was the dragon's head that was causing more and more blood to flow.

After making a circle, Su Ming brought with him the blood that had been spilled by all the people he killed and surrounded himself with it. At the moment the blood dragon was formed, he charged towards Yin Death Vortex.

"With the Immortals' fresh blood, I summon the aura coming from Yin Death Fog. All of you whom I can sense... are you willing to lend me the aura of death to destroy the Immortals' Rune?!" Su Ming stopped before Yin Death Vortex, while the fresh blood around him charged into it.

Muffled excited roars immediately came from the vortex. Black aquatic dragons showed up and sucked in a portion of that fresh blood. More strange beasts then manifested in the fog and started devouring madly.

At the instant Su Ming became a Berserker in Life Cultivation Realm, not only did he sense the endless amounts of voices calling to him from the land of Immortals, but he also sensed the endless ferocious spirits within the fog in Yin Death Vortex, which existed between the land of Berserkers and Immortals. These ferocious spirits were formed by the aura of death, and that was the source as well as the end of all deaths in the land of Berserkers!

When the ferocious spirits devoured the Immortals' blood, dark light appeared in their eyes, and all of them charged out of Yin Death Fog towards Su Ming.

There were a large number of Aquatic Dragons among these ferocious spirits, as well as other strange life forms. Yet no matter what shape they took, once they flew out, they turned into wisps of black smoke that surrounded Su Ming. They enveloped him in black smoke that stretched to tens of thousands of feet!

"The Immortals' Rune which they use to descend... Shatter!" Su Ming took a step forward and closed in on the Immortals' Rune,

then lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards that Rune!

At the instant that punch landed, the aura of death that spanned an area that was even wider than ten thousand feet shot forward with the fist. The Rune let out a loud boom that had never come from it before, and the thousands of people defending the Rune on the Immortals' continent let out shrill screams of pain, then coughed up blood at the same time. Black smoke surrounded them, and the Curse caused their bodies to decay. The three old men at the center shuddered, and at the moment a large amount of black patches appeared on their skin, the Rune under their bodies exploded with a bang.

At the same time the Immortals' Rune exploded, Su Ming's fist landed on the Rune and caused it to be torn into pieces. A violent wave of impact instantly swept through the entire area.

Near a thousand people who were still descending through the Rune let out shrill screams of pain that were filled with their unwillingness to admit defeat as they shattered into pieces.

Yet the moment the Rune shattered... three more instantly appeared in the sky, and together with the Rune that had not been yet destroyed, they started shining with a brilliant light, and more Immortals descended. It was as if the Immortals were launching a counterattack towards Su Ming for destroying one of their Runes!

Su Ming felt a strange impulse at this moment. It came from the connection that felt as if it had now gained physical form within him. It tied him to Great Yu Imperial Palace, and he had a feeling that... if he just summoned it, the city would appear and respond to his call!

"Great Yu Imperial City!"

At the instant these four words tumbled out of Su Ming's mouth, a loud bang immediately rang out in Su Ming's heart and soul.

An infinite amount of freezing air erupted madly from within the

whirlpool that spanned tens of thousands of feet in the Berserker's Dead Sea. That air could freeze the universe, and as it exploded, the entire Dead Sea instantly stopped howling.

A... city so great that it was difficult to describe with words appeared after it had been buried for ages!

It was Great Yu Imperial City!

The Berserkers' holy land!

Chapter 691: The Berserkers' Advancement!

The Great Yu Imperial City rose up. At the instant this ruin that had been buried for an unknown amount of years in the depths of the Dead Sea completely showed up in the world, a freezing air instantly spread through the area.

Wherever it went, the Dead Sea would look as if it had been frozen as it remained still. The rotations within the vortex in the sky also slowed down.

The entire climate in the world of Berserkers became much colder.

Great Yu Imperial City was incredibly big. As it rose from the Dead Sea, the city moats and walls as well as the numerous palaces within were revealed before everyone's eyes. These buildings gave off an awe-inspiring air, but all of them were frozen. It did not matter whether it was the city moats or the palaces, all of them were encased in thick layers of ice.

It looked like Great Yu Imperial City, but in truth, it was a gigantic block of ice!

It possessed its own intelligence. Due to Su Ming calling to it, it had appeared after being buried for years. At the instant it rushed out of the surface of the sea, the ice on the city distorted and fell off.

However, the freezing air did not disappear. It instead became even stronger. Immediately after, the air before Su Ming distorted, while he stood in the battlefield between the Immortals and Berserkers held in the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands!

An inconceivable, mighty pressure violently spread out from the city that had suddenly risen up. That mighty pressure felt as if it had corporeal form, and wherever it went, the entire world would

instantly become still. The expressions of Immortals instantly changed drastically. They could clearly feel their bodies, their Nascent Divinities, and even their souls being squashed with a crazed force. All of them could no longer remain in the sky and plunged to the ground.

"This is... This is Great Yu Imperial City!"

"It's the holy land! It's Great Yu Imperial Palace! It's the Great Yu Imperial Palace which had disappeared countless years ago!"

The Berserkers burned with fevered ardor. In the midst of their disbelief and their endless excitement, they looked at Great Yu Imperial City. A bang rang in their heads, and they knelt down to worship the city as their bodies trembled.

Tears fell down the cheeks of all Berserkers. To them, Great Yu Imperial City symbolized everything that was the Berserkers. At that moment, when they saw Great Yu Imperial City with their own eyes and saw the ice that had encased it for an unknown number of years, a fire born from rage blazed through their blood.

All the Immortals, on the other hand, instantly turned pale. Even the four Relocation Runes in the Sky stopped operating at the instant Great Yu Imperial City appeared, and no more Immortals descended.

This was Su Ming's retaliation towards the four Runes!

He stood high above and looked at the city he had summoned. At that moment, the faint connection in his heart binding him to the city had become stronger. It was especially so when he saw an old man sitting on a lofty altar under all that ice.

He was Great Yu's Court Diviner.

Su Ming also saw the numerous dead corpses kneeling under the frozen altar in the imperial city. All of these were the warriors of the past.

The air was still extremely cold. Once Great Yu Imperial City rose

up, all the battles stopped. Su Ming took a step forward and appeared above the imperial city, stepping on the gigantic block of ice.

Around him were tens of thousands of Berserkers who were kneeling on the ground as they wept. No matter what level of cultivation they possessed, at that moment, all the Berserkers only had one single thought in their heads. That thought was like a storm in their minds and a fire that had been buried after being oppressed for a long time.

Great Yu Imperial City... It was their Berserkers' holy land!

"With a single thought, I have made Great Yu Imperial City rise up from the endless Dead Sea!" Su Ming declared, his voice reverberating in all directions, as he stood on the ice.

All the Berserkers were kneeling and worshiping the city at this moment, and tens of thousands of Immortals were shuddering, still in a state of shock.

"Melt Great Yu Imperial City's ice with the Berserkers' tears! Dispel the ice on Great Yu Imperial City with the Immortals' blood! Make Great Yu Imperial City stand tall in our land once again!

"From now onwards, we swear... to kill all Immortals who descend in our land!!" As Su Ming spoke, his Nascent Divinity, which was formed through the Immortals' cultivation methods, melted and fused with his will and his soul due to his level of cultivation having reached Life Cultivation Realm. It then turned into... Atman [1], a soul unique to those in Life Cultivation Realm!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it. Immediately, the tears flowing down the cheeks of all the Berserkers who were kneeling in the air worshiping the city flew up. These tears then gathered together and charged towards Su Ming.

To be more precise, they were charging towards the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial City. With their hot tears, the Berserkers would

melt the ice, with their tears, they would make Great Yu Imperial City stand tall!

The endless amount of tears brought with them everything within the Berserkers' hearts and souls. At that moment, tears poured down like rainwater and scattered on the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial City. Within an instant, that ice started showing signs of melting!

"Not enough, it hasn't melted enough. My fellow Berserkers, my fellow people, let us use the heat of the Immortals' blood to melt the ice on our holy land!"

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. At the instant his words reached the Berserkers, they immediately lifted their heads, and a crazed killing intent appeared in their eyes.

"With the heat of the Immortals' blood, we will melt the ice on our holy land!"

These were the words shouted out by all the Berserkers at the same time. These roars had reverberated in the air when Su Ming became the God of Berserkers and caused the Berserkers' blood to burn and their cultivation base to increase exponentially. It was also there at the time when Berserkers' soul was born. When Great Yu Imperial City appeared and lit up the flames in the souls of all the Berserkers in the place, waves of madness crashed about in their hearts...

A Berserker who had attained great completion in the Awakening Realm suddenly found his cultivation base erupting with a bang as the roars that symbolized all the Berserkers rang in the air. At the time he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Su Ming, he broke through great completion in the Awakening Realm and reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Almost at the instant this person's level of cultivation reached a breakthrough, more people's cultivation bases erupting within their bodies, and many of those who were in the Awakening Realm

reached Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Similarly, those who were the backbone of the Berserkers' power, the people in Bone Sacrifice who had attained great completion in Bone Sacrifice but did not have the confidence to reach higher found their cultivation bases breaking through, allowing them to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

This was not a single person's cultivation base increasing, either. It was something felt by all the Berserkers in the place at the same time. All of their levels of cultivation increased by a stage when their blood started burning and Great Yu Imperial City rose up!

Those in the initial stage reached the middle stage, and those in the middle stage reached the later stage. As for those in the later stage, they attained great completion, and those who had attained great completion... reached a new Realm!

It was especially so for Xue Sha and Tian Qi, who were originally powerful Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in Eastern Wastelands. They might not have truly stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, but as all the Berserkers' blood evolved and their roars shook the sky, they took half a step forward in their level of cultivation. They were no longer Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but were people who were half a step into Life Cultivation Realm! They might not be able to compare to Su Ming's strength, but their existence alone caused a tremendous change in the Berserkers' overall power.

The same change happened among the tribal leaders who were in the Berserker Soul Realm since the beginning. The increase in their levels of cultivation not only brought out their roars that shook the sky and earth, but also symbolized the rise of the Berserkers!

"Kill them!" Su Ming shouted out and lifted his right hand to point towards the Immortals on the ground. The black aura of

death around him then immediately charged forth and turned into a black Aquatic Dragon, rushing into the Immortals' midst.

At the same time, all the Berserkers, now filled with excitement born from the explosive increase in their cultivation, turned into long arcs to charge towards the Immortals..

As booming sounds exploded into the air and Su Ming pointed forward, the black Aquatic Dragon started ripping apart the Immortals. The tens of thousands of Immortals that were trapped in the barrier Su Ming had set up previously shuddered, filling up with despair. In the midst of it all, most of the people found their bodies exploding with a bang, and blood spilled into the air.

An even more brutal fight begun.

The Immortals who died did so with their minds broken as they watched Su Ming and Berserkers' rise to power. If Su Ming had not set up other plans for them, it would have been impossible for them to live up to this moment.

Right then, their value was their blood, and it was to be used to melt the ice on Great Yu Imperial City.

This was Su Ming's retaliation towards the Immortals sending three other Runes after one of them had collapsed!

'Since you brought out three other Runes, I summoned Great Yu Imperial City and killed all the Immortals to melt the ice with their blood. If you create more Runes and send more Immortals here, then this war between the Immortals and Berserkers will last until one side is completely destroyed!'

The sounds of battle echoed through the world, and Ji An's face was pale. Even he would not be able to fight against the Berserkers, who had now risen to power, especially since Di Tian's magical body had died. Su Ming's might shocked his heart and soul, and the world of Berserkers' suppression towards the Immortals was becoming stronger rapidly.

Perhaps before long, as this suppression increased, the Immortals' power would become even more limited.

Ji An knew that all laws were balanced. If there was a powerful law around, there would also be weak laws lying about. The evolution of the Berserkers' blood, the increase in their levels of cultivation would make the laws in the world of Berserkers become stronger. Once that happened, then it was only natural that the power the Immortals could bring out in the land of Berserkers would once again be suppressed.

This was also why the Immortals had not dared to step into the world of Berserkers when the first God of Berserkers was still around, because the Berserkers were too strong at that time, resulting in the laws in the world of Berserkers reaching an inconceivable level. Even powerful Immortals who had reached the Third Step would instantly find themselves only able to bring out the power of those in Ascendance when they arrived in the land of Berserkers.

At that moment, Ji An lifted his right hand without hesitation, and a simple jade slip with an endless amount of runic symbols carved on it appeared on his palm.

An ancient air spread out from that jade slip. Clearly, it was a relic, and it was definitely no ordinary item. The runic symbols glowed on the jade slip as if they contained the laws in the galaxy.

At that moment, Ji An did not hesitate and crushed that jade slip. At the instant it was destroyed, a powerful light erupted from Ji An's magical body. As that light shone, his body immediately disappeared.

Su Ming looked coldly at the spot where Ji An had disappeared. He could feel the waves of relocation coming from a Rune over there, which was a sign of Ji An leaving the land of Berserkers. This body of his might just be a magical one, but as one of the three Sovereigns, he was definitely not someone normal Immortals

could compare to. His jade slip could break through the space separating worlds, allowing him to leave this place.

Translator's Notes:

1. Atman, 意魂(yi4 hun2) : 意 is thoughts/will, 魂 is soul. Will/Thought/Mind Soul doesn't really encapsulate the idea behind it all, because the word 意 in Confucianism means the attitude towards the things in the world, and these views can affect the perception towards good and bad. If you then link it to the word soul, doesn't it mean how a person acts and behaves due to his/her inner soul?

So after searching through some words associated with soul and attitude in different religions, these four came up → Pneuma (Christianity), Atman (Hinduism), Psyche (Greek), Anima (Greek).

Anima was automatically eliminated since it was used in ISSTH and it meant a state of subconscious, not very suited here.

Psyche was then eliminated because it was more geared towards creativity, apparently.

Pneuma was eliminated next because it had the meaning of governing a person's attitude based on external force (Holy Spirit).

Atman was left, and it was the closest. First, it is born from the self, represents the inner self, and also means the essence of the individual, so it was practically perfect for this context.

Chapter 692: His Atman Leaving his Body!

At the instant Ji An left, a large amount of Immortals' blood flew into the sky towards Great Yu Imperial City and scattered on the ice, causing a large portion of the ice to melt.

The more it melted, the stronger became the mighty pressure spreading out from it, and the stronger the pressure was, the more powerful grew the laws in the world of Berserkers. This was a cycle, and one that was built upon the Immortals. It made all the Immortals that descended to the land of Berserkers be continuously oppressed and weakened.

Because of that, the Berserkers' slaughter filled with even greater madness.

Su Ming did not join in the slaughter too much. He lifted his head and looked towards the four Runes which had stopped operating once Great Yu Imperial City rose up. This was not due to the pressure caused by the city, but due to the Immortals in their land becoming hesitant.

The slaughter continued, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air. The whole world filled with a bloody stench, and the Immortals' blood was continuously swept into the sky, as their bodies were destroyed, becoming a part of what would melt Great Yu Imperial City.

The large amount of blood caused the ice on Great Yu Imperial City to be dyed in crimson, and the speed at which it melted increased.

At that moment, the four Runes that sent the Immortals to this place suddenly started flashing after remaining silent for a moment. In an instant, that light grew much stronger, and more people descended swiftly.

Once these people came down, nearly ten thousand Immortals let

out a powerful presence from their bodies. At the instant they revealed themselves, their powerful presence immediately froze, as if an invisible hand was pushing down on them. It caused their presence to spread out and so be reduced, and the power they could bring forth in the land was now limited to about the beginning stage of Ascendance.

This was the Berserkers' kismet, its law, its soul, its Great Yu Imperial City, and its people's evolution in their blood affecting the power of the law within the world of Berserkers!

At the same time, Berserkers from smaller tribes and scattered groups of people continuously charged towards the place from all directions in the form of long arcs. They could sense the blood boiling in their veins and their cultivation bases erupting. They saw Great Yu Imperial City, and based on their blood's guidance, they all arrived to join the war.

Su Ming took a step forward. The black smoke around him gathered swiftly to turn into an armor, and he seized the air with his right hand. Purple fog appeared out of thin air and turned into... the Undertaker of Evil's Spear in his hand!

He seized the spear, and as the murderous aura all over his body surged into the sky, he took a step forward. The world rumbled at that instant, and an illusory foot manifested in the air. This was Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

He took seven steps in succession, and the seven gigantic illusory feet instantly fused together to turn into a scene that seemed as if a giant was walking high above. Its foot stomped on the near ten thousand Immortals who had descended from the sky.

As violent booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged into the crowd. Not a single Immortal could make him pause for even a single instant wherever he went.

This was a massacre where there was a huge disparity in power

between the two sides. It could be said that Su Ming, who had stepped in the Life Cultivation Realm and reached the initial stage of Life Matrix... was invincible in the world of Berserkers!

This sort of invincibility might have several causes, but the most obvious one was that there was a law suppressing the Immortals. No matter what, at that moment, Su Ming... was invincible!

Even if there were people who could dominate Su Ming in terms of power in the world of Immortals, but when they were in the world of Berserkers, they would be limited by the law. It would then be difficult for them to defend against even a casual strike from Su Ming.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear swept through the land, and as Su Ming moved forward, he pierced through the center of an old Immortal's brows. An unwillingness to accept defeat and despair appeared on the old man's face, which was born from him being a cultivator who had arrived at the Second Step. He believed that if he was in the land of Immortals, this person would definitely not be able to kill him, but in this place... he could only swallow his hate.

Su Ming flung his Undertaker of Evil's Spear, and the old man's body immediately shattered. His blood then charged towards the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial Palace. Su Ming took a step forward, and without even looking back, he seized the air behind him with his left hand.

A middle-aged man who was charging towards him from behind in an attempt to kill him felt an intense pain coming from his neck. He could not breathe, and this was because Su Ming's left hand was like a clamp that had seized him up. Without even a moment of hesitation, Su Ming squeezed harder, and with a bang, the middle-aged man's head exploded. The aura of death from Su Ming's body surged into that man's corpse and destroyed his Nascent Divinity as well as his soul.

As Su Ming continued with his slaughter, the Immortals fought back violently. The bloody stench in the world was so thick that it was difficult to describe it with words. The only thing that could be said was that the ground was red. Besides the vortex in the sky, everything that the people could see... was red.

"Kill them!" Su Ming swung the Undertaker of Evil's Spear before him, and it let out a series of loud booming sounds which resulted in a huge number of Immortals bodies crumbling and disintegrating wherever it went.

The scenes of Su Ming's slaughter greatly stimulated the Berserkers. His invincibility made all the Berserkers let out excited roars.

They wanted to kill all the Immortals and chase them completely out of the land of Berserkers!

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

Such roars reverberated in the air and shook the sky and earth. The entire battlefield looked as if it had turned into hell.

During that instant, the four Runes in the vortex in the sky let out a powerful ray of light once again. However, this time, the number of Immortals who descended was not as high as before; there were only about seven thousand of them. Their power was immediately suppressed by the law in the world of Berserkers from the moment they arrived, so they could only show power that was around the Ascendant stage. In other words, they were... absolutely not Su Ming's opponent.

With an unparalleled presence, Su Ming swept through the battlefield and brought with him an infinite amount of blood to melt the ice on Great Yu Imperial City. At that moment, Su Ming's presence was matchless.

However, the Berserkers' enemies were the Immortals. The

depth of their power was not something the Berserkers could compare to. Even though Immortals had been unable to make all worlds worship them as the Berserkers had done, but they still existed to this date and continued to be strong while the Berserkers had reached an extreme state of decline. If Su Ming had not appeared, they would not have been able to rise to power at all.

They could only slowly lose their blood inheritance, being like the orchid cactus, which can only bloom once in its lifetime.

Almost at the instant Su Ming lifted the Undertaker of Evil's Spear with his right hand and threw it towards the seven thousand Immortals who descended from the Rune, that spear turned into a violent dragon that charged towards them. But at that instant, right when Su Ming was about to move forward, in an incredibly strange fashion, he... suddenly froze!

The Undertaker of Evil's Armor, which was formed from black smoke, immediately exploded. Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's mouth, and a sharp pain that was almost unbearable came from his chest.

That pain appeared incredibly suddenly, and Su Ming was completely unprepared for it. He felt as if there was a needle piercing his body, attempting to stab him through the heart.

Veins popped up on Su Ming's face. As his body shivered, he lifted his head swiftly upwards and glared at Yin Death Vortex. He could clearly sense that no one around had ambushed him. This strange pain seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

Almost at the instant the pain in his chest begun, Su Ming experienced an even greater pain at the center of his brows. It was as if a needle had pierced through the spot between his brows and stabbed his brain!

Su Ming trembled, but the two waves of pain did not disappear. The unbearable sensation spread to his arms, and even his legs. The pain was like a tidal wave that submerged him, and it

infuriated him.

He coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and staggered backwards. His sudden change stunned all the Berserkers who saw it, while crazed delight rose within all the Immortals.

The numerous Immortals in the sky charged towards Su Ming without any hesitation. Booming sounds echoed in the air, and their divine abilities crashed into Su Ming's body. His face turned pale, and he coughed up blood once again. He retreated, but just as he was about to retaliate, a sharp pain that far surpassed what he had experienced just then came from his Dantian region!

It was as if a hand had reached deep into his stomach and yanked his organs in an attempt to drag them out of his body. Sweat drenched Su Ming's body, and even his consciousness became unclear.

The Immortals around him started executing their divine abilities once again in the midst of both excitement and ferociousness. At that instant, a figure flashed next to Su Ming, and his eldest senior brother stood in front of him with a gigantic axe in his hand. Like a huge mountain, he blocked all the divine abilities that were coming for Su Ming.

Blood continued trickling down the corners of Su Ming's mouth. This sudden incident could change the whole situation in the battlefield. Berserkers' anxiety gave Immortals time to regain their bearings and gain momentum despite them having suffered huge losses moments before, and they launched their counterattack.

"World of Berserkers' kismet, Yin Death Aura!" Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue and forced himself to regain consciousness. He lifted his right hand and pushed against the ground, then pointed towards Yin Death Vortex with his left hand.

"Who was the one... who injured me?!" Su Ming let out a shocking roar that shook the sky and earth. At that moment, his power in the initial stage of Life Matrix erupted with a bang.

Su Ming closed his eyes, and a shadow separated from his body. That shadow was the soul of his will, and it was something that only those who had reached Life Cultivation could do!

When Su Ming's Atman appeared, Eastern Wastelands, the islands in South Morning, Northern Province, the Alliance of the Western Region, and the Dead Sea started showing the gray shade of decay. During that instant, a large amount of life force from the land was extracted by the world of Berserkers' kismet and charged towards Su Ming, then surged into his body through his right hand, which was directed to the ground, towards his Atman.

An infinite and boundless amount of aura of death charged down from Yin Death Vortex, fusing into Su Ming's Atman through his left hand. The Atman charged into Yin Death Vortex while bringing with it black smoke and the world of Berserkers' kismet. With a bang, he shot through it.

'Who injured me?!' That sharp pain drove Su Ming deeper into madness. The Atman he had sent out brought with him his killing intent and his madness as it shot out through the vortex over Yin Death Region based on a faint trace.

He appeared... in the Immortals' galaxy.

He did not stop there. At the instant the black aura of death around started rapidly evaporating, the Atman shot through the endless boundaries and saw an infinite amount of continents in the distance, and he also saw tens of thousands of Immortals.

But they could not see him!

Su Ming had a strong feeling that the source of the pain was right before him!

Chapter 693: Physical Body!

Su Ming could see the Immortals' galaxy, could see the endless amounts of continents floating there, and could also see the innumerable Immortals on these continents as well as the flashing Runes.

His Atman felt a sharp pain, and a large amount of aura of death enveloped his body. At that moment, as Su Ming charged forward, large quantities of that aura of death were scattering away. It did not matter to him though, for he was filled with madness. He wanted to see just what was the source of his pain.

His Atman shot through the continents. He could see numerous altars on the various continents in the place, and on each of these altars was a corpse.

He also saw more than a dozen Runes. All of them were letting out waves of Relocation, but there were only four that were letting out a piercing light.

He saw thousands of people sitting on the four flashing Runes, and he also saw Immortals continuously stepping into these Runes and getting Relocated.

However, these were not the source of his pain. Once Su Ming's Atman swept through the place, he charged towards the depths of the region of floating continents in the galaxy.

Perhaps a long time had passed since then, but perhaps it was only the blink of an eye before the largest continent appeared in front of Su Ming. That continent far surpassed the others in size, and it was the most astonishing region of them all. There was only one gigantic altar there.

Su Ming could vaguely see a person lying on that altar.

This was not the first time he had come to this place. When he killed Si Ma Xin all those years ago, he had come here, but had

been unable to see the area clearly. However, now that he was here again, he could see more than he did in the past, and everything was also clearer.

He saw a mighty pressure that could not be described with words spreading out from that lofty altar. And there was also an endless amount of powerful seals surrounding the area, as if the person in the seal was incredibly important to the Immortals, but they were also extremely wary of him, which was why they had placed all those layers of seals around the place.

In fact, Su Ming could even see that the continents in the galaxy were grouped together to form a gigantic galactic Rune, and at the center of that Rune was this place - the biggest continent in the area with only one altar with layers of seals placed on the person lying on the altar!

Su Ming was too far away and could not see the person's face clearly, but at the instant the Atman saw that person, a storm immediately started raging in his heart.

A summon. It was an incredibly powerful summon. The strength of that call almost made Su Ming's soul shatter. It was as if the person lying on the altar was even more important than his own life.

Under that powerful summon, Su Ming immediately sensed that the source of his pain was over there!

The Atman charged forward, and as he closed in, he saw that the person who was calling to him was not the only one on that altar. There were three other middle-aged men standing beside him.

These three people stood around the person calmly, but they gave Su Ming a feeling as if they were ancient, ferocious beasts. It was as if the entire galaxy was trembling because of them, and a mighty presence that almost made Su Ming suffocate surrounded the area.

These three people were dressed in white, black, and red respectively. The middle-aged man in white was holding a black needle in his right hand, and there was a transparent bottle in his left.

There was red liquid inside the bottle, and it looked like blood.

At the instant Su Ming closed in, he saw the man in white pushing the needle deep into the bottle, and once some of that red blood stained the needle, he brought it out and stabbed the sealed person between his brows.

Instantly, Su Ming felt a sharp pain at the center of his brows, and his Atman shuddered violently, as if it was about to disintegrate. At the instant that man stabbed the sealed person, Su Ming finally saw the appearance of that person on the altar.

A loud bang that was strong enough to shatter Su Ming rang out in his heart.

The sealed person was a young teenage boy of about eighteen to nineteen years old. He was dressed in a sackcloth, and his face was as pale as that of a dead person, or perhaps it would be more apt to say that this was a dead person, a corpse.

He was incredibly thin and feeble. His pale skin and shut eyes gave people a feeling of a naive child from the mortal world.

There were black needles embedded deep into the center of his brows, his chest, his limbs, and his Dantian region, but that was not all. Besides these spots where black needles could be found, there were also a hundred something white needles on his body.

At the instant Su Ming saw this boy, his Atman shuddered. These shivers came straight from the depths of his soul, and it was as if... he was one with this corpse. It was as if... as long as his Atman could fuse into that corpse, then the corpse could open its eyes, and the boy... would be revived!

The boy's appearance was also... incredibly similar to Su Ming's!

'He's me...'

This thought swiftly rose up in Su Ming's mind. He could also sense a hint of familiarity with the blood in the black needles, and that familiarity seemed like a faint voice addressing him as big brother.

At that moment, right when Su Ming saw everything, the three people standing beside the corpse lifted their heads, and their gazes fell on the spot where Su Ming's Atman was.

Su Ming could not see their faces clearly, because the presence spreading out from the trio's bodies was too great, but at the instant they lifted their heads to look at him, Su Ming immediately sensed... Di Tian's presence from the man in white's gaze!

He did not have time to see more. A bang resounded in the air, and Su Ming's Atman disintegrated, disappearing in the Immortals' galaxy.

At the instant his Atman vanished, Su Ming swiftly opened his eyes in the world of Berserkers. Right before him was his eldest senior brother, and before him were thousands of Immortals charging towards them with ferocious looks on their faces.

The disappearance of that trace of the Atman affected Su Ming, but this effect was not great. He could recover after taking some time to heal and nurture himself. Yet that trace of his Atman had been able to see everything, and so there was a dazed expression on his face when he opened his eyes.

He had finally obtained the answer to the final question in his heart!

The boy on the altar was him. He was the baby from all those years ago. However, while that baby might have been dead, if anyone looked at him from another angle, he was also not a dead person.

Over the years, this dead infant had slowly grown up into a

teenager, and this was enough proof to show that there were mysteries within him that perhaps other people were unable to fully comprehend.

But he was still dead, because his soul was no longer in his body, but was in...

'Yin Death Region!'

Su Ming trembled. The dazed look in his eyes disappeared, replaced by clarity, as well as madness. He understood now. That boy was him, and Su Ming himself was currently... just a soul!

He was a soul that was sent to Yin Death Region!

When he combined all the memories he'd restored, a clear picture appeared in Su Ming's head.

When Di Tian brought the two babies out of the land of Berserkers all those years ago, the Immortals saw their uniqueness in the land of Immortals. One of them was the older brother, and the other was the little sister.

Since the little sister gradually grew up, she was taken away. No one knew where she went, and the only clue about her whereabouts was Dao Chen.

The older brother was left behind in the endless darkness and could only lie quietly while madness fueled his rage. He could stop the endless amount of Immortals from using his body to practice their cultivation.

In the end, everything within his body was discovered, and they found out that a soul had appeared in his body. Once this change happened, his soul was slowly extracted as he grew up. Perhaps they could not destroy it, but it could also be that if his soul died, it would be impossible for his body to retain that aspect that made him so interesting to the Immortals.

That was probably why his soul was not killed, but was instead sent into Yin Death Region to be doomed for eternity!

Perhaps it was at this moment that Di Tian saw the uniqueness of that soul and executed that long-term plan of his!

Su Ming understood all of this at that moment.

'I will leave Yin Death Region, return to the land of Immortals, fuse with my real body, and... open my eyes!' Su Ming's expression turned dark. With madness and a hint of grief on his face, he started laughing brokenly once he understood everything.

That laughter contained his hate towards the Immortals, his determination to fight against destiny, and his desire to overturn the universe.

A roar left Su Ming's mouth, revealing his fury. He stood up from his seated position. The pain was still spreading through his body, continuously surging like a tidal wave to the rest of his body in an attempt to drown him completely.

"You strike my physical body so that you can destroy my soul... but even if you crush my body, you won't be able to truly wipe away my soul from Yin Death Region!

"Because we are in different worlds. You are in Bright Yang, and I am in Yin Death!

"This pain is nothing!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared as his body trembled. The pain turned into madness within him. His eldest senior brother was fighting against thousands of Immortals before him, and with bloodshot eyes and immense pain, Su Ming shot forward.

Kill. He would bring forth a massacre so great that it would surge into the sky, draining away the pain in his body. Only by murdering could Su Ming make people pay with their deaths for the pain he had to suffer.

Only...

"Kill them!" With a roar and bloodshot eyes, Su Ming charged

into the Immortals' army. Wherever he went, not a single Immortal could put up a fight against him.

With his invincible power in the land of Berserkers, he killed all Immortals who had most of their power limited when they descended to this place. Blood rain poured down from the sky and fell to the ground, causing the entire region to turn into a bloody hell.

Su Ming turned his pain into infinite slaughter. He drenched his body in the Immortals' lives and blood to drain away his suffering.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw a punch forward. Immediately, a female cultivator before him widened her eyes. She collapsed, unable to fend against Su Ming's power of Life Cultivator. As her blood spilled into the air, Su Ming took a step forward and opened his mouth to let out the God of Berserkers' roar!

That roar reverberated in the air and shook space itself, so much that distortions appeared within it.

The sound echoed in the hearts of all Immortals before Su Ming, and tremors caused by these booms wrecked their bodies so badly that they started bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and they also became dazed.

Chapter 694: Bidding Farewell to His Memories!

"Where did I come from..?"

Su Ming waved his arm, and a loud bang immediately reverberated in the air before him. A sea of fire started up there, and from the distance it looked as if most of the world had been engulfed in flames.

"Why was I dead when I appeared..?"

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. He lifted his left hand and formed a seal before he pointed it forward. Immediately, the space in front of him shattered, and cracks swiftly spread out. Wherever they traveled, the bodies of all Immortals in their way would be torn apart in the places where the cracks went through them.

"Do I have any other fellow members of my race..?"

Su Ming leaped up, and as his expression twisted, veins popped up on his face. The pain in his body made him descend further into madness, and the more violent the pain inside him grew, the more frenzied his killing would become. He used this method to fight back the unbearable sensations.

Pain can make a person crumble. This is common knowledge.

But pain can also make a person go mad, and this was an overthrow!

"Do I... have parents?!"

With a roar, Su Ming charged forward and rammed his head against an old Immortal's body. This old man, whose level of cultivation was at the Second Step when he was in the land of Immortals, was now as brittle as paper. Once Su Ming rammed his head against the man's forehead, that person's head exploded and scattered like paste. His body fell to the ground, and his Nascent

Divinity was instantly destroyed.

"Do I... have a home?!"

Su Ming seized an Immortal before him, and in his pain induced madness, he tore apart that Immortal's body.

"For what reason was I alive?!"

Wherever Su Ming went, blood would turn into drops of rain, and the amount of blood he shed was enough to shock the Berserkers. They roared excitedly when he passed through and then would resume killing the Immortals in a frenzy.

"If you cause me pain, then I will strike back and take several times the amount of lives from your people!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the Undertaker of Evil's Spear manifested in the air. After he threw it out, a bang rang out, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air.

Right at that moment, the four Relocation Runes in the sky started shining with a piercing light once more. Thousands of Immortals descended, and once their bodies rapidly gained corporeal form, four powerful rays of light erupted from within the Runes. Two of them charged towards the ground and crashed into the invisible barrier Su Ming had placed there. The barrier instantly shattered, allow the Immortals on the ground to fly up.

The other two rays of light charged towards Su Ming and closed in on him in an instant. Su Ming whipped his head around, lifted his right hand, and seized the first ray through the air.

Booming sounds surged into the sky. That ray of light instantly distorted and shattered. However, the second ray of light shot through and crashed into Su Ming's body.

Su Ming staggered a hundred something feet backwards. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, but the crimson glare in his eyes only grew stronger. Immediately after, the thousands of Immortals who had just descended charged towards Su Ming.

Once the barrier on the ground shattered, all the Immortals fighting against Berserkers on the ground instantly flew up, causing the battlefield to swiftly expand.

Su Ming continued killing. All the Berserkers let out roars that signaled their rise in power as they killed. Right then, the war had developed to a point where both sides would not cease to fight until one of them perished completely.

It would either be the Berserkers being completely wiped off, or the Immortals giving up on descending to their world. From then on, they would vanish from the world of Berserkers, and all those quietly remaining would wait for their deaths.

With a punch, Su Ming broke space itself. The ripples that spread out wrecked all the Immortals around him with tremors. He lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, three Immortals were caught in the direction of his left hand. As they let out screams of despair, their bodies crumbled.

A large amount of blood was swept up from all directions of the battlefield to charge up, towards Great Yu Imperial City, and the ice on the city begun to rapidly melt. In fact, some of the areas in the city were already exposed to the air.

Once Su Ming seized these Immortals with his hand, he swiftly turned around and lifted his right index finger, pointing at a powerful gust of wind that was charging towards him from the side. Before his finger landed, Su Ming saw the person who was trying to lay an ambush on him.

That was... Jingnan!

In Su Ming's memories, the Sect Master in the land of Berserkers' Hidden Dragon Sect was the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe - Jing Nan!

"From now on, you will be wiped away from my memories!"

Red filled Su Ming's eyes. His voice was as cold and biting as the

winds in winter. By the time the words fell into Jingnan's ears, Su Ming had already tapped the center of the man's brows with his right index finger.

With a bang, Jingnan crumbled and died.

"Su Ming!" a furious roar came from the crowd. It was Chenchong, who was Chen Chong in his memories!

He was a prodigy of Wind Stream Tribe. At that moment, when he saw Su Ming killing Jingnan, sorrow appeared on his face, and he charged towards Su Ming. When he closed in, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a jewel-encrusted purification vase appeared in his hand.

"If you attack me, you will also be wiped away from my memories." As Su Ming stated that flatly, Chenchong closed in on him. When he lifted the vase in his hand, a gust of freezing wind shot out from the mouth of the bottle. That wind brought with it moaning sounds and sharp whistles which swept through the area and charged at Su Ming without even the slightest bit of hesitation.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. In silence, he lifted his right hand and pushed against the incoming wind, moving straight through it until he pressed his hand against the vase. The vase trembled and immediately shattered to pieces before falling backwards. However, it could not move faster than Su Ming's right hand. It shot straight through the vase and seized Chenchong's throat.

The great disparity between their power caused Su Ming to easily be able to kill Chenchong.

"You're seeking death?"

Su Ming looked at Wind Stream Tribe's prodigy in his hands as he held onto Chenchong's throat. This person had been surrounded by people in the past, while Su Ming had only been

able to watch by the side.

"So what if I am? You've already killed so many Immortals, why would it matter to you if you killed me as well? Su Ming, you're no longer the same as you were in Dark Mountain, you..." Su Ming tightened his grip, and with a crack, Chenchong died before he could finish his words. Su Ming's great power also destroyed his Nascent Divinity.

"Don't speak of Dark Mountain before me... You are not worthy!" Su Ming let go of his hand, and his gaze fell on the area around him. He saw the faces from his memories among the Immortals, and they were all staring at him coldly at that moment.

There were also some of them who had complicated looks mixed with the cold glares in their eyes. Those came from Wu La, Chen Xin, Bei Ling, and Nan Song...

"You've killed Chenchong and Jingnan... then kill us as well!" The person who said these words was Lei Su. In Su Ming's memories, she was Bai Ling's grandmother.

The old woman swiftly shot out from the fighting crowd, and with a ferocious look on her face that was full of mixed feelings, hatred among them, she charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming fell silent. At the instant Lei Su closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and pointed at her. Then, before the old woman could even manage to get close, she shuddered and her head exploded. She died, just like that.

At the moment all the people in Su Ming's memories saw Lei Su die, they fell silent in this blood-filled war zone, just like Su Ming.

He lifted his head and swept his gaze across the land. A crease suddenly appeared between his brows, and with a cold harrumph, he took a step backwards. With it, he immediately crashed into a person who had suddenly appeared behind him.

A shrill scream of pain reverberated in the air. Sky Mist's

ancestor appeared behind Su Ming, and his body was torn into shreds. Clearly, when he had been knocked into, his life force had been completely shattered.

"Sky Mist's ancestor." Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized the air in the direction of the nearly dead, retreating old man. Immediately, that old man's body started twisting, and he coughed up blood. Then, he charged towards Su Ming's left hand, and Su Ming grabbed him by the chest.

"Su Ming!"

Right at that moment, two long arcs came from the battlefield. They were... Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You. The two of them closed in swiftly. The person who called out Su Ming's name was Tian Lan Meng. As for Tian Lan You, she was charging forward with an apathetic look on her face, looking like a moth rushing into flames as she rushed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng and his left hand froze for a moment before he crushed Sky Mist's ancestor's chest. His heart and his Nascent Divinity were crushed at the same time.

Tian Lan Meng's face turned pale. She took a few staggering steps back. During that moment, Tian Lan You closed in on Su Ming. As she lifted her right hand, she formed a seal and pointed forward.

With a cold look on his face, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized Tian Lan You's hand at the moment she closed in on him. Then, with a one push upwards, a crack tore through the air, and Tian Lan You's right hand twisted, and it was shattered instantly.

Cold sweat broke out on Tian Lan You's forehead, but she gritted her teeth and did not let a single sound escape her lips.

"Sky Mist's ancestor injured me in the past, and I wanted to kill him. As for you two..." Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng and let go of Tian Lan You's hand. With a swing of his arm, the woman was flung several hundreds of feet backwards. She fell back to Tian

Lan Meng's side with a pale face.

"You're on your own now!"

"And all of you as well..." Su Ming swept his gaze past the faces in his memories. "I will let you leave today, and from now onwards, we will be strangers!" Su Ming appeared right before Evil Dust Sect's Sikong, who trembled at his approach, and tapped the center of his brows.

"But that doesn't include you."

Su Ming took another step forward. This time, he appeared right before Bi'su. The woman's expression changed and she started retreating. With an expressionless face, he pointed forward, and as Bi'su let out a shrill scream of pain, her body torn to shreds.

"It doesn't include you either."

Su Ming turned around and looked at Bi'su's older brother - Evil Immortal Sect's Bisu. The man's face instantly turned pale, but in a fit of savagery, he chose to self-destruct. Clearly, he wanted to use the power he could bring out by self-destructing to injure Su Ming, even if it meant he would have to die in the process.

However, before he could even finish self-destructing, Su Ming had already walked past him, separating his head from his body.

"And you, too."

Su Ming appeared right in front of Bitu. This man had been Black Mountain Tribe's Elder in the past, and was the Sect Master of Blood Lust Sect in the land of Berserkers. At this moment, he did not stand a chance before Su Ming.

Chapter 695: The Immortals' Last Resort!

The world roared. The four Runes in the vortex started rotating again, and thousands more of Immortals descended. The ice on Great Yu Imperial City had already mostly melted, and as it did so, a large amount of cold wind spread out, causing the temperature in the area to drop by a large margin once again.

The fighting continued, and there was also quite a large number of Berserkers who had died. This was a battle that caused both sides to descend into madness. After all, Immortals' power was slightly higher overall than that of Berserkers. If it was not because of the limitations set by the laws in the world of Berserkers, not because the Berserkers' level of cultivation had risen due to the Su Ming's existence, and not because Su Ming's eldest senior brother had sent out his Shaman Souls in the battlefield, then it would have been very difficult for the Berserkers to win this battle.

Yet fortunately, as the war continued, more Berserkers arrived due to the calling of their blood and joined the battle. It made the devastation brought by this fight become increasingly higher.

Su Ming was an invincible force among the Berserkers. Since he was someone who had reached the Life Cultivation Realm, none of the Immortals whose power was limited to only the Ascendant level were his opponent. More importantly, as the ice on the Great Yu Imperial City continued melting, the laws in the world of Berserkers became stronger.

Because of that, even if the Immortals continued sending people downwards, it was still becoming incredibly hard for them to win, unless... they could send nearly a hundred thousand Immortals in one go. Only then would there be a possibility for them to turn the tides of this war.

But that was impossible. The difference in the price they had to pay between sending thousands of Immortals in different batches

and sending nearly a hundred thousand in one go was huge, and this price was not something the Immortals were readily able to accept.

After sending thousands of Immortals, the Runes in the sky stopped flashing for a long time. The Immortals that were sent during the last dispatch also numbered less than two thousand.

The battle continued. The Berserkers' madness and the Immortals' despair caused the battle to slowly turn in favor towards the Berserkers. However, it did not matter whether it was the Immortals, the Berserkers, or even Su Ming, they were all filled with deep fatigue. If the Berserkers had not been joining the fray in continuous streams, their fatigue would have become worse.

At that moment, two thirds of Great Yu Imperial City had already melted. Besides a small portion that was still encased in ice, many other spots were now completely free.

Su Ming's whole body was drenched in blood. Most of it belonged to Immortals, but some were his own as well. He did not know how many Immortals he had killed; he could no longer count the number.

His breathing was ragged. There was evident fatigue in the red of his eyes. However, the battle continued, and so Su Ming could not stop. Besides, the pain in his body had yet to go away. It was still battering against his will to persevere. Su Ming did not retreat under this fatigue as well as the torment dealt on him by the pain. Instead, he endured everything and went on fighting in this war that seemed to have no end.

The Berserkers had gained a huge upper hand. There were less than twenty thousand Immortals left, and they were all surrounded by the Berserkers who were intending to whittle away their numbers from the edges bit by bit until they were all destroyed. At that moment, the Runes that had not shone for a

long time suddenly burst forth with piercing light.

Once they did that, Su Ming looked over, and his pupils shrank.

He saw one of the four Runes shattering, and as it crumbled, the light from the Rune spread out, then was absorbed by the other three Runes.

At the same time, two more Runes exploded, and once their light was absorbed by the last remaining one, the light shining from it became brighter than ever before.

That light shot through everything, like a sun that was suddenly hung high in the sky. A presence that even Su Ming found terrifying spread out from that one and only remaining Rune.

The Immortals had destroyed their own Runes to gather together a power that would deliver a shocking Relocation. Clearly, this was the strongest power the Immortals had prepared for this battle, in a situation where they would not send a hundred thousand Immortals in one go.

If they were sending a person over, then this person would surely possess an item that would not be oppressed by the laws in the world of Berserkers. He would also possess a power that could completely suppress Su Ming.

If they were not sending a person over but were sending a treasure, then that treasure would surely be something astonishing and extraordinary.

Hope rekindled itself in the Immortals who were full of fatigue and despair. With loud cries, they rushed out and looked at the only Rune in the sky, which was also their only hope.

Su Ming leaped up. Right before the Immortals and Berserkers' eyes, he moved through the air and stopped right above Great Yu Imperial City's palace, looking at the only Rune in the sky.

The light from the Rune grew stronger, becoming the strongest light in the world of Berserkers. Then, a terrifying, destructive

presence descended and spread out.

Then two other presences equal in power erupted right after.

"By the orders of the Immortals, the three punishments of heaven, earth, and man will descend and suppress the Berserkers!" a loud voice as great as the might of heaven itself came from the Rune. However, that voice was not clear, but rather indistinct. Clearly, these words were not spoken in the land of Berserkers, but had come from the land of Immortals through the Rune.

Almost at the instant that voice reverberated in the air, the first destructive presence exploded. A gray pillar of light appeared and shot out of the Rune.

That gray pillar of light was actually a long arc. Within it was a stone that was about the size of a head. That stone was heavily riddled with holes, because of which it stirred up piercing sounds while sliced through the air.

Its speed was inconceivable, and its mighty pressure brought with it a power that could destroy the world. It was clearly no longer that of Ascendance. It... had already surpassed the Ascendant stage and even made Su Ming, who was in Life Cultivation Realm, feel terrified of it. Clearly... this was either an Enchanted Treasure that possessed power that was at the pinnacle of the Second Step or a priceless treasure containing the power of the Third Step.

This item was also not suppressed by the laws of the world of Berserkers, and neither were there any of the Berserkers' priceless treasures coming forth to stop it. This was a telling sign that Immortals had used some sort of method to be able to make this item descend with its complete power!

The stone that was about the size of a head in that long gray arc sliced through the sky, but it was not... traveling towards Su Ming!

It was... instead charging towards the strongest person beside Su

Ming in the land of Berserkers – Su Ming's eldest senior brother who had beheaded himself, Xing Gan!

That stone moved so quickly that not even Su Ming could stop it. With a bang, the stone appeared right above eldest senior brother. A glint appeared in the man's eyes, which were located on his chest. With the battle axe in hand, he charged out and sliced towards the incoming stone.

Yet almost at the instant he lifted his axe, the gray stone exploded with a bang. A gray ray of light spread out and covered the area of several thousands of feet.

There were Immortals, Berserkers, and Su Ming's eldest senior brother within those thousands of feet. As that light spread out, eldest senior brother was the first to be covered in it, and once his battle axe was enveloped in that gray light, the man was immediately petrified!

His body instantly turned into a stone statue in front of everyone's eyes!

And this happened not to him alone. All the people within those thousands of feet, no matter whether they were Immortals or Berserkers, turned into statues at the instant that stone exploded and the gray light spread out.

The people retained their previous poses and expressions as they became statues, existences that would bring shock to all those who saw them, in the land of Berserkers.

This was the suppression the Immortals chose to deliver to the Berserkers' uprising.

"Eldest senior brother!"

Anger raged violently in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward, but just as he was about to arrive beside his eldest senior brother's statue, another presence that possessed a destructive power that could destroy the world left the Rune in the sky.

It was... a human head!

It was a gigantic human head that looked like it belonged to a giant. There was black blood flowing out of its eyes, and his hair was a mess, but even after death, there was a savage and crazed presence to that head.

There was also a familiarity to it which made Su Ming and all the Berserkers' hearts tremble. It was a Berserker's presence, for that was... the head of the God of Berserkers!

"Second God of Berserkers... That's the second God of Berserkers' head. That presence, the agitation in my blood will not lie..."

When the Berserkers saw that head, madness immediately erupted within them. Sorrow and rage appeared on all of their faces. There was nothing else that could make the Berserkers so livid with rage than the head of a God of Berserkers.

Su Ming trembled. Right when his senior brother's survival was still unknown after he had turned into a statue, Su Ming was faced with the head of the second God of Berserkers. This head might still be unfamiliar to him, even after he retrieved his memories, but its presence was incredibly familiar.

It belonged to the gentle voice that had reached his ears all those years ago. It belonged to the God of Berserkers who had been frozen with Great Yu Imperial City and had died for the Berserkers.

The second God of Berserkers was torn limb to limb in the past. His body was buried in the land of Berserkers, but his head had been taken away by the Immortals. At this moment, he was brought out, and by the looks of it, he had been refined into a piece of treasure

Almost at the instant the second God of Berserkers' head appeared and all the Berserkers descended into rage and madness because of it, the head... opened its eyes.

When it did so, everyone saw that its eyes were completely black. A violent shudder wrecked the head, and the second God of Berserkers exploded right before all the Berserkers' eyes at the moment his head had opened its eyes!

A huge force instantly swept outwards. That force brought little suffering to the Immortals, but to the Berserkers who had watched that head explode, that impact... was a strike to their blood.

Chapter 696: Disaster! The Sword of Murder!

These were the Immortals' last resort, and they were attacks that were directed against all the Berserkers. The first treasure had broken the hope of the Berserkers rising in power again after Su Ming died by turning his eldest senior brother into a statue, who had been the strongest existence besides Su Ming.

The second treasure was aimed against all Berserkers. With the destruction of the second God of Berserkers' head, the Immortals would deliver an attack to their blood. Those without Berserker blood would be unaffected by this attack, but for those with that blood, it would be a disaster.

All the Berserkers coughed up blood at that instant. Their bodies began to swiftly wither, as if their blood had been sealed away. They fell backwards and were swept away by the wave of force.

It did not matter whether it was Xue Sha or Chi Lei Tian. No matter who it was and what level of cultivation they had, at the instant they were struck by the impact, they coughed up blood and were all heavily injured. There were even nearly ten thousand Berserkers who were reduced to ashes by this attack to their blood.

The remaining Berserkers were continuously sent flying backwards in all directions while heavy injuries. In the blink of an eye, not a single Berserker remained in the battlefield.

All the people were swept away, and none of those who remained had any idea how many tens of thousands of the others were sent backwards or whether those Berserkers were even still alive after this attack to their blood. All of them were gone... except Su Ming, his eldest senior brother's statue, and the other statues in this place. Aside from them, the only others that remained were the Immortals.

At that instant, the blood that the Berserkers coughed up gathered together in midair and turned into a blood red Rune that swiftly descended on the ground to cover all the Immortals.

"You will all be transferred to your sects in the land of the Berserkers. Activate the Rune to your sect and recover as you wait for the next time we descend. We will then purge the land of Berserkers!" A buzzing sound spread out from the only remaining Rune in the sky. When it reverberated in all directions, the Immortals disappeared into the blood Rune.

Once all the Immortals disappeared and there were only corpses, fresh blood, and one still alive Berserker in the area, Su Ming looked up at the sky. There was no longer any hint of madness on his face. He had instead calmed down. The Immortals' tactics had once again let him come to know how powerful his enemies were.

They were the Immortals, a race with great depth and whose reign had lasted for countless years.

However, Su Ming understood well that sending this priceless treasure that the laws in the world of Berserkers could not completely suppress had forced the Immortals to pay an incredibly devastating price as well.

He might not know what that price was, but it had surely pained Immortals greatly to part with it.

This was a battle that had no victor. The Immortals did not win, and neither did the Berserkers. That blow to their blood would have resulted in most of the Berserkers dying if it had been delivered in the past, but now it had only cause some suffering. After all, that blow had come after the burning of their blood and once all of their cultivation bases had increased exponentially.

Because of that, even though the impact from the blow might be great, there were many who managed to survive. And once they collected themselves back together, they might experience another outburst in their cultivation bases due to surviving such an attack.

This event might not necessarily have been a bad thing for the Berserkers.

For Immortals though, there were far too many of them who had died in this battle. They could not leave. They might have been sent back to their sects in the land of Berserkers, but they were no longer as arrogant and conceited as before.

The voice from the Rune telling the Immortals to return to their sects had also revealed something.

The Immortals were probably unable to send anyone to the land of Berserkers for the time being, which was why they did not use this chance to descend. Instead, they were forced to have the Immortals in the land of Berserkers activate the Runes in their sects to protect themselves.

After all, the attack to the blood was only limited to the Berserkers in the area. There were still many Berserkers who were charging forth from Eastern Wastelands and the islands in South Morning who had not suffered any damage.

This was originally a war waged between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect to decide the ownership of Eastern Wastelands Tower, but it had turned into a battle between Immortals and Berserkers. Yet no one won this battle, and the end result was both sides suffering great losses.

The only thing that did not end well was the killing intent the Immortals harbored for Su Ming!

The third presence that could destroy the world came from the Rune in the sky. The strength of this presence was so great that it caused the only Rune in the sky to start trembling violently at the instant it appeared.

As it trembled, the Rune started showing signs of crumbling, but it was quickly restored. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had originally intended to leave, but now he chose not to.

This war might have ended, but he still had something to do.

Su Ming leaped up, lifted his right hand, and pointed towards the largely thawed Great Yu Imperial City.

"Great Yu Imperial City, crush that Rune used by Immortals to descend to our land. Make it so that it will be even more difficult for them to come from now onwards!" This was what Su Ming wanted to do. As he pointed forward, Great Yu Imperial City shuddered before it rose up slowly. Then, it charged towards the sky.

Su Ming had not done this earlier because he knew that once the Immortals' Rune was destroyed, more would appear. After all, his Atman had seen a lot more of these Runes among the endless continents in the galaxy.

However, since there was only one Rune in the Berserker's sky, since the Immortals had sent three priceless treasures to suppress the Berserkers, and since the Immortals had told the cultivators down here to activate the Runes in their sects to fend for themselves, Su Ming was certain that the Immortals had given up on this battle.

That was why there was a possibility that they would be unable to activate more Runes in retaliation if he destroyed this last Rune. As Su Ming pointed forward, Great Yu Imperial Palace traveled even faster and stirred up a roar that shook the sky and earth as it got closer and closer to the sky.

Right at that moment, the destructive presence in the Rune grew stronger. At the instant it erupted forth with a bang, a blue ray of light swiftly shot out.

It was a blue sword!

A sword's main purpose is to kill, and blue is mainly used to seal. This was... a sword that destroyed all manner of lives. The presence spreading out from it made Su Ming's skin crawl, and his

heart trembled. This was a killing sword that could destroy all those with power lower than the Third Step.

"Seal off the Immortals' Rune! If I don't die from this disaster, then we will destroy all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers!" Su Ming lifted his head and roared. At the instant the blue sword charged towards him, he controlled Great Yu Imperial City and rammed it against that Rune in the sky.

The Rune was destroyed. At the instant it crumbled, Su Ming heard an endless amount of faint groans and sound of death from the distant land of Immortals.

The sky rumbled...

And the blue sword closed in on Su Ming!

Chapter 697: Damn it...

Almost at the instant Great Yu Imperial City crashed into the Immortal's Rune in the sky and caused it to shatter, Su Ming tried to rush into the black stone fragment hanging on his neck without any hesitation.

The strange dimension in the black stone fragment was Su Ming's shelter. It had allowed him to avoid a series of dangers more than once.

Yet almost at the moment Su Ming's mind touched the stone, he immediately felt as if the area around him had been completely isolated, and his mind could not obtain any sort of connection.

The blue sword closed in with a hum. It was already less than a hundred feet away. Without any hesitation, Su Ming gave up on fusing with the black stone fragment and charged towards the ground.

The blue sword gave chase behind him, as if it was embedded in its soul to do so. The killing intent and freezing air spreading out from it seemed to be capable of destroying everything.

In fact, due to the blue sword's presence locking down on Su Ming, he could not even execute warping. In the blink of an eye, he descended to the ground. There was one particular body among all the corpses that was covered in blood. It did not move even a single bit, but at the instant Su Ming closed in on it, he lifted his right leg and kicked him.

That kick contained no killing intent. Instead, a gentle force spread out of Su Ming's body and surged into the still body before it sent it charging into the distance.

"Qian Chen, wait outside Evil Spirit Sect! Once I get rid of this sword, I'll come and get you!" After saying this, Su Ming turned around swiftly. When there were only fifty feet between him and

that killing sword, he turned into a long arc that charged into the opposite direction of the body that was flying away.

The body which was surrounded by the gentle power and sent into the distance suddenly blinked. That person was naturally Qian Chen, who had been pretending to be dead from the very start. He put on a long face as he used that gentle power within him to rush away.

'Damn it, damn it, damn it... Just how far is this place from Evil Spirit Sect? Just how far is it?!... How... How far do I have to go before I can get back?!' Qian Chen looked glum, but he did not dare disobey. He could sense that the gentle power was not leaving his body but had settled itself inside him. By the looks of it, this was definitely some sort of seal that would limit his movements.

Su Ming must definitely have doubts about Qian Chen's loyalty, and that was why he did this.

'Damn it, damn it all! How could he still find time to seal me when he was being chased by the blue killing sword?!' Qian Chen ground his teeth in anger, but once he thought about how terrifying Su Ming was, he immediately sighed and gritted his teeth, then ran into the distance.

Su Ming did not even turn his head back. He activated all his power and charged forward with a bang. As he sliced through the air, he stirred up piercing whistles. His expression was incredibly dark, because the blue sword was becoming faster with each passing moment. The tip of the sword was already less than twenty feet away from him. Waves of cold air and pressure pressed down on his heart and body like mountains, and a life-threatening sense of danger filled his heart.

At that moment, a blue light begun to shine at the tip of the blue sword. Immediately, an endless amount of power in the world in a circular area of several dozens of li was forcefully extracted. It then gathered on the blue sword...

Su Ming could sense that sense of danger increasingly exponentially, and his expression instantly changed. Without any hesitation, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. This blood immediately enveloped his body, causing his speed to instantly increase by several fold.

However, once the blue sword extracted the power of the world from a circular area of several dozens of li, it distorted space itself and arrived right behind Su Ming in the blink of an eye. Blue light flashed, and as a muffled boom reverberated in the air, that blue sword pierced Su Ming's chest!

It did not pierce his heart though. When Su Ming increased his speed, the strong sense of danger had made him move slightly to the side, and because of it, the blue sword had only grazed his heart.

As banging sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Destructive power erupted in his body. A bang rang out, and as that power spread out, his legs exploded. His left arm also shattered, and half of his body turned into ashes as well.

The destructive power was about to spread out and extinguish Su Ming's life, but he circulated all his power and crashed it against that destructive power inside him. As booming sounds reverberated in his body, Su Ming rushed forward with the speed provided to him by the power from the blood shield like a kite with a broken string flying in the air.

Su Ming lifted his head and roared, then gritted his teeth and endured the pain as he charged forward madly. He only had a small portion of his body left. The power from that one strike had almost destroyed him completely.

And this was after Su Ming had reached the Life Cultivation Realm. If he had been the slightest bit less powerful, he would surely have died right away!

In fact, if it was anyone else in Life Cultivation Realm suffering this blow, they would have found it difficult to survive that attack. It was a killing sword that would destroy all those under the Third Step.

However, Berserkers were people who mainly cultivated their bodies, and Su Ming had turned all his flesh, blood, and bones into those of a true Berserker during Bone Sacrifice Realm. The level of strength he possessed was incredibly terrifying, and it was also the reason why he could kill those who were above him in their level of cultivation.

However, even with such a strong body, Su Ming was still almost destroyed by the blue sword, and this was a clear sign of just how powerful this weapon was. Su Ming's face turned pale. From madness, his eyes became crimson red, but he continued to charge through the sky with the remainder of his body. The blue sword behind him gave close chase, as if it would definitely not disappear unless it killed him.

'Immortals!' The destruction of his body caused Su Ming's hate towards the Immortals to become even stronger.

The blue sword's killing intent did not disappear, and the life-threatening sense of danger surrounded Su Ming's heart and soul. He continued coughing up mouthfuls of blood, and every single time he did so, his speed would increase a little.

Yet even so, he still could not shake off that blue sword. The blade continued charging forward and stirring up piercing whistling sounds behind Su Ming. Blue light appeared at its tip once more, and at the same time, the power of the world from a circular area of a hundred li were forcefully sucked in.

Su Ming felt his skin crawl. His heart was roaring. Before the blue sword had delivered that strike just then, it had absorbed the power of the world from all around just like this, and that was just an area of several dozens of li. This time, it was sucking the power

of the world from a hundred lis.

If this second strike was delivered, Su Ming knew that he would surely die!

The Immortals had sent three priceless treasures. The first had petrified his eldest senior brother. The second had scattered the Berserkers after dealing a blow to their blood while Relocating the Immortals, but if they were to be compared in terms of strength, then the third treasure would be the strongest!

The sword of murder!

After all, to the Immortals, it did not matter whether it was Su Ming's eldest senior brother or the Berserkers, they were nothing compared to Su Ming. Su Ming must be destroyed and sealed in this place. They would absolutely not allow any other unforeseen circumstances to happen.

The treasure they sent was a sword of murder and it had been given a task when it descended, which was... to murder and seal Su Ming!

Su Ming's expression turned dark. At the instant he sensed the power of the world in that circular area of hundred lis being forcefully sucked away, he stopped charging forward and turned the remaining half of his body around. During that instant, he lifted his right hand with the back of his hand turned downwards and his palm turned towards the sky.

"That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny!" As Su Ming roared, the blue sword let out a hum, less than ten feet away from Su Ming, as it continued sucking the power of the world from all around it!

It was also at that moment that Su Ming swung his right hand at the incoming blue sword.

With it, the reversal of time was executed with Su Ming's current power as a Berserker in the initial stage of Life Matrix. Its might

was far stronger than what he could bring out previously. With it, not only was the blue sword affected, the world around him and even the wind as well as clouds were affected. In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that if he had enough power, then he could even reverse the law of the world.

In fact, once he reversed the law of the world, he could make that world's time flow backwards due to his will. He could make all his enemies rot away and return to the starting point of the universe.

At the instant this feeling appeared in Su Ming's mind, it gradually disappeared. When he swung his right hand forward, the incoming blue sword... stopped for the first time.

The blue sword started trembling. Once it was less than five feet away from Su Ming, it started moving backwards slowly, and as time started reversing, the large amount of power of the world started flowing out from that sword, as if it was returning back to its original place.

Sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead. The power of Destiny was his Origin Divine Ability. He had always thought that he was using up his cultivation base to cast this divine ability, but only at this moment did he realize that not only did the power of Destiny use up his cultivation base, it also used up his spirit. This then resulted in a great wave of fatigue washing over him.

Before he stepped into the Life Cultivation Realm and the initial stage of Life Matrix, Su Ming's Destiny Art had been incredibly weak in terms of level. That was why it was also known as the sign of the Abyss, because it had been merely just that - a sign.

That was why the consummation of his soul had not been bad. In fact, it had been so weak that Su Ming hadn't even noticed it. Similarly, its might was of only ordinary level as well. If his past self had executed Destiny's time reversal at this moment, he would not have been able to do anything to the blue sword.

Yet at the moment Su Ming stepped into Life Cultivation Realm

and reached the initial stage of Life Matrix, the might of his time reversal could bring about an effect. As the blue sword withdrew and the large amount of power of the world spread out, Su Ming reached his limit of Destiny's power. He pressed his right hand against the center of his brows.

"God of Berserkers' Statue of Life Cultivation!"

Su Ming let out a roar, and the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers manifested around him with a bang. The statue moved through Su Ming's body and clasped its right hand with its left before ramming both of them into the blue sword.

A powerful presence erupted forth from the statue of the God of Berserkers, as if it had activated the world of Berserkers' kismet and added it to its own body, and had also activated the power of the world all around it.

As a loud bang rang into the air, Su Ming turned around and charged away with a pale face. He did not stay for long in this place. He knew just how strong that blue sword was. Even if he had cast Destiny and brought out his statue of the God of Berserkers, he wasn't able to destroy it, but he could... stall it for some time!

This amount of time could allow Su Ming to seek refuge and heal his body.

At the time Su Ming retreated, he brought out a large amount of medicinal cores and crushed them. He then sucked in a deep breath, absorbing all the powder into his mouth to nurture his body. His flesh and blood started squirming within him, healing rapidly.

Chapter 698: Pursuit!

As Su Ming swallowed the large amount of medicinal cores and his flesh as well as blood started recovering, he stopped moving forward and instead charged towards the higher altitude. He had chosen to seek refuge in Yin Death Vortex.

No matter how strong the blue sword was, it was an item from the land of Immortals, which meant that it came from Bright Yang Region. If that was the case, Su Ming deduced that Yin Death Vortex could suppress the blue sword.

Su Ming did not have time to think too deeply into things. Once he made his decision, he charged into the vortex in the sky like a shooting star. At the instant he widened the space between him and the blue sword up to several thousands of feet, booming sounds came from behind him. Blood trickled out of the corners of Su Ming's mouth. That was the injury he sustained when his statue of the God of Berserkers was unable to continue blocking the blue sword.

Su Ming knew that this was not due to his statue of the God of Berserkers not being strong enough. It was instead because his power was not sufficient to bring out all the statue of the God of Berserkers' power. As of then, he could at most bring out a fraction of its might.

As booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers disappeared into the world, but it did not shatter. The blue sword let out a piercing whistle and sliced through the sky, turning into a blue long arc that charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming's body was rapidly recovering. His speed had already reached the limit of what his current level of cultivation could allow. He was slicing through the air towards Yin Death Vortex at that moment, and he was getting closer to it with each passing

moment as he continued rushing forward.

The blue sword, which was now thousands of feet behind him, suddenly let out a blue light that almost dyed the entire world in its color. Under that light, Su Ming discovered, to his shock, that the blue sword was forcefully absorbing the power of the world from several thousands of li around it in an incredibly tyrannical manner.

By just absorbing the power of the world within several dozens of li, that blue sword had been able to put Su Ming at death's door. By absorbing the power of the world within a hundred li, it could kill Su Ming straight away. Right then, by absorbing the power of the world within thousands of li... As Su Ming's skin crawled, the blue sword's speed suddenly increased by tenfold!

It was fast to begin with, but now, as its speed increased by tenfold, it traveled at a pace where it would be difficult to describe its speed with words. In just a flash, that blue sword shot through thousands of feet.

Even the sense of danger Di Tian had once brought to Su Ming was a far cry from this. He had a feeling that he would absolutely not be able to step into Yin Death Vortex before that killing sword launched its attack, and he would not be able to avoid that attack.

Even if he was already incredibly close to Yin Death Vortex, less than a thousand feet away from it, but that thousand feet could determine his life and death. It mattered little if it was a distance that gave others a feeling that they could touch it if they stretched out their hand.

He only had a small part of his body left, and fatigue filled his body and soul. His eyes were all red. The level of devastation he currently suffered was nothing like what he'd ever faced. If it had been anyone else, they might have already found their will crumbling before the blue sword even arrived.

Su Ming gritted his teeth and his expression twisted. He looked

almost sinister and vile. At the instant the killing sword closed in on him and death was knocking on his door, he laughed. There was an endless amount of freezing cold in his laughter, and it was tinged with determination as well as madness.

"No one can take away my life!" Su Ming's soul was set on fire at that instant. It was the burning of his soul. It was an unyielding will and determination in the midst of madness.

As Su Ming's soul burned up, a large amount of power erupted from within his body. This was an outburst of power exchanged for burning his soul, and it was incredibly great. Su Ming's body was originally recovering, but as his soul burned up and exploded, all his recovery was dispelled, causing his flesh and blood to twist. The pain brought by having his body being torn not only did not manage to suppress Su Ming, but instead made him descend into further madness.

Almost at the instant the blue sword closed in on him, Su Ming clenched his right hand and hurled his fist forward at that blue sword in a bout of madness!

A loud boom shook the sky and earth at that instant.

This was a strike delivered by Su Ming's burning soul. It was the strongest attack he could deliver with his power when his soul was set on fire. This punch surpassed the limits of Su Ming's level of cultivation and had reached an even higher level compared to what he could originally bring forth.

As that boom echoed in the air, Su Ming's right arm shattered completely. What little remained of his body exploded. All except his head, and under that violent impact, his head was sent sweeping backwards. In an instant, he was sent a thousand feet back, straight into Yin Death Vortex.

At the same time, the blue sword let out a loud buzz, and for the first time, there was a shrill note in that buzz. This sword possessed a spirit, and Su Ming's punch had struck it, causing it to

fall a hundred feet backwards in midair before it stopped.

However, once it stopped moving, the power of the world from a circular area of ten thousand li swept towards it with a bang and gathered on it. The blue sword absorbed it in the span of a breath, and immediately after, it turned into a piercing ray of blue light that charged into Yin Death Region. It would not stop until it killed Su Ming.

At the instant Su Ming's head was swept into Yin Death Fog, his consciousness became clouded. The injuries he sustained could not be described with just the word grievous. This was already in the territory of 'fatal'.

If it was anyone else with these sort of injuries, they would surely die!

That is to say if their levels of cultivation were below Life Cultivation. Once a person stepped into Life Cultivation, then even if this sort of injuries were fatal, it was not completely impossible for them to heal.

Life Cultivation was a cultivation of a person's own Life. This form of cultivation was different from the Immortals' on this aspect, but they were also similar. The Immortals had Nascent Souls and Nascent Divinities. No matter how terrible were their wounds on their physical bodies, as long as their Nascent Divinities were not destroyed, they could Possess someone else and continue living. They could also think of other ways to gather up a physical body.

The Berserkers could not do this, but once they moved into Life Cultivation, then even if everything about their bodies was destroyed, as long as a piece of flesh remained, then there were endless possibilities lying ahead of them. The only prerequisite to this was that... their soul was not destroyed.

Berserkers' souls were different from Immortals' Nascent Divinities in the sense that those within Life Cultivation could not

use their souls to Possess other lives. However, as long as their souls were not destroyed, then their bodies would not be destroyed.

If that had not been the case for the second God of Berserkers, then the Immortals would not have needed to use Morning Dao Items to suppress him after he was torn apart. His soul was simply too strong. It might have disintegrated, but its fragments still existed in the world.

That was why to prevent any form of accident from happening, that change in the world had occurred.

Su Ming would have surely died with these kind of wounds if he had not stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, but now that he had done so, as a Berserker in the initial stage of Life Matrix, he had obtained this specialty of the Berserkers' cultivation system. Even if he only had his head, as long as his soul was not destroyed, then he could be restored.

However, the burning of the soul before Su Ming rushed into Yin Death Fog was a grievous blow to him. However, his will was incredibly strong. Even if he had burned his soul, he could still keep his mind clear. Besides, he had only burned his soul for a short time, which was why he had not suffered any fundamental damage.

At that moment, Su Ming opened his mouth wide and sucked in a deep breath as he stood in Yin Death Fog. Immediately, a large amount of aura of death charged towards his head. Once it fused with him, signs of recovery appeared on Su Ming's body once again.

Muffled piercing whistles came from behind him. A ray of blue light shot through layers of fog and chased after Su Ming; however, this was the vortex formed from Yin Death Fog. The blue sword came from the land of Immortals and from Bright Yang Region, so it naturally slowed down in the vortex, having been

suppressed.

Because of that, as one party's speed increased and the other's decreased, there was constantly a thousand something feet between the sword and Su Ming. It could not catch up to Su Ming, but he could not shake it off either.

However, Su Ming moved like a fish in water within Yin Death Fog. As he absorbed a large amount of it, his body started recovering rapidly. First he formed the top half, then the outline of his legs. By the looks of it, his legs would be completely formed before long as well.

The feeling of flesh and blood growing in his body was not comfortable. Instead, it felt numb and painful. However, this pain was nothing to Su Ming. He had even burned his own soul before. Compared to that, this pain was not even a fraction of what he'd felt back then.

However, even while Su Ming moved like a fish in water in Yin Death Vortex while it suppressed the blue sword, there were plenty of powerful and ferocious beasts in this water. There were quite a large number of these ferocious beasts who possessed power equivalent to the power of Life Cultivation Realm. In fact, there were even some who had power that surpassed it. There were some ferocious beasts who had their own territories in this vortex, and there were also some who loved devouring other beings. Overall, these Yin Death Beasts in Yin Death Fog could become stronger because they continued devouring each other.

If Su Ming had come to this place alone, he would have been fine. As long as he was careful, he would not have attracted too much attention. After all, his presence could fuse together with this place, and since he was in Life Cultivation Realm, he was not weak. However, the blue sword was chasing right after him. It was like a bright lamp in the darkness, and not only did it light up the sword itself, it also lit up Su Ming!

Because of that, not long after Su Ming and the blue sword moved into Yin Death Fog, several dozens of mighty pressure that surpassed Su Ming's level of cultivation instantly descended on them with a bang. These dozens of mighty pressure were like a storm that swept through the area. Su Ming had just recovered his body completely when he was sent charging backwards because of the impact. A glint appeared in his eyes, and once he absorbed a large amount of aura of death from the area again, he immediately started charging downwards.

He could sense a vast amount of displeasure and warning from the dozens of pressures and wills belonging to the various ferocious beasts in Yin Death Vortex. If he continued traveling in this place, then he would suffer a retaliation that would not be any weaker than what the blue sword was going through.

The dozens of pressures also swept past the blue sword as it continued chasing after Su Ming. Since it came from the land of Immortals and possessed Bright Yang's presence, the impact it suffered was far stronger than that faced by Su Ming. In fact, besides the dozens of pressures, there were three other waves that pressed down on the blue sword with sinister intent. These three waves of pressure came from the depths of Yin Death Vortex. They came from a spot far away from this place, but their pressure possessed power that was equivalent to the might of the Third Step.

Because of that, the blue sword that was 'taken care' of by these three waves of pressure let out a shrill sword whistle that rang like a scream of not being able to bear whatever was happening. The blue light on its body became much duller. It even looked as if there was aura of death circling within it.

The sword spirit immediately roared. As it wilted, it made the blue sword stop, not daring to move even a single bit forward. The sword trembled, then started chasing down Su Ming, who was escaping downwards, once again.

Roars that sounded as if someone was laughing maniacally came from the distant depths of Yin Death Fog. It was as if these creatures were incredibly happy with what they had done.

These were beings that were born within Yin Death Fog in the ancient past. Their strength was what forced the Immortals to activate those Runes to descend. They were the existences that made it difficult for the Immortals to move past Yin Death Fog. This blue sword was nothing in their eyes.

In fact, those three powerful waves of mighty pressure might have seemed to have come from the depths of the fog, but in truth, they were far from the true depths.

"Not bad, boy. If you manage to not get yourself killed by this sword spirit that has that disgusting Bright Yang Presence, we'll let you train here in Yin Death's Holy Land for some time.

"That's why you have to get rid of it!"

"Get rid of it and turn it into Yin Death's Sword!"

These voices sounded like roars in Su Ming's ears. He was momentarily taken aback by them, then he gritted his teeth.

Chapter 699: Devour You!

When those voices shouted, they brought with them sinister laughter. These bouts of laughter harbored no malicious intent towards Su Ming. After all, there was aura of death about Su Ming's body, so he was a part of Yin Death Fog.

But it was different for that blue sword. The pressure it had to withstand was incredibly great. It was especially so when the three waves of pressure had knocked into it earlier; it had almost been unable to withstand those blows just now.

The three waves of mighty pressure that were as powerful as the mighty in the Third Step brought with them a barbaric and murderous air as they forced a wave of Yin Death Aura into the blue sword. The sword had then let out a whistle that screamed that it had found what they did to be unbearable.

The blue sword might have become duller than before, but there were some aspects within it that remained as sharp as ever. With a piercing whistle, it charged straight towards its target. Su Ming gritted his teeth and no longer continued forward. Instead, he stopped at the edge of the fog.

This was the second time he stopped under the blue sword's pursuit. At the instant he did so, his legs almost recovered, Su Ming lifted his right hand and started forming seals.

With an extremely fast speed, he formed ninety-nine different seals.

Once all the seals were formed, the blue sword was already less than hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. A sharp presence pressed down on him, and it brought with it killing intent that seemed like it would not stop until it killed him.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!"

At the instant the blue sword was only a hundred feet away from

him, Su Ming let out a low growl and swung his right hand. He then lifted his left hand and formed a large amount of different seals again. After that, once he clasped his hands together, a strange and enchanting light appeared in his eyes.

"With the ninth Transfiguration, turn into the Candle Dragon!"

Su Ming let out a low growl, and his mind fused together with the small snake. The Candle Dragon's presence erupted swiftly from his body at that instant, and as the presence erupted from his body, Su Ming instantly started twisting. Almost at the instant the blue sword closed in on him, Su Ming disappeared and appeared right above the blue sword as a gigantic Candle Dragon!

This was Su Ming's Ten Transfigurations Art!

The Candle Dragon could devour the world and the stars. When it opened and closed its eyes, it could replace the sun, moon, and stars. At the instant Su Ming turned into the Candle Dragon, the blue sword crashed into his body.

A loud bang that shook the sky and earth spread out, causing Yin Death Aura to violent churn in all directions. There were also words spoken with an ancient air and malicious intent, mixed along with loud laughter coming from the depths of the fog.

"You transformed into the Candle Dragon? Not bad, boy! Put more fire into it and get rid of that sword!"

"How dare you show Bright Yang's presence in Yin Death's Holy Land! That puny toy sure has some guts. Even the Immortals' sword spirits with the power of the mighty or even those beyond would not dare act so arrogantly in Yin Death's Holy Land. Lad, if you don't get rid of that thing today, I'll get rid of you!"

"Put more fire into it! Damn it all, didn't you eat before you came here, lad?!"

The voices with their odd chuckles continued coming from within the fog, but Su Ming did not have the time to even be

annoyed by them. The blue sword was still incredibly powerful. At the instant it touched the Candle Dragon's body, it shattered. It fell backwards continuously, and it looked like its entire body was about to crumble.

However, at the time the Candle Dragon's body crumbled, it opened its mouth wide and sucked in a deep breath at all the Yin Death Fog around it. Immediately, a vast amount surged towards it with loud rumbling sounds. Once the Candle Dragon sucked it in, it used that fog to withstand the blue sword's might.

The booming continued without stop. As the two continued fighting, only a small part of the Candle Dragon, which was Su Ming had transformed into, remained. The other half of it had already disappeared without a trace.

Pain filled Su Ming's entire body. His eyes turned crimson, and the Candle Dragon swiftly opened its eyes. A strange and enchanting light appeared within them, and red also filled their entirely, as they glared at that blue sword.

The sword's blow could not kill Su Ming when he was in the form of the Candle Dragon. As the booming echoed in the air, the sword was forced into Yin Death Fog and continued tumbling within, its light growing even duller. The sword let out a sharp whistle and turned around, but this time, it did not charge towards Su Ming. Instead, it was charging to reach the area outside the fog.

It wanted to leave Yin Death Fog. Only by leaving this place could it devour the power of the world around and get rid of the Yin Death Aura inside its body. Only then could it bring forth its real might.

It had already locked onto Su Ming. No matter where Su Ming went, it could instantly sense him and chase after him. However, as of then, it needed a few spans of breath so that it could absorb enough power of the world.

That was why it had decided to temporarily give up on chasing

Su Ming. But just as it was about to rush out of the fog, the three mighty pressures from the depths of the vortex turned into furious roars.

"Damn it, how can you let it run?! Why don't you get rid of it?!"

"How can you not even get rid of a sword?! And you're the God of Berserkers in the world below?!"

"You waste of space! You good for nothing! Utterly useless piece of trash! If you don't get rid of it, then just wait for it to get rid of you!"

Even though these sinister voices were roaring, there were no anger within them. However, these three voices had been continuously speaking since Su Ming entered the fog with that sword on his tail to the moment he attacked it, and they gave off an incredibly long-winded air.

Su Ming would have been fine with them if it had been any other time, but he was currently heavily injured, and he was originally annoyed to begin with. As the three voices continued nagging him, he lifted the Candle Dragon's huge head and let out a roar towards the fog.

"All of you, shut up!"

His roar moved through the fog like a thunderbolt. At the instant those words spread out, the three voices paused for a moment, as if they could not believe that Su Ming would actually dare to yell at them.

When Su Ming yelled out, the blue sword already had half its body outside the vortex; it was about to charge out completely. Once it was out of Yin Death Fog, then, before long, it would be able to bring forth a powerful might. Then, unless Su Ming refused to get out of Yin Death Vortex for the rest of his life, he would definitely be in danger the moment he stepped out.

Also... there was a high chance that this sword would be able to

fully recover outside. Once it gained even stronger power and rushed into the fog again, Su Ming would be in danger once again, unless he rushed into the depths of the fog.

This was a chance. It could be said that this was the only chance Su Ming had to destroy the sword. His eyes turned crimson red, resulting in the Candle Dragon's eyes shining with madness. At the instant the blue sword was about to leave the fog, the Candle Dragon swiftly opened its mouth wide and sucked in the air in the direction of that blue sword!

The Candle Dragon could devour mountains and rivers. In fact, an adult Candle Dragon could devour an entire world, and this mighty talent was incredibly terrifying.

The Candle Dragon Su Ming had turned into might still be a baby... but the Candle Dragon's blessing and the power of one World was contained within his heart and soul, and because of them, it allowed Su Ming to possess endless possibilities in the things he could devour.

At the instant he sucked in that breath, all the Yin Death Fog around the fleeing blue sword that was already halfway out of the vortex tumbled backwards swiftly. It was as if an invisible but incredibly powerful suction force had filled the area and was spreading outwards with a bang.

As the Yin Death Fog tumbled backwards and charged towards the Candle Dragon's mouth, the power of the world within that fog also surged into the Candle Dragon. The blue sword, in the meantime, erupted with a powerful ray of blue light, trying to escape being devoured by the Candle Dragon.

Red-eyed, Su Ming appeared on the Candle Dragon's head. He glared at the blue sword, and all his power erupted forth as he activated the Ten Transfigurations Art. It caused the Candle Dragon's ability to devour to become stronger.

"You want to kill me?! Then I'll eat you first!" Su Ming roared

out. His face was twisted with ferociousness, and his soul was melting that fragment containing the power of that one World. As that power fused with the Candle Dragon, it swiftly erupted forth.

Cracks immediately appeared in the space around the blue sword. With a bang, even the space around the sword started distorting before it charged towards the Candle Dragon's mouth in straight lines.

The blue sword fought back against that suction force, wanting to break free of it all and continue onward. Yet, since they were already at this point, there was no way Su Ming would just let the sword escape. No matter what, he was going to devour it. He did not have time to think about what would happen next. Anything was better than letting the sword leave Yin Death Vortex and absorb the power of the world.

"That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny!"

When Su Ming lifted his hands, he had the back of his left hand turned upwards and the back of his right hand turned downwards, then swiftly slammed his hands together. Everything around him instantly started flowing backwards. A tremor wrecked the sword. It could no longer move forward and could only move back.

Destiny's power, the Candle Dragon's ability to devour the world, and Yin Death Fog's invasion into the sword had caused the sword to turn duller as it was oppressed by these three powerful waves of mighty pressure, and it was finally made to turn back.

However, this sword was incredibly powerful. Even if it was moving backwards, it only did so for a hundred something feet before it stopped. Then, the sword swiftly turned around. It no longer chose to rush out of the fog to try and escape from being devoured by the Candle Dragon, but instead, as piercing blue light shone around its body, a wave of killing intent and murderous aura erupted from it with a bang. It... actually decided to go along with the flow of the suction force and the reversal of time to charge

towards the Candle Dragon's mouth.

Both sides swiftly closed in on each other. A loud boom that shook the sky and earth erupted within the fog. As it echoed in the air, the Candle Dragon devoured the blue sword, but its body crumbled at that instant.

As it crumbled, Su Ming shot out. This time, the Candle Dragon was not devouring the sword, but it was Su Ming who did so. At the instant his body appeared, blue rays of light erupted from within him, and they could be clearly seen swimming beneath his skin. That blue light was the blue sword!

Intense pain wreaked havoc in Su Ming's body, but the ferocious look remained on his face, along with determination. He circulated his cultivation base within him and started absorbing all the Yin Death Fog around him to suppress the killing sword within his body!

"... Alright, I'll forgive you for yelling at me just now. Lad, you've got guts. You actually had the courage to devour that sword..."

"Haha! You did good! Refine it, turn it into your Enchanted Treasure! Make it Yin Death's sword. Damn it all, if you manage to not die, then you can come as you please into Yin Death's Holy Land in the future!"

Shrill howls escaped Su Ming's mouth. A large amount of blood mist burst from his body with a bang. The color of that blood mist was blue, and rays of blue light were spreading out from his body. Clearly, that blue light was in the process of destroying Su Ming's body as it attempted to escape him.

Chapter 700: Eastern Wastelands Tower!

The blue sword was raining destruction within Su Ming's body, but similarly, because it could not get into contact with the world outside, the Yin Death Aura in the sword became even thicker. As the color of the sword became dull, it looked as if it was beginning to distort.

However, the power of that sword was still not something Su Ming could hope to fight against. Even though he had used the Yin Death Aura in the place to suppress it, the level of suppression brought by the aura was not enough!

Because of that, Su Ming could already predict that if he continued staying here, that sword would cause him to crumble and rush out of his body before long.

'I absolutely can't let it come into contact with the world outside!' Su Ming roared in his heart. Once he absorbed the Yin Death Fog around him once again, he swiftly shot forward.

'I have to look for a place that will help me suppress the sword!' Blood flowed down Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He looked incredibly ferocious, but he had no time to care about that. If he did not completely resolve the dangers brought by the sword this time, then the consequences would be too grave.

Perhaps other people would not choose to devour that sword so madly if they knew this might happen to them. After all, the three great wills had not expected that Su Ming would devour the sword.

Choosing to let that sword leave and become great outside while he would temporarily be safe could have allowed him other options. He could have chosen to stay here and not leave or asked for help from the three great wills and pleaded for their protection even if he had to pay a great price for it.

But Su Ming would not choose this path!

He would only make one choice.

'If you want to kill me, then I will also kill you!

'I will not run nor hide. I will face danger head-on, and it will either be that I die, or that you are destroyed!! It is just as I act towards the Immortals. It will either be that I die, or that they are destroyed!

'If I wake up, then the sky will be dyed red. If I open my eyes, then the Immortals will have no hope for survival...'

This was a chance as well, and it was a chance that Su Ming was unwilling to let go of. He had a vague feeling that this was the only chance he had to get through this murderous disaster!

'Suppress it... Suppress it... What place could help me suppress this sword and provide me vast amounts of protection so that I could set my mind at ease to recover and suppress the sword?!

'Eastern Wastelands Tower!' Su Ming lifted his head swiftly, and a brilliant flash that could surge into the sky appeared in his eyes.

Eastern Wastelands Tower was a place where Su Ming was the only person who could step in without any sort of requirements, even if that tower still had not gathered enough blood light to shine in ten million lis. Besides, this tower was the Berserkers' supreme treasure and was an item left behind by the first God of Berserkers, capable of just by its existence to bring chaos to the Immortals.

There was no other place more suited than the tower to suppress the sword and heal himself in Eastern Wastelands. Besides... this was the closest place near Su Ming anyway. There reason why he didn't choose Gret Yu Imperial Palace was because even though he might have a hint of connection to the place, but he would never forget the roar he heard within the city when it was still in the depths of the sea.

The murderous intent contained within that roar brought a chill

to Su Ming even now.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he sucked in another breath of the vast Yin Death Aura around him. At the instant his body almost crumbled, and the blue light shone through him, Su Ming took a step out of the fog without any hesitation.

With it, he appeared between the sky and earth. He did not stop for even single moment and turned into a long blue arc. As loud whistling rang in the air, he charged into the distance.

Eastern Wastelands Tower was located at the center of Eastern Wastelands. It was not too far from where Su Ming was. He might not know where it was located precisely and had never been there before, but since Eastern Wastelands Tower had appeared because of him, the faint lead in his heart guiding him towards the tower was the best guide he could have.

As he charged forward, the blue light spreading out of his body became stronger. After a moment, he looked as if he had been entirely covered in blue. Blood continued gushing out of his body, and the blue light was flowing out even more violently. Banging sounds continued ringing within him, but there was determination and perseverance shining in Su Ming's eyes. As he continued suppressing the sword, he traveled even faster.

Before long, a piercing layer of blood light that was about several hundreds of li appeared before him, and at the center of that blood red light... was a tall tower with ninety-nine floors!

There was an air of time about that tower that spoke of endlessness. It stood erect on the ground and was incredibly eye-catching.

That tower was dyed red under the blood-red light, and it looked quite terrifying. A matchless mighty pressure descended on Su Ming at the instant he stepped into that blood light.

The power from that pressure caused the blue sword in Su Ming's

body to shudder, but Su Ming was not too affected. His spirit was lifted, and he increased his speed.

This was the Eastern Wastelands Tower that had caused Immortals to descend into madness, to the point where they fought each other so that they could step inside it! In the top of the tower was the epiphany that belonged to the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu, and it also contained the clue that would lead the one who reached it towards the Berserkers' supreme treasure - Barren Cauldron.

As Su Ming got closer, the pressure from Eastern Wastelands Tower became stronger. Since the tower was incredibly tall, it would naturally form an oppressive feeling that would descend on the hearts of all those who saw it.

The blue sword shuddered and started struggling madly, as if it wanted to rush out of Su Ming's body because it did not want to get closer to Eastern Wastelands Tower. The more it struggled, the more chaotic the state within Su Ming's body became. His flesh and blood crumbled, his bones shattered, and the tip of the sword even pierced out of his chest. Right at the instant it was about to rush out, Su Ming lifted his left hand and pressed down against the tip of the sword in his chest. He didn't care that his hand was stained with blood and pushed the sword back into his body.

"Go back!"

Su Ming panted harshly. His face was pale, but the ferociousness and madness on his face were enough to terrify all those who saw him.

Almost at the instant Su Ming closed in on Eastern Wastelands Tower, the door at the bottom of the tower opened up by itself. As it did so, it was as if a storm had appeared out of nowhere and swept around the tower, turning into a huge whirlwind that connected the sky and earth. As that whirlwind rotated with loud booming sounds, it shook the sky and earth.

It seemed like the tower had been waiting for Su Ming's arrival, or else it would not have opened its doors by itself the moment he closed in!

It seemed like the tower had been waiting for Su Ming for a long time, and at that moment, he had finally arrived!

At the instant the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower opened, the blue light in Su Ming's body burst forth, and he coughed up blood. His legs shattered under the blue light, and his whole body was in a situation that was little better. However, Su Ming turned into a long arc, which shone blood-red and blue, and charged towards the door.

The blue sword let out a piercing howl that contained an indefinable wave of terror. It was as if the Eastern Wastelands' door meant certain death for it.

When there was only a hundred feet left between Su Ming and the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower, his legless body crumbled once again, and the tip of the blue sword crawled out of his right shoulder, bringing with a piercing sword whistle, as if it wanted to rush out. But Su Ming lifted his left hand from his chest and seized the sword, pushing it back in.

With a flash, Su Ming arrived at a distance of only fifty feet from the opened doors of Eastern Wastelands Tower, and half of his body exploded. His flesh and blood sprayed through the air, and as the blue sword struggled madly, the shadow of a boy appeared on it. That boy was covered entirely in blue light. At the instant Su Ming saw the boy, his eyes sparkled. He remembered the small black humanoid who had gone missing after his fight against Di Tian's clone all those years ago.

Besides their color, that small black humanoid was incredibly similar to this boy!

Once the small blue boy appeared, it surrounded the blue sword and was about to rush out of Su Ming's broken body, but Su Ming

clamped his left hand around it. With another charge, he was less than twenty feet away from the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower, and in the span of a breath, he would be able to step inside.

An endless amount of terror and despair appeared in the small blue humanoid's eyes. The boy let out a piercing roar, and the sword shone, causing Su Ming's left arm to shatter with a bang. When even half of his head turned into ashes, the blue sword and the small blue boy charged out of his destroyed left arm. But right at the instant they rushed out, Su Ming seized the sword's hilt... with his right hand!

"You can't escape!"

Su Ming's dark and dreary voice reverberated in the air. At that moment, only a small half of his body and his right arm remained. At the moment he grabbed the blue sword, his right arm was instantly torn to shreds, but even if it had been ripped apart, he had managed to catch that blue sword, causing it to be unable to run away.

During that instant, Su Ming swiftly charged into the opened door of the Eastern Wastelands Tower. The sword spirit on the blue sword screamed shrilly in despair. At the instant Su Ming's right arm crumbled, he dragged it into Eastern Wastelands Tower!

Su Ming's dark laughter rang in the tower, and there was madness within his laughter, along with a resolution that said he would either die or kill his enemy.

As the young sword spirit howled in despair, a loud bang reverberated in the sky and shook the entire world of Berserkers. Then, the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower shut itself!

At the instant it closed up, a blue tip of a sword charged out in a mad dash, wanting to get out, but Su Ming, who had now lost his arms and legs, still had his teeth remaining. At the instant the tip of the sword wanted to rush out, he snapped his teeth on the blade, and the madness within his eyes made the sword spirit shudder.

Then, as if he wanted to drag the sword down with him to his grave, he held it back.

The door to Eastern Wastelands Tower closed.

"It is either that you die, or I will!" At the same time the door closed, Su Ming's dark and dreary voice reverberated in the air.

Eastern Wastelands Tower's blood light started spreading continuously through the area around it and dyed the world around it red.

It did not matter whether it was trees, flowers, grass, the earth, or the wind blowing past the area. They were all dyed red and covered filled with a bloody stench. This was... Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, a year went by.

During this year, no more Immortals descended. The vortex in the sky slowly disappeared and the blue sky appeared once again high above. It was filled with white, fluffy clouds, and everything seemed to have returned to normal.

However, an earthshaking change had happened on the ground. Some of the bigger factions of power among the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands had organized a gathering and a search!

They gathered together because they wanted to carry out Su Ming's will and exterminate all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers. Even if Su Ming had disappeared for a year, they still continued with it.

They were searching because of Su Ming!

They were searching for Su Ming, searching for their God of Berserkers.

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